

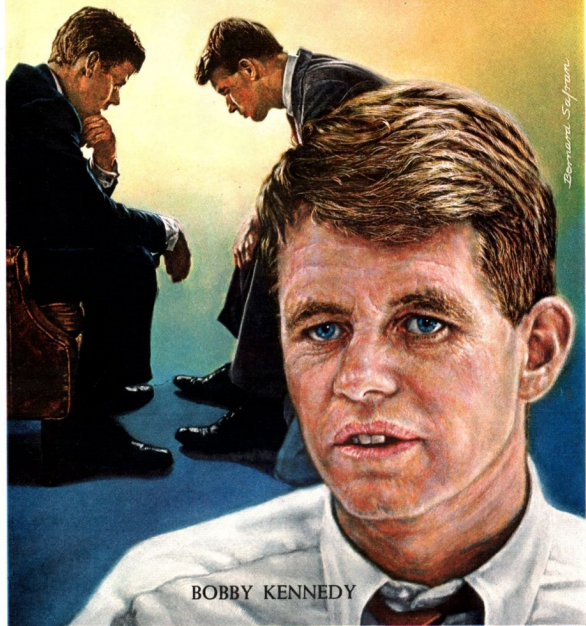
THIRTY CENTS

JUNE 21, 1963

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

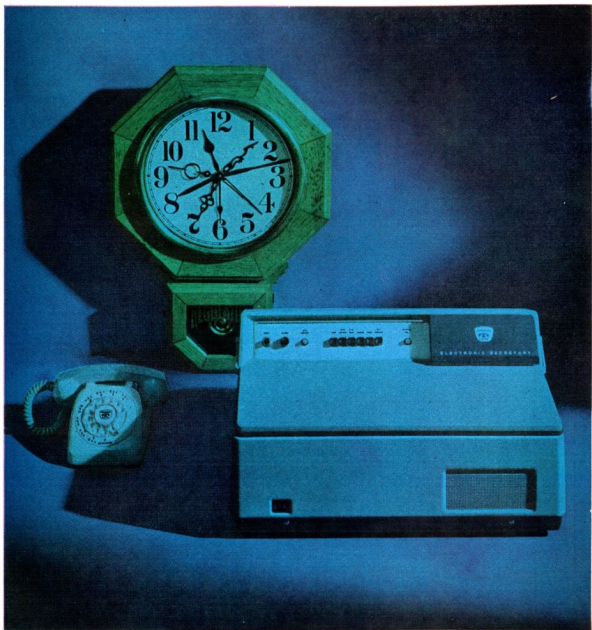
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"It is time to act in all of our daily lives."



BOBBY KENNEDY

VOL. 81 NO. 25

(ISSN 0022-2509)



Ask your phone company for a demonstration of this automatic telephone answering set.

TAKES PHONE CALLS AROUND THE CLOCK

This ingenious telephone attachment answers all calls that come in when you're out. Another product of GT&E research, the ELECTRONIC SECRETARY® Telephone Answering Set speaks to the caller, records his message on tape for playback on your return. It will also take over-the-phone sales orders and call reports after office hours. This new convenience in modern business communications from GT&E is now available on a modest rental basis through your phone company.

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MAN SIZE!

MENNEN *SPEED STICK*®

**stops perspiration odor so effectively
it actually keeps skin odor-resistant!**

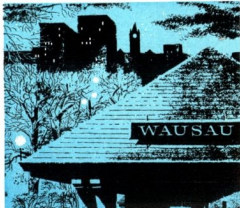
Speed Stick—*the* deodorant for Men! Really helps stop odor! One clean dry stroke lasts all day—so man-size it protects almost 3 times the area of a narrow roll-on track. No messy drip, no tackiness. Never cracks or crumbles, won't stain or irritate. Fast! Neat! Businesslike!  Get the wide-oval deodorant for men...Mennen Speed Stick.

All it takes is one clean stroke daily!

Mennen Speed Stick also available in Canada



IN EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, Packaging Corporation of America Executive V.P., J. N. Andrews (center), gets report from Employers Mutuals' National Account executive on coordinated insurance program of his company's 55 plants and mills.



IN WAUSAU, WISCONSIN, the home office of the "good people to do business with," a unique way of working started fifty-two years ago, and has since spread to Employers Mutuals' 145 offices across the country.



IN TULSA, OKLAHOMA, Employers Mutuals surveyed 89-mile pipeline route before work started, designated areas where risks called for special coverages . . . saved pipeline company estimated \$10,000 in insurance.



IN PENNSYLVANIA, W. T. Piper, known as "the Henry Ford of aviation," praises Employers Mutuals for their participation of trouble areas and efficient solution of difficult industrial health problems at Piper Aircraft Corporation.

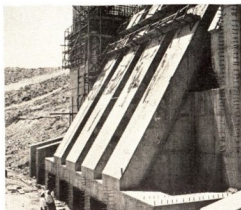
Wausau Story, U.S.A.

Fifty-two years ago a group of lumbermen, determined to help each other hold down the number and cost of accidents, founded Employers Mutuals of Wausau. It has since grown into one of the nation's largest insurance companies, particularly in the field of workmen's compensation. Perhaps the prime reason for this growth stems from the fact that this is a mutual company with a special point of view toward

insurance. To us, policyholders are partners. We measure our success only by their success in the prevention of loss. Each policyholder is a personal concern, receives close, individual attention. It is the Wausau way of doing business, symbolized today all over the country by the nostalgic Wausau railroad station. And it explains our national reputation for being "good people to do business with."



IN NORTH CAROLINA, Alan L. Kling, Director of Loss Prevention at Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation, credits Employers Mutuals for "prompt and efficient help our staff needs to save both time and money."



IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, the Del E. Webb Construction Co. built America's biggest rocket engine testing stands, enlisted Employers Mutuals' help and know-how to make this a record-making job in safety, too.



IN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, Employers Mutuals construction specialists worked out a program with Fred Weber, Contractor, to help make a giant interstate highway project "come out" profitably and safely.



IN PORTLAND, OREGON, Mr. C. M. Bishop, President of Pendleton Woolen Mills, says, "Employers Mutuals helped us set up a long-range safety and insurance program that has proven to be efficient, fair and economical."

Capsule case histories from the continuing "Wausau Story" show the national scope of Employers Mutuals' operations... the wide diversity of its policyholders' businesses... and the value of its cost-saving services

In addition to workmen's compensation Employers Mutuals also writes group health and accident, fidelity bonds, and all forms of fire and casualty insurance. See your telephone directory or write to us in Wausau, Wisconsin.



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The only London Dry Gin distilled in the U.S.A. under the supervision of the famous Booth's Distillery Limited, London, England.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Summer, and the time of the repeats, is upon the land.

Wednesday, June 19

Kraft Mystery Theater (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).* A hardly perennial returns for a third season of summer chills with "Shadow of a Man," starring Ed Begley, Broderick Crawford and Jack Kelly. Color.

Friday, June 21

The Jack Paar Program (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The visit last fall to the Paar show by Senator and Mrs. Edward M. Kennedy, Genevieve, Kookla, Ollie, and Hans Conried. Color. Repeat.

Saturday, June 22

ABC's Wide World of Sports (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The National A.A.U. Track and Field Championships at St. Louis.

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). *White Witch Doctor*, with Susan Hayward as an American nurse, Robert Mitchum as the Congo's best white hunter.

Sunday, June 23

Directions '63 (ABC, 2-2:30 p.m.). "The Future of the Negro Child of the North."

Issues and Answers (ABC, 2:30-3 p.m.). Guest: Senator J. William Fulbright.

The Ed Sullivan Show (CBS, 8-9:30 p.m.). An extra half hour has been added this week to celebrate the 15th anniversary of TV's own Great Stone Face with highlights from past shows.

Du Pont Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Lauren Bacall, Walter Matthau and Robert Alda in "A Dozen Deadly Roses." Color.

Howard K. Smith—News and Comment (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). The last of the series, which has not been renewed.

Tuesday, June 25

Picture This (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Premiere of game show hosted by Jerry Van Dyke in which mixed teams of celebrities and members of the audience compete for "modest prizes."

The Keefe Brasselle Show (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A new summer variety series with Regulars Noelle Adam (the leggy photographer's assistant of *No Strings*), Sammy Kaye and Rocky Graziano. Guest: Carol Channing.

THEATER

On Broadway

She Loves Me is an old-fashioned musical that believes in love and has an up-to-date way of showing it, even if it is set in a perfume shop in Old Budapest. He (Daniel Massey) and She (Barbara Cook) make wistful music together.

Photo Finish reduces the Seven Ages of Man to four—20, 40, 60 and 80—and puts them all onstage at the same time. Author-Director-Star Peter Ustinov, as the 80-year-old, plays philosophical host to his earlier selves, and he treats them, and life, as balefully amusing.

Enter Laughing, by Joseph Stein, has been stained with the familiar finch of Jewish family comedy, but the splin-

* All times E.D.T.

A NEW VENICE... FOR GIANT ROCKETS

Thirty-five miles south of the raked white sands of Miami Beach, 75,000 acres of swamp, marsh and solid Florida earth are being transformed into a multi-million dollar affirmation of the future of space flight.

The site: Aerojet-General's Dade County Plant. The purpose: development of the biggest rockets ever made.

Bordered by the Everglades, with access to the Atlantic Ocean, the

new plant will offer a unique solution to the problem of building and transporting giant space engines.

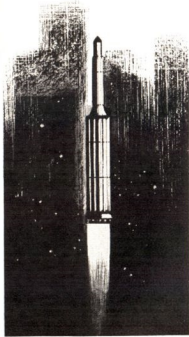
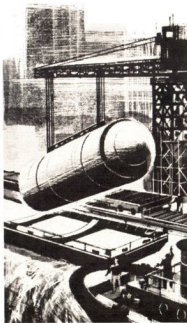
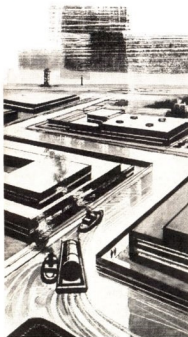
These silo-size boosters will be too large to ship by air. Ground travel to launch site is virtually impossible because of low bridges and other "road blocks."

The answer: shipment by water. The Dade County Plant will connect with deep water ports by an existing intercoastal canal. An interlocking ten-mile system of inland canals is now being excavated for movement of the mammoth engines to the coast. Construction of test

stands and a fuel processing plant is under way.

By the end of this year, Aerojet's Dade County Plant will be ready to demonstrate the feasibility of large solid rockets for space.

Aerojet-General® is a member of The General Tire & Rubber Company family. The advanced research and development that characterizes Aerojet's space achievements is paralleled by contributions of The General Tire & Rubber Company in the fields of automotive equipment, plastics, steel and communications.





Photographed in front of The British Museum, London.

Good Show! Air-India to London (daily, you know).

Trans-the-Atlantic like a Maharajah any day of the week. Now AIR-INDIA'S Boeing 707 Rolls Royce jets fly daily between New York and London, Europe, and the East. For reservations see your travel agent or **AIR-INDIA** The airline that treats you like a maharajah—30 Years of Dependable Service. 565 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y. PL 1-6200

tery grain of life still shows through it. *Strange Interlude*, by Eugene O'Neill, commits the vibrant resources of the Actors Studio Theatre to a 4½-hour play that would be more than a little stale and distinctly interminable without them. What salvages the drama is the emotional integrity of Geraldine Page and her acting comrades. Engagement ends July 13.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, by Edward Albee. A history professor (Arthur Hill) and his bitter half (Uta Hagen) mercilessly tell all the news that's not fit to print about each other.

Little Me wears its high-polish frivolities with a sophisticated air. The musical's fummaster-in-chief is Sid Caesar, who has never been droller.

Off Broadway

The Boys from Syracuse. Breeding tells, and this musical is a thoroughbred, originally sired by Shakespeare (*Comedy of Errors*) out of Plautus. The Rodgers tunes are a lilting delight, the Hart lyrics are a tonic to the ear, and a Most Adorable Cutie award should be bestowed on the bewitchingly gifted Julianne Marie.

Six Characters in Search of an Author, by Luigi Pirandello, offers a model revival of a modern classic.

CINEMA

Hand in the Trap. Argentine Director Leopoldo Torre Nilsson takes a Bergmanesque approach in telling a story of passion and provincial puritanism. His caustic comments on the Argentine way of life, which makes prisoners of women, are both vivid and ironic.

The List of Adrian Messenger. Director John Huston seems as confused about the plot of this gimmicked potboiler as audiences will be. But the stars—George C. Scott, Dana Wynter, Kirk Douglas—are fun to watch. So are Bit-Players Tony Curtis, Frank Sinatra, Burt Lancaster and Robert Mitchum, in extravagant disguises.

Hud. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Brandon de Wilde and Patricia Neal make up almost the entire cast of this magnificently pungent film about an unregenerate heel, a decent old man, and a boy who makes a choice of heroes.

Pickpocket. French Director Robert Bresson launches an excursion into the cold world of Nietzschean philosophy as he takes his hero, a pickpocket, through a series of emotional situations. The film propounds paradoxes: that man must sin to be saved, that the road to heaven is paved with bad intentions.

The L-Shaped Room. Leslie Caron plays an unwed mother-to-be with such dignity and sensitivity that the predictable twists of the plot can be overlooked. The dialogue is some of the most believable to be heard on the screen in many seasons.

Winter Light. The protagonist of this somberly beautiful picture is a Swedish pastor who not only fails himself but fails everyone who needs his help because he doubts the very existence of God. Ingmar Bergman's latest film is colder, darker and even more relentless than the others.

Doctor No. This Ian Fleming thriller presents Secret Agent James Bond (Sean Connery) in all his exquisite martini-and-mayhem splendor. Maybe a bit too splendid to be true.

55 Days at Peking. The Boxer Rebellion gets the wide-screen treatment, and the

PINCH BY HAIG & HAIG, LTD., BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 55.8 PROOF, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.



Does Pinch require special ice?



Not at all. This patrician among Scotches gets along famously with the most plebeian of ice-cubes. Once you pay the price for Pinch, no further special treatment is required. Pour it as you would any Scotch. But there the resemblance



ends. There's brawniness and bravura in the taste of Pinch, just as the Highlanders of old intended. By all odds, Haig and Haig Pinch is the most luxurious Scotch a man can enjoy. (No wonder people get those expensive notions about ice-cubes!)

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Fall in love with Spain.

Spain is a land of contrasts. There are bullfighters, flamenco dancers, festivals and fiestas. There are magnificent cathedrals, quaint fishing villages, medieval castles and fabulous Mediterranean beaches lined with palm trees. All this is just 6½ comfortable hours away on Iberia, one of the world's most modern air lines. Read what you can see and do in Spain for as little as \$50 a week.



MODERN jet travel has made it easy for millions of people to enjoy the unique beauty, climate and prices of Spain.

The variety of color and scenery is unequalled anywhere in Europe. Here you'll find rugged snowcapped mountains. Lush olive and orange groves. Bustling modern cities. And hundreds of medieval castles.

The prices in Spain will amaze you. You can stay in a first-class hotel for \$6.00 a day, meals included. Or you can splurge and stay in a de luxe hotel for \$7.50 to \$10.00 a day.

If you prefer, you can get a room without meals. This will cost you about \$6.00 a day in a de luxe hotel and \$3.00 a day in a good hotel.

Spanish food is hearty, but not nearly as spicy as many people believe. A typical meal may include Gazpacho (an excellent soup made from cucumbers, garlic, tomatoes, and a dozen other ingredients). Cochinito asado (roast suckling pig). And a half bottle of wine.



Iberia Air Lines of Spain gives you a 6½-hour head start in enjoying Spanish food. During your flight, you are served delicious meals and wines by stewardesses from Spain's finest families.

Iberia has the most modern DC-8 jets. They are meticulously maintained. The

cabins are tastefully decorated, spacious and comfortable. Your pilot's training surpasses the most rigorous standards. He is a veteran of millions of flying miles.

You can get a full course dinner in a moderate-priced restaurant for about \$1.50. A de luxe restaurant will serve the same type of meal for \$3.50. A budget restaurant will fill you to the brim for 75 cents to \$1.00.

There's no end of things to see or do in Spain. There's a festival or fiesta somewhere almost every day of the year. There are bullfights every Sunday from Easter till the end of October. And flamenco dancing in the cabarets every night.

The Prado Museum in Madrid has one of the finest art collections in the world. Here you can see the works of the great Spanish painters: Goya, El Greco, Velazquez, Murillo, Ribera. Admission charge is 10 pesetas (16 cents).

There are three medieval cities within 75 miles of Madrid. Avila, Segovia, Toledo. Here you can explore ancient castles, palaces and forts. When you approach from Madrid, the skyline of Toledo looks exactly as El Greco painted it in the sixteenth century.

The beaches in Spain are magnificent. On the Mediterranean, there's a three-hundred-mile stretch of beaches along Costa Brava, Costa Blanca and Costa del Sol. On the Atlantic, there are the resort cities of Santander and San Sebastián.

You can count on good weather from March to November along Costa Brava and Costa Blanca. And you can swim year round at Costa del Sol.

Getting around Spain is a cinch. Taxi fares are about one third as much as in the United States. Or you can hire a chauffeur-driven car. This costs \$7.00 a day, plus 8 cents a kilometer.

Air travel in Spain is excellent. Iberia Air Lines serves the major cities with modern Caravelle jets. Fares are low. You can fly from Madrid to Valencia for \$10.70. Or from Barcelona to the island of Majorca for \$8.30.

Add it up. For less than \$50.00 you can spend a full week in a good hotel in Madrid. Eat to your heart's content. Watch the bullfights and jai alai matches. Go to a flamenco cabaret. Visit the Prado.

Iberia is the way to get there

Iberia Air Lines will fly you from New York to Madrid, the gateway to Europe, in 6½ hours. One-way fare is \$292. Spain is fast becoming the place to go. Make the decision. Your travel agent will take care of all the details.

Fall in love with Spain.



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The castle of Olmillos de Sasamón, 19 miles from Burgos in northern Spain, is one of the smaller castles in Spain. The medieval Gothic construction is typical of Old Castile.

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crackles
with
masculinity!**



'That Man'
a man's man's cologne
by **REVLON**

(also after-shave lotion)

result is a full-scale war. Among the foreign devils who make the Chinese so mad are David Niven, Ava Gardner, Charlton Heston and Paul Lukas.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Elizabeth Appleton, by John O'Hara. Transplanting a Southampton belle to the Groves of Academe, America's poet laureate of provincial mores appraises small-town college life for the first time and proposes that even the simplest marriage is really complicated.

The Gift, by Vladimir Nabokov. A magician of language rummages in his tarnished memories of Russian émigré life in Berlin, and comes up with a delightful comic fantasy—and a symbolic assault on philistinism in Russian culture.

The Stories of William Sansom. Field trips into a weird story-spinner's world, peopled with gentle stranglers and murderous loves, beasts who think like men and men who dream themselves into beasts.

Anti-Intellectualism in American Life, by Richard Hofstadter. Anti-intellectualism, argues Hofstadter, is part and parcel of democracy, and he demonstrates the point with lively discourses on famous anti-intellectual mavericks and movements.

Memories, Dreams, Reflections, by C. G. Jung. A fascinating autobiographical account of the dream life of the great Swiss psychologist, who, in rejecting Freud and in pursuing his own mystic world, at last turned his back on much of the scientific thought of his own time.

The Shoes of the Fisherman, by Morris West. In a powerful novel, a Catholic writer explores man's spiritual hope of heaven and material faith in earthly progress—framed by a dialogue between a Pope and a Soviet leader.

The Decline and Fall of Lloyd George, by Lord Beaverbrook. A great press lord who was also a politician pungently recalls how he helped topple one of England's most flamboyant Prime Ministers.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Seven Days in May*, Knebel and Bailey (3, last week)
2. *The Glass-Blowers*, Du Maurier (1)
3. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (7)
4. *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour An Introduction*, Salinger (2)
5. *Grandmother and the Priests*, Caldwell (4)
6. *Elizabeth Appleton*, O'Hara
7. *The Sand Pebbles*, McKenna (5)
8. *The Moonflower Vine*, Carleton (9)
9. *City of Night*, Rechy
10. *Fail-Safe*, Burdick and Wheeler (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The Whole Truth and Nothing But*, Hopper (1)
2. *Travels with Charley*, Steinbeck (2)
3. *The Fire Next Time*, Baldwin (5)
4. *The Day They Shook the Plum Tree*, Lewis
5. *O Ye Jigs & Juleps!*, Hudson (7)
6. *The Living Sea*, Cousteau
7. *I Owe Russia \$1,200*, Hope (3)
8. *The Ordeal of Power*, Hughes (4)
9. *The Great Hunger*, Woodham-Smith (8)
10. *Final Verdict*, St. Johns (10)

NY3



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JOHN C. FISCHBECK, II
PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER

TIME, JUNE 21, 1963



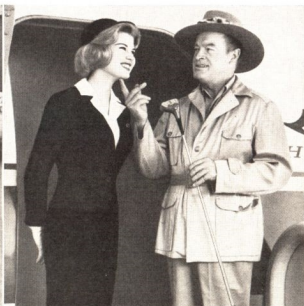
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Call me Hector...



Call me Tony...



"Call me Bwana"

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Go with us on Safari to darkest Africa, where Mr. Hope has just filmed his new picture for United Artists—"Call Me Bwana." We can fly you to Khartoum, Dakar, Lagos and Johannesburg. Or to the exotic East—Beirut, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Tokyo. Or simply to Europe.

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...but it isn't just "talk" talk...it's in the idiom of the individual area. Whether these programs are called Composite, Story Line, Spectrum 74, Conversation Piece, Talk of Philadelphia or At Your Service—which some of them are—they're the talk of not only the town, but the whole community...and the whole community listens.

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STATIONS THAT TALK THE LANGUAGE OF THEIR COMMUNITIES

The remarkable story of Schweppes new **Bitter Lemon** — and how it Schwept all England off its feet!

Schweppes Bitter Lemon is a great new mixer and adult soft drink! It's made from whole fresh lemons — juice, peel, pulp and all. And now it's here — in America — today!

A FEW years back nobody had even heard of Schweppes Bitter Lemon. Schweppes hadn't even *invented* it.

Yet today this glorious new mixer and adult soft drink is all the rage in England — and 11 other countries too!

Why do people fall in love with Bitter Lemon almost instantly? You can find out for yourself. Now Commander Whitehead, President of Schweppes U.S.A., is introducing it to America!

How to mix it

Schweppes Bitter Lemon brings new gusto to whiskey, gin, vodka and rum. You can even mix it with Dubonnet, Campari or Cinzano.

Recipe for a perfect Bitter Lemon drink: three parts Bitter Lemon to one part liquor in a *tall* glass, over ice.

At last—an adult soft drink

Schweppes Bitter Lemon has been called the only soft drink children *don't* like. It's for *adult* tastes — tart and lemony and dry. Made from whole fresh lemons, Bitter Lemon is *lightly* carbonated—enough to give it sparkle. Not so much as to hide the flavor.

Here in America today!

Americans who discovered Bitter Lemon abroad have been crusading for it to be brought *here*



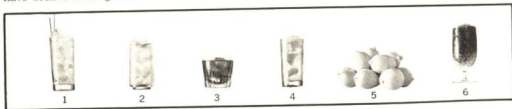
"It usually takes the English two generations to like anything new," says Commander Whitehead. "But practically overnight, Schweppes Bitter Lemon has Schwept that staid little island off its feet!"

ever since. Now for the happy announcement. The crusade has paid off.

Today you can buy Bitter Lemon right here in America, at your corner store. The authentic *Schweppes Bitter Lemon*—made of imported English ingredients.

P.S. If your store or favorite bartender doesn't have Schweppes Bitter Lemon, write Commander Edward Whitehead, President, Schweppes (U.S.A.) Ltd., 445 Park Avenue, New York 22, to find out how to get it.

Made from
whole fresh
lemons



How to make these delicious new drinks with Schweppes Bitter Lemon

1. Bitter Lemon *on the rocks*—tart, dry—an *adult* soft drink. 2. Foolproof and fast: a jigger of gin or vodka in a tall glass, then fill with Schweppes Bitter Lemon. 3. Bourbon and Bitter Lemon. Use a generous jigger of good

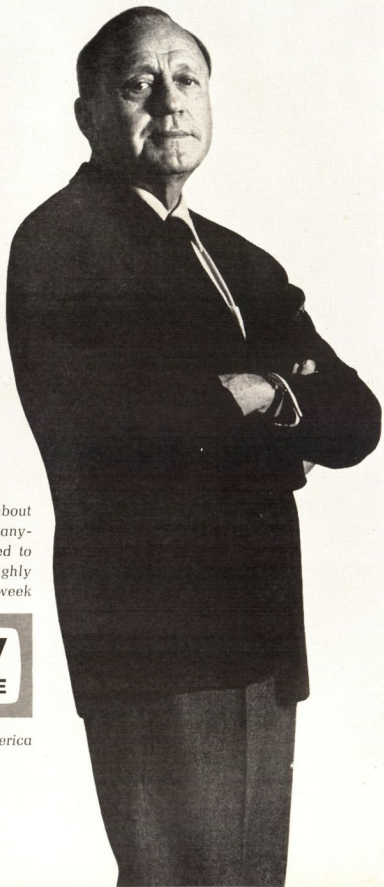
bourbon—Bitter Lemon brings out all its mellow taste. 4. Light or dark rum, ice, Bitter Lemon—*ole!* 5. Secret ingredients? Lemons! 6. Dubonnet, Campari or Cinzano are aperitifs with *zing* when you add Bitter Lemon.

“He (Jack Benny) likes to boast about his ability as an editor and about his eagle eye for contrived straight lines or for jokes—often very funny ones—which are inconsistent with the character he has spent 40 years creating. He is proud, too, of his sense for

keeping his comedy techniques fresh . . . Philosophically, Benny is perhaps best left unexplained. Suffice it to say that at 69 he is still the most conscientious craftsman in the business. There is something rather touching about his devotion to just one joke—like a man playing a violin sonata on just one string. But on that one string, ah! he is brilliant!” —From a TV GUIDE profile.

Typical of what you will see in TV GUIDE this week,

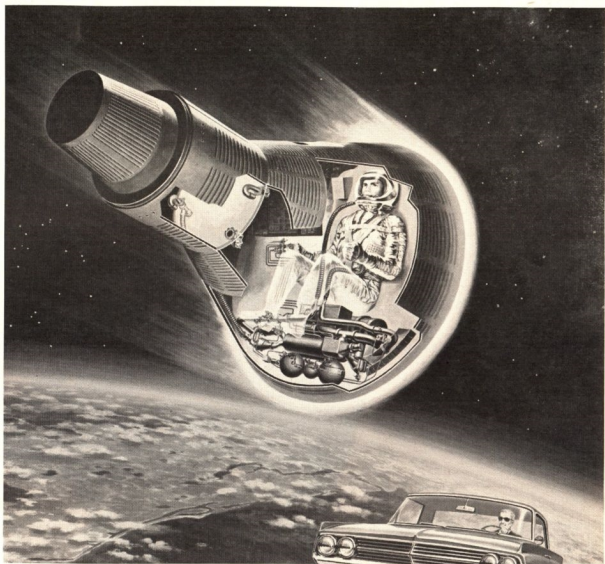




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It takes an average of 7 horsepower to air condition an automobile. You'd think the complexities of keeping an astronaut cool and comfortable would require at least as much power. But Garrett-AiResearch designed and built a system that requires about the same energy as a 60-watt light bulb. And that's important in space, where power is at a premium. □ The Garrett system takes advantage of the low boiling point of water in space to absorb heat from the astronaut's space suit and spacecraft. The system is tiny, lightweight, and works in zero gravity. □ This remarkable cooling unit is part of the entire environmental control system which Garrett supplies for the NASA-McDonnell Project Mercury missions. It not only cools, but provides and circulates oxygen, controls pressure, and removes carbon dioxide, water vapor and odors. □ Not many people can use this type of air conditioner, but you've probably already enjoyed the comfort provided by Garrett-AiResearch air conditioning and pressurization systems aboard most of today's passenger airliners.

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Los Angeles — Phoenix

LETTERS

Crumbling Wall

Sir:

Your conclusion that the Negro can crumble the walls of segregation only by earning acceptance [June 7] is a good, idealistic approach. But don't stop there. Many Negroes of intelligence, prominence and respectability have been led to believe that they are acceptable; but time and again, with despair and humiliation, they have found the barriers to be still solidly in place. After a hundred years of frustration, it appears quite evident that the walls will be crumbled at last, either by increasing pressure at all points, or with the helping hands of the people on the other side.

WALTER CLARK

Philadelphia

Sir:

You apparently intended to deliver a little sermon to the American Negro militants of the spring 1963 revolution, on the need not only to "take" but to "deserve" their place in this society. You mention that Southern and Northern whites have pointed to the high rate of crime and illegitimacy among Negroes, and seem to imply that the Negro has not wholly justified "acceptance" into the mainstream of American life because of his questionable morality. As a thinking person, I take exception to this vicious and dangerous insinuation. As a Negro, I take offense at it.

No one would deny that there is wide demoralization among American Negroes, who are generally frustrated from cradle to grave in their attempts to find a "place in the sun." If, indeed, the crime rate among my people is high, it is because the Negro, in his rage, is striking back at a society that denies him the chance to be a man and to make an honorable life for himself.

NORMAN E. HODGES

New York City

Sir:

We Northerners, principally through our newspapers, gather the impression that every Southerner is ignorant, an oppressor and a bigot, while we are tolerant and understanding. We are patting ourselves on the back without justification. While discrimination against the Negro in the South is of an overt nature, here it lurks stealthily underground, and it is concealed by our hypocritical behavior.

We do an injustice to our fellow man, the Southerner, by showing him no tolerance and accusing him of all sorts of inhumane behavior. It cannot be denied that there are many, many people living in the South who do not want to see any change in the status of the Negro; however, there are many who do not like the racial situation that exists there today, who believe that the Negro should be given his constitutional rights, who are kind and understanding and possess qualities for which the South is noted—hospitality and gentleness.

C. KARALIS

Carteret, N.J.

Sir:

In reading your lead article June 7, I find references to Tallahassee. It would appear that a group of peaceful and law-abiding Negro students had been arrested simply because they were seeking admittance to the all-white theaters. This was not the case.

These students were arrested because of their defiance of a temporary restraining order issued the previous day.

There was no violence, no scuffling and no tension. The senior law-enforcement officer present explained to the Negro leaders the meaning of the court order and requested that they obey the court. Upon their refusal, he informed them that they were under arrest whereupon the charge of demonstrators (220) marched quietly to the county jail.

The "volleys of tear gas" consisted of two tear-gas grenades that were rolled at the feet of another group of demonstrators at another location later that same night. No one was hit, and no one was hurt. Out of this group, 37 were arrested.

SAM E. TEAGUE JR.
Mayor-Commissioner

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir:

Nobody in Lexington or in all North Carolina is proud of what happened here last Thursday night.

The thing was so bad that it would have seemed impossible to make it sound worse than it was, but the man who wrote the lead story in your June 14 edition managed to do just that.

The number of white people uptown that night (many of them never even left their cars) was closer to 2,000 than 800. And very few of them were angry about anything at all. Most, like Victim Fred Link, were just curious. Negroes who gathered were fewer than 100—not 400.

You refer to Lexington's "segregated stores." Negroes are quite welcome in stores here, and their trade is an important factor in the business of most of our merchants.

Even before the trouble, people here were working toward a peaceful solution to the race problem. Now we must not only intensify our efforts, but we must try to live down the widespread stigma of our terrible Thursday.

FRED O. SINK JR.

Lexington Dispatch
Lexington, N.C.

► Of 2,000 whites gathered in downtown Lexington, Assistant Police Chief Lester Sheets estimated that around 800 moved toward the Negro apartment block and were met by some 400 Negroes. Among segregated facilities that Negroes attempted to integrate the day before the race riot were a bowling alley (Negroes were refused), the white section of a theater (the lights were turned off), and a drug-store counter, where as TIME reported, the Negroes were served.—Ed.

Sir:

While we are knocking the South with every issue by pouring salt in old wounds, let's add a little pepper to the salad by mentioning that in recent years the South was fertile enough to produce a good crop of writers: Wolfe, Faulkner, Harper Lee and Margaret Mitchell, plus a Barkley, Dean Rusk, Richard Russell, Byrd, Hodges, Helen Keller, Billy Graham and Dinah Shore, plus the core of the space program for good measure.

MRS. WILLIAM ORDERS JR.
Birmingham

Wild About Barry

Sir:

Your [June 14] story on Barry Goldwater and other potential presidential candidates summed up the situation of the G.O.P. roster admirably.

As a Southerner recently relocated in the North, I feel certain that Goldwater would carry the South against Kennedy.

ROBERT DANNENBAUM II

Mahwah, N.J.

Sir:

Barry Goldwater is the type of man one might expect to find in a Marlboro ad. And speak for myself, I'm a Marlboro man.

JACK V. SEXTON

Tulare, Calif.

Sir:

It is Goldwater and not Rockefeller who can win in Maine, for we will come out of the hills and woods and in from the islands and the shore to elect him.

H. D. OSGOOD JR.

Scarborough, Me.

Sir:

The G.O.P. has a winner! Don't tarry, back Barry.

HARMON WESTON

Corona del Mar, Calif.

Sir:

You said Governor Scranton's popularity hasn't suffered. I disagree. He was elected because he said there would be no new taxes. There aren't any new ones, just higher old ones.

E. HAAS JR.

Chester, Pa.

Sir:

I am still wondering why you bothered to show an ass with an elephant in the background.

WILLIAM D. BERG

Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

When Goldwater says, "The issue in the South, you know, is not integration.

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GARY LATTIMER

Philadelphia

Sir:

Senator Goldwater in his column always spells out his position clearly, frankly and honestly, ending by asking the reader, "How do you stand, sir?"

Unquestionably, more and more are proudly answering the Senator, "We Stand with Goldwater!"

RICHARD F. MORGAN

Shamokin, Pa.

McNamara's Critics

Sir:

We would like to disagree violently with S.L.A. Marshall that "McNamara has lost the confidence of the armed services" [May 31]. As young members of the Officers' Corps of the U.S. Air Force, we look upon Secretary McNamara's efforts to give some meaningful purpose to military expenditures as a refreshing breeze in an otherwise cesspool atmosphere of basic incompetence, empire building, wanton waste and a "don't rock the gravy train" attitude. Secretary McNamara's reforms have had the only really uplifting effect on officer morale in the past five years.

CAPTAIN ROBERT R. BELLIVEAU

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CAPTAIN JAMES K. PENRY

CAPTAIN LOUIS F. SCIAN

U.S. Air Force Base

Tachikawa, Japan

Outstandin' Hueys

Sir:

At the invitation of the U.S. Army, I observed the use of helicopters in combat in Viet Nam and want to congratulate you on your excellent story [June 7] on the use of our troops making there of the "Huey" or UH-1B Iroquois.

Your article was the most accurate and revealing on this subject yet published in a magazine of general circulation.

ELTON J. SMITH

Bell Helicopter Co.

Hurst, Texas

The Portable Feeder

Sir:

I was delighted to read [June 7] about the latest innovation in baby feeders. About two years ago I, too, thought I'd found the best product available—no measuring, no mixing, no rearming, re-washing or sterilizing. The drawback was that I couldn't be thrown away.

(MRS.) BARBARA RUBIN

Bloomington, Ind.

Aid to Education

Sir:

Congratulations on your clarion call [June 7] to American business corporations! Only a small fraction of the nation's business corporations are contributing to higher education. Let's hope that the unconvinced firms see the light before it's too late—before they try to recruit the college graduate who isn't there.

GERALD P. BURNS

Executive Director

Independent College Funds of America
New York City

Cure for Negativism

Sir:

I wish to thank TIME for recommending my new book [June 7] by uniquely demonstrating the need for it among professional opinion-molders. Your writer's enthusiasm for negativism makes him a perfect example of the individual who can benefit most from the book.

My only regret is that those responsible for the article apparently have been too lethargic to practice the "Recipes for Living and Loving." To them I particularly recommend the tether-halt recipe.

LAURA ARCHERA HUXLEY

Los Angeles

The Prep School Gang

Sir:

We are appalled by the comments [June 14] of Mr. Capp about our Prep schools. The only school for him is Al-capp-traz.

TOBY HARTER

The Choate School

Wallingford, Conn.

Sir:

I react in just one way to Al Capp's remarks that a prep school is a big gang as vicious as any in New York but without the guts: I'd like to punch Capp in his big leaking mouth. My research into the gangs of New York has failed to turn up a single character who has been willing to address himself to an enemy without a gun, a knife or help—hardly the symbols of guts.

ALAN HYND

Westport, Conn.

Sweeney's Way

Sir:

I am very appreciative of your friendly and lively piece [June 14].

There is one phrase in it, however, I would like to correct. Your text reads: "...aside from having to display some Remington cowboy art that he loathes

"I have never used the term "loathe" about any work of art. Quite contrary to the implication of your writer. I am very happy that the Museum of Fine Arts boasts such a rich collection of Remington's work which gives pleasure to so many of our visitors.

JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY

Director

Museum of Fine Arts

Houston

Goodbye, God

Sir:

The Harvard professor who heard the ending of his son's prayer did not listen carefully to him [May 31].

It is my belief he said, "And now, good —by God we're going to Chicago."

HAL G. PALMER

Hays, Kans.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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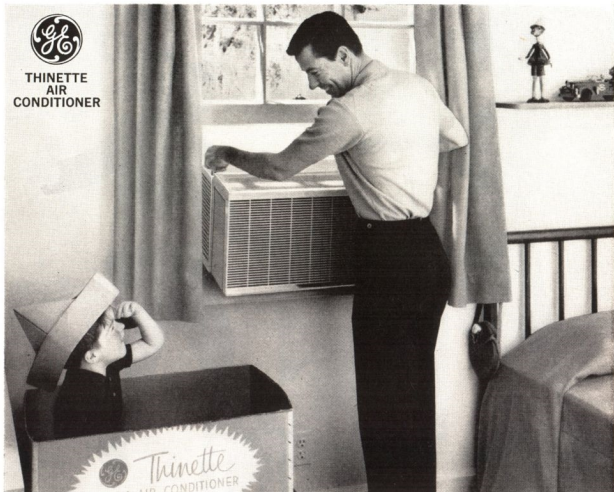
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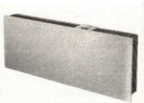
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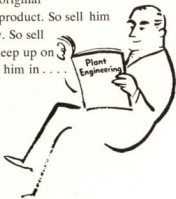
When you ask someone how much his home is worth, he'd like to know whether you're from the insurance company or the tax collector. Or interested in buying. After all, there's a difference.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer



GULVER PICTURES

TOM

OUR offices have been flooded with readers' contributions since the appearance of TIME's May 31 Modern Living story on Tom Swifities—the little book of adverbial puns by Paul Pease and Bill McDonough, inspired by the style of the old adventure stories. Some readers' Swifties appeared in the Letters columns of June 7 and June 14, and still they come. A number of variations are right down our alley—says TIME, bowled over.

Some of them we call TIME Swifties. One appeared in the June 7 Letters column: "Time is the greatest," he said lucidly. "But there are more, such as:

"Egad! My subscription's run out," he cried Timelessly—Daniel E. McGuire, Chicago.

"If I had the time, I'd invent a newsmagazine," said Tom weakly—James I. Cook, Blawenburg, N.J.

Others we call adverbs, because they relate to well-advertised products or services:

"It sounds like a cheese commercial," said Tom Kraftily—Edward J. Brodhead, Wayne, N.J.

"While you're up, get me a Grant's," he said fetchingly—Harry Grassian, Flushing, N.Y.

"And there's no Angostura," said Tom bitterly—Lynden Keating, Los Angeles.

"The laundry keeps coming out grey," said mother Cheerlessly—Jerry Lerner, Park Forest, Ill.

We suspect there are hundreds of Swiftly-sparked readers who haven't been heard from. So, as an extra inducement for you to send in your inspirations, we've decided to offer five-year subscriptions to the TIME Reading Program as prizes for the best TIME Swiftly and the best adverb received by July 15th. Every two months for the next five years, winners will receive three or four books, especially selected by TIME's editors for the importance of their ideas and the excellence of their writing. We may even award more than one prize in each category—for that's the sort of thing that one would expect of a Tom Swift. In case of duplicates, the earliest postmark will determine which one gets the prize.

While you're at it, we want very much to know how you read TIME. Front to back? Back to front? Cover to cover? And any other comments on your enjoyment of TIME will be most welcome (but in non-Swifty terms, please). "There's more than one way to skin a cat," says TIME's reader research department—categoryically.

Write us a postcard or note with as many TIME Swifties and/or adverbs as you wish, your answers to our questions on how you read TIME, and any other comments you may want to add. Be sure to include your name and address. Send your entries to:

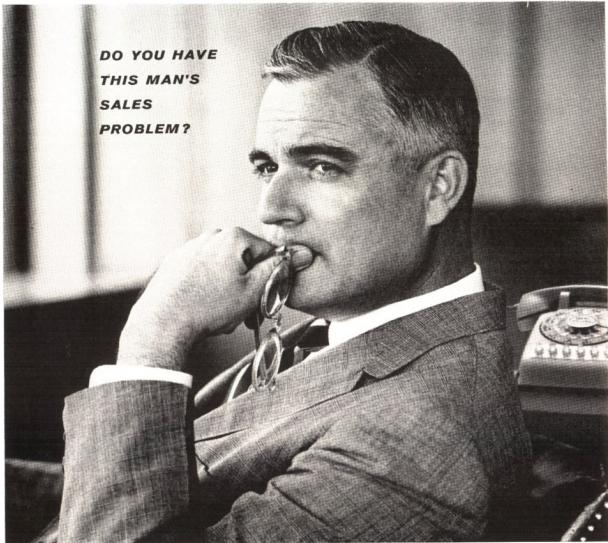
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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

June 21, 1963

Vol. 81 No. 25

THE NATION

RACES

The Long March

[See Cover]

The first Negro student ever admitted to the University of Alabama, Autherine Lucy, met with a violent barrage of hate. During her first day of classes, in February 1956, a mob of 1,000 students marched to the university president's house shouting "To hell with Autherine!" and "Keep 'Bama white!" Two days later, rioting students hurled stones and eggs at the car in which she was riding to class, pursued the car to the classroom building. With the mob yelling outside, she waited in the building until state policemen arrived to escort her to safety. She shortly went home to Birmingham. And she never returned to Tuscaloosa.

For seven years, no Negro followed Autherine Lucy to the University of Alabama. One by one, the states of the South submitted to at least token school integration—until Alabama stood as the only state in the nation without a single Negro attending a state-supported school with white students.

Last week, in an event of historic contrast with the 1956 episode, Alabama fell too: enrolled at the Tuscaloosa campus of the University of Alabama were two Negroes, Vivian Malone and James Hood, both 20. The only opposition was an empty gesture of defiance by Governor George C. Wallace. On the campus, the Negroes encountered no hostile mobs, no shouting, no thrown stones. Instead, they met with smiles and friendly greetings from white students. The Negroes merged into the life of the campus so uneventfully that it almost seemed as if the color of their skins made no difference.

The Promise. The contrast between 1956 and 1963 in Tuscaloosa was paralleled in Washington. In 1956, President Eisenhower remained a bystander when violence erupted at the University of Alabama. He would, he said, be inclined to "avoid interference." But in the years since then, the Executive Branch under both Eisenhower and Kennedy became closely and inextricably involved in the Negroes' march toward equality. Last week President Kennedy played an active role in the drama at Tuscaloosa. The man he assigned to direct events was his younger brother, U.S. Attorney General Robert Kennedy.

Bobby rolled up his sleeves and

turned his office into a command post. With him there were Burke Marshall, Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights, several other aides, four maps of Tuscaloosa, a TV set and a radio. An open telephone line and a radio-telephone hookup linked him with the Administration's field force in Tusca-

loosa: a team of U.S. marshals and Justice Department officials, headed by Deputy Attorney General Nicholas de Belleville Katzenbach, a big, balding man who is even tougher than he talks. At Fort Benning, Ga., 400 Army troops, specially trained for riot duty, sat in helicopters, ready to spin away to Tuscaloosa if they were needed.

Standing in almost pitiable solitude against Bobby's forces was Governor Wallace, 43, a former state judge and sometime amateur boxer, now grown a bit pudgy. During his raucous campaign for the governorship last year, Wallace vowed that he would oppose any federal school-integration order "to the point of standing at the schoolhouse door," defying the feds to arrest him.

Now the time had come to deliver on that promise. But Wallace's fighting spirit had pretty well drained away. Alabama was sick of racial violence; the state's most influential citizens put heavy pressure on Wallace, urging him

not to cause trouble. Moreover, Federal Judge Seybourn Lynne had ordered Wallace not to obstruct the Negro students. The judge privately warned Wallace's lawyers that if he disobeyed the order he would face a prison term.

Thus, while he stood last week in the doorway of the university building in



JUNE 1963

The moment seems to be now.

loosa: a team of U.S. marshals and Justice Department officials, headed by Deputy Attorney General Nicholas de Belleville Katzenbach, a big, balding man who is even tougher than he talks. At Fort Benning, Ga., 400 Army troops, specially trained for riot duty, sat in helicopters, ready to spin away to Tuscaloosa if they were needed.

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which the students were to register, Wallace was visibly pale and trembly.

The Charade. What happened was a charade. It went off with such precision, such inevitability, that some observers, aware of Bobby Kennedy's propensity for manipulation, suspected a fix. The Justice Department vehemently denied any deal with Wallace, but there was at least an unspoken arrangement. Both sides knew that the Negroes would eventually be enrolled in the university. The feds were willing to let Wallace put up his farcical show—for a while. Wallace wanted to avoid a long stretch in jail—and the Administration, bent on stirring up as little political resentment as possible in the South, desperately wanted to keep him out of jail. In first confronting Wallace, the Administration team thoughtfully kept the Negro students out of the way, inside automobiles parked well away from the door. That way, Wallace was not actually obstructing them and could not



THE FIRST CONFRONTATION: WALLACE & KATZENBACH
"Stop!" "Very Well."

be charged with contempt of Judge Lynne's order.

There were two separate confrontations between Wallace and the federal officials. In midmorning, Katzenbach rode up in a border patrol car and strode purposefully to the doorway. There Wallace stood waiting. He had a lectern in front of him, a microphone draped from his neck and a swarm of state troopers near by. As Katzenbach reached the spot, Wallace snapped out a crisp command: "Stop!"

Katzenbach called upon Wallace to give "unequivocal assurance that you will not bar entry to these students." Wallace broke in: "We don't want to hear any speeches." Then, while Katzenbach fidgeted under the broiling Alabama sun, Wallace read off a ponderous, five-page proclamation. Concluded he: "I denounce and forbid this illegal and unwarranted action by the Central Government."

When Wallace finished, Katzenbach asked him to "step aside." Wallace simply stood there. "From the outset, Governor," said Katzenbach, "all of us have known that the final chapter of this history will be the admission of these students." Wallace remained silent, glaring with melodramatic scorn. "Very well," said Katzenbach. He turned away, and, under a prearranged plan, the feds escorted the two students to their dormitory rooms.

Katzenbach telephoned Bobby. Bobby called the President, who ordered that the Alabama National Guard be called into federal service.

"My Sad Duty." The second confrontation came 4½ hours after the first. In midafternoon, Brigadier General Henry V. Graham, assistant commander of the 31st Infantry, an Alabama Guard division, walked up to Governor Wallace and saluted. "It is my sad duty," the general said gently, "to inform you

that the National Guard has been federalized. Please stand aside so that the order of the court may be accomplished."

Wallace read off a parting-shot statement and then walked away. Shortly afterward, the two Negroes went into the building and were registered. "Hi, there," a man seated at a desk said to Vivian Malone. "We've been waiting for you."

Two days later, Dave Mack McGlathery, 27, a Negro employed at the U.S. space research center at Redstone Arsenal, went to the University of Alabama's Extension Center at Huntsville and registered for night classes in mathematics. Not a single hiss, boo or catcall was audible. Governor Wallace did not even bother to show up.

Enough? With that, Alabama was breached as the last state fortress of total school segregation. Attorney General Kennedy's tactics, to which he applied all his shrewd, tough abilities for detail-by-detail planning, had worked. But was that enough? Was it in any substantive sense a settlement to the Negro revolution? The answers could only be no.

Nine years had passed since the U.S. Supreme Court's historic school-desegregation decision. To some, the mere fact that now all 50 states had integrated schools might seem reasonable progress. But not to Negroes in the late spring of 1963.

Successful revolutions typically originate less from a sense of hopelessness than from aroused hope. What began as a legal evolution with the Supreme Court's May 1954 school-desegregation decision has now burst into a feverish, fragmented, spasmodic, almost uncontrollable revolution.

In the last three weeks alone, by a Justice Department count, some sort of facility was desegregated in 143 different cities or towns. Last week Atlanta

desegregated its public swimming pools, and in Nashville, Tenn., all the major hotels and motels and most of the restaurants agreed to integrate their facilities promptly. In a single recent week Bobby Kennedy counted 60 separate demonstrations by Negroes in various U.S. cities. Last week Negroes marched, picketed, sat in or rioted in Savannah, Ga., Danville, Va., Cambridge, Md., New York City, Providence, R.I., and dozens of other cities. In Washington, a crowd of 3,000 Negroes marched to Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department. When he came outside to speak to them, a Negro spokesman complained to him that "We haven't seen many Negroes coming out of the Justice department." Kennedy, using a bullhorn, replied that "individuals will be hired on their ability."

In the pattern of revolutions, the recent Negro victories have only whetted their hunger for full equality. Cries the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., the Southern Negroes' most outstanding leader: "We're through with tokenism and gradualism and see-how-far-you've-comeism. We're through with we've-done-more-for-your-people-than-anyone-elseism. We can't wait any longer. Now is the time."

The torrent of Negro demands has caught many men by surprise—including the President of the U.S. and his brother, the Attorney General. The torrent has, indeed, forced them into a drastic revision of their civil rights policy.

Political Coup. The Kennedys are nothing if not political-minded—and their approach to civil rights has been essentially political. During the 1960 campaign, they asked themselves not what a Kennedy Administration could do for the Negroes, but what the Negroes could do for John F. Kennedy on Election Day. In wooing Negro voters, Jack promised that there would be "much" new civil rights legislation, that



VIVIAN MALONE IN CLASSROOM
"We've been waiting for you."

he would end discrimination in housing with a "stroke of the pen." A few weeks before Election Day, the Kennedys brought off a political coup by intervening when Martin Luther King was jailed in Atlanta for leading an anti-segregation demonstration. Bobby telephoned the judge in Atlanta in an effort to get King sprung. Whether or not the call actually swayed the judge, the Kennedys got full credit among U.S. Negroes when King was released on bail the following day.

The Kennedy campaign to gather Negro votes was spectacularly successful. By statisticians' reckonings, Nixon got more non-Negro votes than Kennedy. Kennedy's margin of victory derived from his lopsided majorities in Negro districts. Negro votes accounted for his capture of at least three close states, New Jersey, Illinois and Michigan. If Nixon had carried those states, he would have been elected President.

A Matter of Votes. But no sooner did Kennedy enter the White House than much of that brave campaign talk about civil rights went by the boards. As it happens, Massachusetts-bred Jack and Bobby Kennedy both genuinely be-

lieve in equal rights. But as it also happens, there is such a thing as practical politics—and the Kennedys figured that they would need Southern Democratic votes in Congress if the New Frontier's legislative programs were to have a chance of passage.

Thus, in his first State of the Union message, President Kennedy barely mentioned civil rights. The civil rights policy that later emerged from the President's huddles with Bobby was designed to keep Negroes on his side while avoiding deep affronts to the South.

This was a highly selective policy, concentrating on Negro voting rights. The brothers reasoned that once Negroes can cast their fair share of votes in state and local elections in the South, white politicians will be compelled to heed the Negroes' demands. "The most significant civil rights problem," Bobby kept saying, "is voting."

In Attorney General Kennedy's office is a large map of the U.S., resting on the floor against one wall. The map is studded with colored pins marking the counties in which the Justice Department has taken action to protect Negro voting rights. Bobby points out with

pride that 28 pins mark places where his Justice Department has filed voting suits, while only ten pins indicate the suits filed during the Eisenhower years. He does not mention, of course, that the department's authority to protect voting rights derives largely from laws passed during the Eisenhower years of 1957 and 1960.

Vanished Signs. On other civil rights fronts, the Kennedy Administration just inched along. In 1961 the Administration's only legislative proposal was a routine bill to extend the life of the Civil Rights Commission for two years. In 1962, and again in 1963, the President's legislative recommendations almost exclusively concerned voting rights. Not until last November did Kennedy get around to fulfilling his campaign promise to abolish discrimination in housing with a "stroke of the pen." That act came after Negroes had taken to mailing him pens as sarcastic reminders, and even then it was a grievous disappointment to Negroes because of its limited scope.

Only under the occasional stress of crisis did the Kennedy Administration move vigorously. Last year, when the

A LEGAL HISTORY OF NEGRO PROGRESS

The Negro revolution is presently characterized by acts—at lunch counters, on the streets, behind prison bars. But these acts would be far less effective were it not for words—the words of the U.S. Constitution, of constitutional amendments, of judges, and acts of Congress, words given the force of law by presidential fiat. In the beginning, such words held Negroes in enslavement. From time to time, they slowed the Negro's march toward legal equality. Today, they are the license for action. Some key words in the long progression:

1787 U.S. Constitution, Art. IV, Sec. 2.

No person held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due.

1857 Supreme Court's Dred Scott Decision

The question is simply this: Can a Negro, whose ancestors were imported into this country, and sold as slaves, become a member of the political community formed and brought into existence by the Constitution and as such become entitled to all the rights, and privileges, and immunities, guaranteed by that instrument to the citizen? We think not. On the contrary, [Negroes] were at that time considered as a subordinate and inferior class of beings . . . altogether unfit to associate with the white race.

1863 Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation

I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be, free.

1865 13th Amendment to the Constitution

Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist within the United States. Congress shall have the power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

1866 Act of Congress

All persons born in the United States are hereby declared to be citizens; and such citizens, of every race and

color, without regard to any previous condition of slavery, shall have the same right as is enjoyed by white citizens.

1868 14th Amendment to the Constitution

All persons born or naturalized are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

1870 15th Amendment to the Constitution

The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

1896 Supreme Court's Separate-But-Equal Doctrine

We cannot say that a law [in Louisiana, establishing separate-but-equal railway accommodations] which authorizes or even requires the separation of the two races in public conveyances is unreasonable.

1954-55 Supreme Court's Desegregation Decisions

In the field of public education, the doctrine of "separate but equal" has no place. Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal. The effect of this separation was well stated by a Kansas court: "Segregation with the sanction of law has a tendency to retard the educational and mental development of Negro children and to deprive them of some of the benefits they would receive in a racially integrated school system." The lower courts should require "a prompt and reasonable start toward full compliance," and solutions to local problems should be worked out "with all deliberate speed."

1963 Supreme Court's Redefinition of "Speed"

It was never contemplated that the concept of "deliberate speed" would countenance indefinite delay in elimination of racial barriers in schools . . . The basic guarantees of our Constitution are warrants for the here and now, and unless there is an overwhelmingly compelling reason, they are to be promptly fulfilled.

outbreak of freedom rides threatened violent clashes in the South, Bobby got the Interstate Commerce Commission to issue an order banning segregation in terminals serving interstate transportation. Under that order, the WHITE and COLORED signs have vanished from the lavatory doors and waiting room entrances of more than 300 Southern rail, bus and air terminals. When the enrollment of Negro James Meredith at the University of Mississippi last fall led to an explosion of mob violence, President Kennedy sent 16,000 federal troops to Oxford to put down the Ole Miss disorders.

A Multiplicity of Meetings. As Election Year 1964 drew closer, the Kennedys strove even harder to solve the nation's civil rights dilemma without

chologist Kenneth Clark. Bobby went into the meeting under the illusion that Negroes feel gratitude toward the Administration. What he encountered was a shouting, finger-shaking barrage of anger, disappointment and impatience. Afterwards, one participant said the meeting was a "flop," another called it "tragic." Said Baldwin: "Bobby Kennedy was a little surprised at the depth of Negro feeling. We were a little shocked at the extent of his naiveté."

The Administration's political approach to the civil rights issue has, in fact, satisfied nobody. Were a presidential election held today, President Kennedy would probably lose several Southern states to, say, Conservative Republican Barry Goldwater. At the same time, Negroes are out of sorts

patched to Capitol Hill this week, the President's package consists of four proposals that would: 1) extend the life of the Civil Rights Commission for four years, 2) fortify voting rights, 3) give the Attorney General broadened authority to intervene in school-segregation cases, 4) ban discrimination in hotels, motels and restaurants.

This legislative bundle is sure to bring on a Southern filibuster in the Senate. Once filibuster begins, the fate of the Administration bills will be up to Senate Republicans. To shut off the filibuster, Democratic leadership in the Senate must try to invoke cloture, which requires a two-thirds majority, or 67 votes. Since only 40-odd Democrats can be expected to vote for cloture, the Administration will need 20-odd Republican votes. To rally those Republican votes, President Kennedy last week talked long and earnestly to G.O.P. congressional leaders. He also called in former President Dwight Eisenhower for a talk. Earlier that same day, Ike had told a group of congressional Republicans that "passing a whole bundle of laws" would not solve the civil rights problem, and he repeated the same thought to Kennedy.

Eisenhower also seemed to suspect that the Democratic Administration would give Republicans none of the political credit for passage of civil rights legislation—but would love to blame the G.O.P. for failure. Late last week, in a scathing speech to a Republican group gathered at Hershey, Pa., Ike said: "To Republicans, 'the rights of men' is a living doctrine. To our opponents, it is a campaign catch-phrase, a political gimmick to be cunningly exploited as part of the great mosaic which presents a public but deceitful image, known far and wide as concern for the common man—protection of the poor—champion of the people."

With his legislative effort sputtering, and with the Negro revolution increasing in its impetus, President Kennedy last week decided, at long last, to appear on national television with a declaration of his own views about the moral issues involved. The decision to deliver the speech came suddenly, during the interval between Wallace's two stands in the doorway at Tuscaloosa. By broadcast time, all was quiet in Tuscaloosa. But that did not matter. As President Kennedy well knew, the civil rights issue would be around for a long while. And by now the President was beginning to feel the necessity to put before the nation a civil rights manifesto.

Fires of Discord. A hundred years after President Lincoln freed the slaves, said Kennedy, the Negroes of the U.S. are still not "fully free. They are not yet freed from the bonds of injustice; they are not yet freed from social and economic oppression." As a result, "fires of frustration and discord are burning in every city, North and South."

New laws against discrimination "are needed at every level," the President said, "but law alone cannot make men



BOBBY KENNEDY ADDRESSING WASHINGTON DEMONSTRATORS
Time to stop playing politics, time to take a moral position.

really offending anyone. In recent weeks both Jack and Bobby have used all their great powers of persuasion in numerous closed-door meetings with various groups—Negro and white, Southern and Northern, business and labor leaders. Last week Jack and Bobby, along with Vice President Lyndon Johnson (a key presidential adviser in the civil rights area) assembled 280 U.S. labor leaders in a futile meeting at the White House, called upon them to work against racial discrimination in their unions. It was in keeping with the Kennedy tactics that the unpleasant subject of possible legislation against such discrimination was never mentioned.

The failure of these behind-the-scenes negotiations was demonstrated in a tragicomic fashion on May 24. At Bobby's request, Negro Author James Baldwin (TIME cover, May 17) arranged for a New York City meeting. Among those present besides Bobby and Baldwin were Negro Singers Lena Horne and Harry Belafonte, Playwright Lorraine (A Raisin in the Sun) Hansberry, Psy-

chologist Kenneth Clark. Bobby went into the meeting under the illusion that Negroes feel gratitude toward the Administration. What he encountered was a shouting, finger-shaking barrage of anger, disappointment and impatience. Afterwards, one participant said the meeting was a "flop," another called it "tragic." Said Baldwin: "Bobby Kennedy was a little surprised at the depth of Negro feeling. We were a little shocked at the extent of his naiveté."

Such criticisms plainly dictated a shift in Administration strategy. In mid-May the President announced that he would soon send a package of civil rights measures to Congress. Since then the debut has been twice postponed while Justice Department lawyers worked over the details. Scheduled to be dis-

see right. We are confronted primarily with a moral issue . . . a moral crisis as a country and a people. It cannot be met by repressive police action. It cannot be left to increased demonstrations in the streets. It cannot be quieted by token moves or talk. It is a time to act in the Congress, in your state and local legislative body, and, above all, in all of our daily lives."

In its substance, the speech was possibly the most important that Kennedy has delivered as President of the U.S. Never before had a U.S. President appealed to the nation for an end to all discrimination against Negroes. And never had a President so forcefully pointed out that the Negroes' right to equality with whites rests not upon law alone, but also upon morality.

Despite the power of his appeal, Kennedy's speech did not and could not solve the civil rights crisis. A few hours after the speech, an assassin shot a Negro leader in the back in Jackson, Miss. (see following story). By the nature of the crisis, no single-front effort—whether by moral persuasion, court decision, legislative enactment, political action or street demonstration—can settle the U.S.'s civil rights dilemma.

The Shadowy Realm. For years after the Supreme Court's 1954 school desegregation decision, the Negroes' drive for equality remained essentially a struggle of law. It was directed mostly against governmental authorities maintaining official segregation in the South and the border states. Gradually, however, the Negroes have come to demand the abolition of subtle, nonlegal discrimination as well as official segregation.

A decade after the Civil War, Congress passed a law to guarantee Negroes equal access to theaters, inns and transportation facilities. But in 1883 the Supreme Court struck down that law on the ground that the 14th Amendment, barring discrimination by states, contains no authority for federal legislation against discrimination in privately owned establishments. Now the Kennedy Administration plans to submit a similar law to the Congress. Not only are its constitutional underpinnings wobbly, but there is a very real question about where the right of civil equality begins to impinge upon the right of private property.

In the North, indeed, law cannot be expected to do much, if anything, to meet the Negroes' demands. Negroes already have full equality before the law—yet they are angrily restive about the injustices that have been inflicted upon them. And in their struggle against unofficial segregation, the Negroes have come to rely, with ever-increasing intensity and tempo, on direct action—boycotts, marches, sit-ins, pray-ins, picket lines.

But, in common with law, direct action has limitations as a weapon against discrimination. The soundest and most enduring reason why whites should want to get rid of race discrimination is not

that Negroes are protesting against it, but that it violates justice and morality. There is a blurring contradiction between the Negroes' appeal to justice and their threats of certain violence to come—in Author Baldwin's words, "the fire next time."

Scars of the Past. If the combined working of law and direct action and morality could sweep away all race discrimination in the U.S., Negroes might still find the results somewhat disappointing. The condition of the Negro in the U.S. today results not only from present discrimination. That can be abolished. It results also from past discrimination, which can be eroded away only by the slow trickle of time. Past discrimination has left scars upon the Negroes. Their lower average levels of education and training, their higher rates of illegitimacy and violent crime⁶ are facts of life as real as their desire for equality.

If race discrimination in employment suddenly vanished, deficiencies of education and skills among Negroes would still constitute an enormous barrier to equality with whites in jobs and incomes. Many employers in northern cities who would be willing to hire Negroes for positions of skill and responsibility never do so because no qualified Negroes present themselves.

Last week the National Urban League called for a special national effort "to overcome the damaging effects of generations of deprivation and denial, and to make it possible for the majority of American Negroes to reach the point at which they can compete on a basis of equality." A "compensatory effort" on the part of the whites, said the League, "may well be the only means of overcoming the heavy aftermath of past neglect." The organization's Director Whitney Young argues that what is needed is a massive domestic Marshall Plan to help ready Negroes for acceptance of their legal rights. U.S. whites, he insists, have had "special privileges" for centuries. Now Negroes should be given "special privileges" for a limited period of time (say, ten years) to help them catch up.

Before the effects of past discrimination can be eroded away, the U.S. must abolish present discrimination. Some well-meaning whites exhort the Negroes to lift themselves up, study, aspire, become qualified, earn the equality they demand. Discrimination, the argument runs, would dwindle much more rapidly if disparities of culture and training were overcome. That is true enough, but the Negroes cannot wait that long. After generations of submission to segregation, they are marching in the streets, chanting "Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!"

⁶ According to the nationwide crime statistics gathered by the FBI, Negroes, making up 10% of the total U.S. population, account for considerably more than half of all arrests for murder, robbery, and other crimes involving bodily harm or the threat of it.

Life & Death in Jackson

It was hot in Jackson, Miss., a torrid 102°. It was hotter still in the barn-like Masonic Hall in the Negro quarter on Lynch Street. There was no air conditioning, no electric fan. The 4,000 Negro people who squeezed into every seat, into every bit of floor space on the stage, in the aisles, along the walls, turned their faces to a flag-draped coffin. Trumpeters arose and began to play a dirge. The people sang: "Be not dismayed, God will take care of you."

This was the funeral of a man whose name was unknown one day and headlined across the nation the next. He was Medgar Evers, 37, Negro, father of three, N.A.A.C.P. field representative in Mississippi. A few nights before, he



MEDGAR EVERS WITH LENA HORNE
"I'm not afraid of dying."

had been ambushed, shot in the back. "They Saw It All." It was just past midnight, less than seven hours after President Kennedy's "moral crisis" speech to the nation, when Evers drove up to his Jackson home. He got out of his car with a bundle of T shirts, to be handed out next morning to civil rights demonstrators. Across the front of the T shirts was stamped: JIM CROW MUST GO. Evers took only a few steps. Then, from a honeysuckle thicket about 150 ft. away, came a shot.

The bullet tore into Evers' back, plowed through his body, pierced a window and a wall in the house, and came to rest beneath a watermelon on a kitchen counter. Evers' wife Myrlie cried to her three small children to fall to the floor. She ran outside. "Medgar was lying there on the doorstep in a pool of blood," she said. "I tried to get the children away. But they saw it all—the blood and the bullet hole that went right through him."

Soon state and local cops, along with

FBI agents, were scouring Mississippi for clues. They found the assassin's weapon—a Springfield rifle mounted with a new telescopic sight—in the honky-tonk patch across from Evers' house.

The Target. The ugliness of the act aside, the killer of Medgar Evers could only have hurt his own blind cause. The national reaction was instantaneous. President Kennedy called it "appalling." In Mississippi, even segregationist Governor Ross Barnett denounced this "apparently dastardly act." Rewards totaling \$21,000 were posted for information leading to the arrest of the killer.

As it happened, Medgar Evers, a World War II Army veteran, graduate of Mississippi's Alcorn A. & M. College, varsity football player and one-time insurance agent, was quite a man. And he had premonitions of martyrdom. "I'm not afraid of dying," he recently said. "It might do some good." As the N.A.A.C.P.'s only fulltime worker in Mississippi, he was a constant target for threats, but he pursued his course nevertheless. He directed a big civil rights rally in Jackson recently that brought in such big-name Negroes as Lena Horne. Only a few weeks before his death, somebody tossed a gasoline-filled bottle into his carport (it did not explode). "If I die," he said the next day, "it will be in a good cause. I've been fighting for America just as much as the soldiers in Viet Nam."

Telephoned warnings were routine in Evers' life. "I've had a number of threatening calls," he said. "People calling me saying they were going to kill me, saying they were going to blow my home up, that I only had a few hours to live. I remember one individual calling with a pistol on the other end, and he hit the cylinder, and of course you could hear that it was a revolver. He said, 'This is for you.' And I said, 'Well, whenever my time comes, I'm ready.'"

Born in Decatur, Miss., Evers was raised in black ignominy. When he was 14, one of his father's closest friends was shot and killed because he was accused of insulting a white woman. The man's clothing lay in a field for months afterward. "I used to see the clothes when I went hunting," Evers recalled. "I can close my eyes and still see them."

Among Mississippi Negroes, the anger over Evers' murder coiled like a snake. Thirteen ministers began a silent walk, one by one, at widely spaced intervals toward city hall. To Jackson's cops, this was just another protest march—and up came the paddy wagons to haul the marchers off. Next day, the cops rushed a group standing on a porch, clubbed some Negroes, grabbed a white man, throttled him with a billy club, kicked and beat him till blood gushed from his wounds. A day later, Negro youngsters again moved down the street in ones and twos, carrying tiny American flags (it was Flag Day). They, too, were blocked by police, relieved of their flags, and carried off to a hog-wire compound.

Something Snapped. By Saturday morning, all was peaceful again in Jackson. The crowd that filled the Masonic Hall for Evers' funeral service was well behaved. When it was over, the Negroes lined up to form a cortege behind the coffin, walked 20 blocks to a funeral home. It was one march that Jackson's white city fathers had given the Negroes leave to make.

Then something snapped. Standing in front of the funeral home, a small group of Negroes began to sing. "Before I'll be a slave," they chanted, "I'll be buried in my grave and go home to my Lord." Other Negroes joined in. "No more killin' here, no more killin' over here." Soon a whole chorus of swaying, hand-clapping people was sobbing. "No more Jim Crow over here, over here; I'm dead before I'd be a slave."

Somebody began running. "Don't run! Don't run!" shouted a man. A



MRS. EVERS AT THE COFFIN
Then a woman cried: "Freedom!"

woman cried "Freedom!" And then the mob was off, racing toward the downtown section of the city. They got as far as the first intersection. There, cops waited with dogs, tear-gas guns and rifles. As the mob spilled toward the police, the people yelled, "Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!" The cops rushed the crowd. One dog leaped for a woman. Screams tore through the air as the police grabbed the woman and carried her down the street.

From every direction, patrol cars with singing sirens poured into the area. Firemen wearing their full gear pulled up with a truck and got ready to use their hoses. The cops barricaded the streets. Pushing, clubbing, shoving, cursing, they beat their way through the throngs, filled their paddy wagons with the Negroes and drove them off to jail.

Within an hour after it began, the riot was over, the passions spent. By nightfall, as blue-hatted cops patrolled the city, all was silent. But behind drawn shades, Jackson still seethed.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

"A Strategy of Peace"

The cold war, President Kennedy felt, was a stalemate. He sensed a deepening international discouragement about the possibility that real progress toward a settlement would ever be made. Accordingly, several months ago, he began thinking about a major foreign policy speech that would be "positive." Last week, while receiving an honorary doctor of civil law degree at Washington's American University, he delivered that speech. In it, he announced that 1) a new attempt toward an "early agreement on a comprehensive test-ban treaty" will be made in high-level talks between Great Britain, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. in Moscow in July, and 2) the U.S. will not resume nuclear testing in the atmosphere "so long as other states do not do so."

The President's speech was carefully timed. It would, hopefully, stand in favorable contrast to the bomb-rattling talk that almost always accompanies major Communist conclaves: the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union is meeting this week, and the Russians and Chinese Reds will get together next month to try to iron out their differences. And the President's proposals would surely add to the acclaim he receives on his imminent European trip.

Dangerous & Defeatist. The speech was also carefully—and eloquently—worded. Excerpts:

"Too many of us think peace is impossible. But that is a dangerous, defeatist belief. It leads to the conclusion that war is inevitable—that mankind is doomed—that we are gripped by forces we cannot control. We need not accept that view. No problem of human destiny is beyond human beings. I am not referring to the absolute, infinite concepts of universal peace and good will. I do not deny the value of hopes and dreams, but we merely invite discouragement and incredulity by making that our only and immediate goal.

"Let us focus instead on a more practical, more attainable peace—based not on a sudden revolution in human nature but on a gradual evolution in human institutions. World peace, like community peace, does not require that each man love his neighbor—it requires only that they live together with mutual tolerance, submitting their disputes to a just and peaceful settlement.

"No government or social system is so evil that its people must be considered as lacking in virtue. As Americans, we find Communism profoundly repugnant as a negation of personal freedom and dignity. But we can still hail the Russian people for their many achievements—in science and space, in economic and industrial growth, in culture, in acts of courage."

Hate & Oppression. "We have never been at war with each other. And no nation in the history of battle ever suf-

ferred more than the Soviet Union in the Second World War. It is an ironic but accurate fact that the two strongest powers are the two in the most danger of devastation. All we have built, all we have worked for, would be destroyed in the first 24 hours.

"So let us not be blind to our differences—but let us also direct attention to our common interests. And if we cannot end now our differences, at least we can help make the world safe for diversity. For, in the final analysis, our most basic common link is that we all inhabit this small planet. We all breathe the same air. We all cherish our children's future. And we are all mortal.

"This generation of Americans has already had enough—more than enough—of war and hate and oppression. We shall be prepared if others wish it. We shall be alert to try to stop it. But we shall also do our part to build a world of peace. Confident and unafraid, we labor on—not toward a strategy of annihilation but toward a strategy of peace."

Kennedy's speech was widely applauded. Indeed, the liberal Manchester Guardian went so far as to call it "one of the great state papers of American history." It was hardly that, but it did represent a fresh and worthwhile effort to get long-stalled test ban talks off dead center. To represent the U.S. at next month's talks, the President named Old Moscow Hand Averell Harriman, who has never been noted for taking wooden nickels from the Russians. And even as the President made his speech, the U.S. was keeping its test labs tuned—just in case the order comes to crank up a new atmospheric test series.

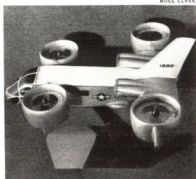
DEFENSE

Adamant Admiral

Partly because of Admiral George Anderson's outspoken criticism of the award of the TFX fighter-plane contract to General Dynamics, the Kennedy Administration decided to drop him as U.S. Chief of Naval Operations. As a sop, Anderson was named U.S. Ambassador to Portugal.

But according to testimony released last week by a Senate investigating committee, Anderson did not learn his lesson. This time he was criticizing the civilian Pentagon's award of an \$18 million contract to Bell Aerosystems Co. to build a plane (the X-22) that can take off and land almost vertically. The odd-shaped craft will have a 39-ft. rear wing, stubby forward wings and four 7-ft.-diameter propeller discs that can be directed at the ground for vertical thrust. When horizontal, they will help push the plane to 350 m.p.h.

As with the TFX, the Defense Department's final decision on the X-22 reversed the recommendations of Navy technical evaluators—and of Anderson. They had argued that, on the basis of cost and technical considerations, the



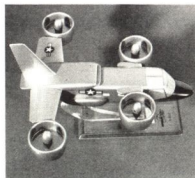
MODEL OF BELL'S WINNER
The philosophy of reversal . . .

contract should go to Douglas Aircraft.

In defending the decision, Deputy Defense Secretary Roswell Gilpatrick told the committee that it was based primarily upon his belief that Bell had greater experience in developing this type of aircraft. He said that he understood that the technical experts found both designs acceptable, but admitted that he made his decision before reading all of the evaluations, was unaware that the Navy's Bureau of Weapons termed the Douglas proposal "a clear choice."

Admiral Anderson, speaking before the committee, protested: "The philosophy of reversal without adequate and thorough consultation is dangerous. The professional advice of military and civilian experts charged with the technical evaluation of design proposals should not be overturned except for the most compelling and persuasive reasons. Such reversals can only be detrimental to the competitive spirit of American industry. For many years, the Navy has attempted to foster and maintain this spirit to ensure that we receive the most effective weapons systems and hardware attainable. If other considerations are to be introduced into what hitherto has been a strictly competitive process, industry should know in advance the ground rules."

Anderson was talking like a man who thought he had not much more to lose. But little does he know. He may yet end up as naval attaché in Timbuctoo.



MODEL OF DOUGLAS' LOSER
... may be dangerous.

THE CONGRESS

The Worst Defeat

One of the first legislative successes of the Kennedy Administration after taking office in 1961 was passage of a \$394 million program of economic aid to areas with heavy unemployment. The bill easily cleared the House of Representatives, 224 to 193. By the end of this year most of that money will have been committed, so the Administration proposed a new \$445,500,000 appropriation to extend and expand the program. Last week the House killed the new bill, 209 to 204, gave the Administration its worst defeat of the year.

Why the big switch in two years? Some analysts leaped to the conclusion that Southern Congressmen had turned against Kennedy in anger at his civil rights policies. Yet a comparison of the 1961 and 1963 votes shows that precisely 52 Southern Democrats voted against the distressed-areas bill in both years. The difference was that this year only 15 Republicans voted for it, while last time 31 voted yes.

There were some valid reasons for the more solid G.O.P. opposition this year. The program, which includes loans to redevelop both industrial and rural areas, has at times been poorly administered. Wisconsin Republican John Byrnes cited, for example, a loan to build a tissue-paper manufacturing plant in Tomahawk, Wis., just when the tissue-paper industry as a whole is having a hard time. Other Congressmen were plainly tired of taking the heat from communities that wanted loans but failed to qualify for them under bureaucratic requirements. After the vote, Kennedy indicated that he will try to get the bill through the Senate and then back for another house vote.

On other legislative matters:

► Kennedy made a rousing pitch for his medicare program in a five-minute talk to the National Council of Senior Citizens meeting in Washington. He also chose the occasion to criticize indirectly Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills, whose committee has been bottling up medicare. "I am certain that if members of the House and Senate have a chance to vote on the bill it will pass in this Congress," said Kennedy. Since Mills also is a key figure in Kennedy's tax-cut plans, the criticism seemed curiously timed.

► With a massive Southern filibuster against civil rights legislation in prospect, Oregon's cantankerous Democratic Senator Wayne Morse announced that he may stage a one-man talkathon of his own against the Administration's \$4.5 billion foreign aid request. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara also was grilled warmly on the military-assistance portion of this request by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Arkansas Democrat J. William Fulbright joined Morse in charging that some European nations are not adequately sharing the costs of their own defense.

POLITICS

Winner Take All

California's 23rd Congressional District, just southeast of Los Angeles, used to be a land of orange groves and walnut trees. Since World War II, it has boomed as a center of industry (Firestone, Goodrich, Bethlehem Steel, North American Aviation), middle-class housing—and Democrats.

Nine times, with margins ranging up to 75%, the 23rd sent stormy-eyed Democrat Clyde Doyle to the U.S. House of Representatives, where he distinguished himself only as a ranking member of the Un-American Activities Committee. Doyle died in March, and a special election was set for last week.

California bypasses primaries in special elections, pits all candidates of whatever party against each other in a single, winner-take-all contest. With



CALIFORNIA'S CLAWSON
A new tune?

a registration advantage of 92,600 to 50,200, Democrats fell all over themselves getting into the race. Of five who finally appeared on the ballot, State Assemblyman Carley V. Porter, 57, was the favorite. He had the backing of the California Democratic Council, the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Committee on Political Education, and a glowing letter of support from President Kennedy. Of three Republicans, only Del Clawson, 49, the mayor of Compton (pop. 75,000), acted like a serious candidate. Last week jumbo-sized (5 ft. 11 in., 245 lbs.), saxophone-playing Del Clawson won easily, with 33,086 votes to 21,951 for Porter, the runner-up.

A Mormon who says he feels "emotionally close to George Romney but philosophically closer to Barry Goldwater," Clawson for several years has mailed paperback copies of Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative* as Christmas cards. In his first term as mayor of Compton, he eliminated bonded indebtedness and reduced city tax rates by one-third, was promptly

re-elected in 1961. In his campaign, Conservative Clawson ignored his opponents, trained his fire on the Kennedy Administration. Stumping district shopping centers, assembly lines, weddings, wakes and picnics, he urged the elimination of farm price supports, recognition of a Cuban government in exile, more states' rights and less Federal Government. He even offered a plan that, he says, would eliminate the national debt by the year 2000.

With a light voter turnout (62,100), it might seem that Democrats had handed the Republicans a victory merely by staying home. But the fact was that in precinct after precinct a sizable share of the Democrats who did turn out voted for Clawson. Gloomily, Democratic Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh summed it up: "The people of this state are not as liberally inclined as some think. The Democratic Party may be a half step out of time with the general ideological feeling of the people."

LABOR

Tony Pro Takes a Tumble

Next to Jimmy Hoffa, there is no terrible Teamster whom Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department would rather put away than Anthony ("Tony Pro") Provenzano, 46, the chunky, highly paid boss of Local 560 in Hoboken, N.J. As counsel for the Senate Rackets Committee in 1959, Bobby himself first put the national finger on Tony by quizzing him about payoffs from trucking officials in return for labor peace. When court-appointed federal monitors supervised the Teamsters for a time, Provenzano was one of three officials they ordered Hoffa to fire. Instead, Hoffa elevated Tony to a vice-presidency of the International.

Boastfully parading Hoffa's friendship Tony Pro beat back every challenge by Hoboken Teamsters who objected to his terrorizing rule of the local. When the dissidents met, bullets whizzed warningly past their meeting place. Tony's more outspoken critics were battered by thugs. With less than half of his 14,000 members turning out for elections, Tony kept winning. But last week he lost in a place where it really hurt: a federal courtroom.

Tony was charged with extorting \$17,100 between 1952 and 1959 from Walter A. Dorn, president of Dorn Transportation Co., in Rensselaer, N.Y. At the trial, Dorn testified to the payments. Most of them were made, he said, to Michael G. Communale, a dismissed Hudson County assistant prosecutor who was placed on the Dorn payroll at Provenzano's insistence. Communale testified that he received the money, even though he performed no legal services for Dorn. Tony, outwardly confident of acquittal, acted bored during most of the testimony, coddled his chin with a well-manicured hand, his little finger aglitter with a huge diamond. On the stand, Tony was so eva-



TEAMSTER PROVENZANO
The boss was garrulous.

sively garrulous that his own lawyer asked the judge: "Please make that man answer the questions. All he's doing now is prolonging this business." The jury ended it by finding Provenzano guilty. He can be sentenced to 20 years, fined up to \$10,000.

Carefully kept from the locked-up jury was an even more unsavory aspect of life—and death—in Tony's union. During the trial, Walter Glockner, 27, a Dorn driver, Teamster steward, and a Pro foe, got into an argument with one of Tony's relatives at a union meeting, knocked him to the floor. Next morning Glockner was shot to death as he left his Hoboken home for work. He died just a week before he was to have kept an appointment with Justice Department officials to tell what he knew about the local.

Asked about the slaying, Provenzano protested to newsmen: "I loved the guy. He looked just like my son. Those dimples. That smile. I practically raised him. I saved his job I don't know how many times. He was accident-prone."



DISSIDENT GLOCKNER & BRIDE (1957)
The foe was accident-prone.

SPACE

Some Earthier Problems

To the moon-eyed whiz kid from RCA, there seemed no insurmountable challenge in straw-bossing the U.S.'s \$20 billion man-in-space program. "I think I'm up to it," said Brainerd Holmes, 42, when he took over as Director of Manned Space Flight for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in 1961. NASA Boss James Webb heartily concurred and said: "He has every quality it takes to get the job done." And so it seemed. Under Holmes's guidance, the U.S. launched five successful manned flights, developed detailed plans for a race to the moon and opened the massive new Manned Space Flight Center in Houston.

But there were other, earthier problems. Webb quickly decided that Holmes (TIME Cover, Aug. 10) attached entirely too much urgency to the moon race and upstaged Webb's own pet scientific probes as a result. Late last year, Holmes asked an additional \$400 million for the moon program. Webb curtly refused to take the request to Congress, and Holmes put up a fuss. After that, Webb began bypassing Holmes and going to other officials for advice in policy decisions.

When argument broke out, after Gordon Cooper's 22-orbit mission, about whether to continue Project Mercury, Holmes again was ignored. Though Holmes personally opposed another Mercury flight because of the high cost, Webb and other high NASA officials publicly dubbed it "unlikely," without once consulting him. The astronauts paid no attention to Holmes either, and got in their own high-level politicking in favor of the flight over cocktails with President Kennedy at Cooper's Washington reception.

Last week NASA made it official—the Mercury program was finished and the space agency would now start concentrating on Project Gemini, the two-man, rendezvous-in-space program. As it did, the Soviet Union took another step of its own toward the moon (see THE WORLD). But the whiz kid from RCA was out of the race. Buried in the middle of a three-page NASA release was the news that "The Office of Manned Space Flight will be realigned to permit Mr. Brainerd Holmes, Director, to return to industry."

ELECTIONS

Reforming the College

"Perilous," cried one witness. "A real danger," said another.

They were appearing before the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Amendments, chaired by Tennessee Democrat Estes Kefauver. Their warnings had to do with a scheme being pushed by Southern segregationist leaders, under which presidential electors would not be pledged to follow the popular vote in their state.

The unpledged elector plan, aimed at loosing states from national party ties, is not likely to get very far. But it does call renewed attention to a widespread feeling that the U.S. electoral college system, as set forth in the Constitution, is an anachronism. Under examination by the Kefauver subcommittee are seven proposed constitutional amendments for reforming the presidential electoral system. The main avenues of approach:

- **MAKE THE ELECTORAL-VOTE SYSTEM COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC.** Under a 1956 proposal made by then-Senator John F. Kennedy, the rigmarole of naming electors would be abolished. The candidate who got the most popular votes in each state would get that state's full bundle of electoral votes without any ado. Kennedy's plan would perpetuate the system, but tidy it up a bit, getting rid of the rituals and forestalling such

cise proportion to their shares of the popular vote in the state. This approach, sponsored by Massachusetts' then-Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. in 1948, would get rid of the failings of the present all-or-nothing arrangement, while at the same time retaining a vestige of the federal system. The Lodge plan is resisted by Kennedy Democrats, including John F. himself, who fought hard against a version of it in the Senate in 1956. One flaw is that in a close election, such as Lincoln's in 1860 or Kennedy's in 1960, splinter parties could prevent any candidate from getting a majority of the electoral votes, and the election would be thrown into the House of Representatives. To prevent that, Lodge urged inclusion of a clause making 40% of the total electoral votes sufficient to elect a President.

The arithmetic of the various plans is fascinating. Kennedy won in 1960



KARL MUNDT



HENRY CABOT LODGE JR.

The arithmetic is fascinating.

aberrations as the South's unpledged elector movement.

- **DIVIDE EACH STATE INTO ELECTORAL DISTRICTS,** similar to congressional districts, with one electoral vote apiece. Under a plan sponsored by South Dakota's Republican Senator Karl Mundt, each state in addition would have two statewide electoral votes. His plan, says Mundt, would diminish "the present inordinate power of organized pressure groups." Among the objections: state legislatures would be tempted to gerrymander electoral districts.

- **ABOLISH ELECTORAL VOTES ALTOGETHER.** Under a proposal by New York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating, among others, the President would be directly elected by the overall national popular vote. Most Democrats oppose this plan, and many conservatives object that by depriving the states of all significance in presidential elections, the Keating plan would weaken the already battered federal system.

- **SPLIT UP EACH STATE'S ELECTORAL VOTES AMONG THE CANDIDATES IN PRE-**

with 303 electoral votes to Nixon's 219 (Virginia's Senator Harry F. Byrd got 15). Under the Lodge plan, Kennedy's total would have been 264 (to Nixon's 259), five fewer than the 269 needed for a majority. According to the present constitutional requirements, the outcome would have been decided by the House, with each state, regardless of size, having one vote. If every state delegation in the House had decided to cast its vote for the candidate who carried the state, Nixon would have been elected President, 26 to 24. Under the Kennedy plan, J.F.K. would have won handily on electoral votes, 317 to Nixon's 220. Under the Mundt plan, Nixon would have won, since he carried more congressional districts and more states than Kennedy did. Under the Keating plan, Kennedy would have won if only a plurality of the total popular vote was required; if an absolute majority was required, there would have been no winner, and again it would have been up to the House of Representatives to choose the President.

THE HEMISPHERE

VENEZUELA

Primary Target

The night before Venezuela's President Rómulo Betancourt was to dedicate a new archbishop's palace in Ciudad Bolívar, 275 miles southeast of Caracas, two men were caught planting a time bomb behind a wall near the speakers' platform. Who were they? Members of the Communist Party, and allies of Cuba's Fidel Castro. His patience stretched to the breaking point, Betancourt at first ordered the arrest of every one of the country's estimated 40,000 Communists, Castroites and far-leftists, but later amended the order to cover only "activists and terrorists." The incident proved once more that Castro is determined to export his revolution, and that Venezuela's democratic, reform-minded President, whom the Reds have been after for years, is still target No. 1. As an Organization of American States committee recently reported: "There is no doubt that the Castro regime has chosen Venezuela as its primary objective."

PERU

President at Last

After a year of military rule, Peru finally has constitutionally elected a President. He is Fernando Belaúnde Terry, 50, a onetime architect and aristocrat turned crowd-raising politician. Of the three candidates, he was considered the least likely to succeed. Yet on election day, he won votes from the Christian Democrats on one hand, the far leftists on the other, and from Peruvians in the middle who regarded him as a sensible compromise between Haya de la Torre, a weary ex-revolutionary, and Manuel Odría, a tired ex-dictator. With the count nearly complete, Belaúnde got 693,000 votes, or 39% of the total, compared with 34% for Haya and 26% for Odría.

Escape to the Sea. Educated in France and the U.S. (University of Texas), Belaúnde was one of Lima's most successful architects when he decided to enter politics in 1944, immediately won a seat in the federal assembly, and soon set his sights on the presidency. With fiery speeches and expansive promises, he came within 110,000 votes of beating Manuel Prado in 1956, and he has been campaigning ever since. In 1957, he fought a saber duel with a Congressman who called him a "demagogue and a conscious liar" (both men were slightly wounded). Two years later, he was imprisoned on an offshore island for defying a presidential ban on political rallies during a general strike, and staged an exciting prison break, attempting to swim to an escape boat. The break failed (he swam to the wrong boat), but Peruvians thrilled to



WINNER BELAÚNDE

Sabers, prison breaks and promises.

the story. In last year's abortive election, he lost by a bare 12,867 votes to Haya de la Torre, and then, crying fraud, attempted to lead his supporters in rebellion. At that point, the military stepped in to settle the issue.

To the East. In this year's campaign, Belaúnde promised Peruvians land reform based on expropriation of the big estates, worker-controlled industrial co-operatives, housing, food, jobs, easy loans. He talked of opening up the lush jungles to the east beyond the Andes—and went there himself by canoe and muleback. He opposed U.S.-owned oil companies, but denied that he was anti-Yankee and called for more foreign investment. When Peru's Communists offered their support, he said, "I am against international Communism." Yet he did not reject their votes.

Though Belaúnde's tactics won him more than the one-third plurality set by the Peruvian constitution as a minimum for the presidency, he faces a tough period of horse trading to form a workable majority in Congress. Together his defeated opponents control two-thirds of Congress, and unless they can be persuaded to join a coalition, Belaúnde, scheduled to take office July 28, may find it easier to become a President than to be one.

BRITISH GUIANA

Calling for Help

All week long, raging mobs of Negroes surged through British Guiana's Georgetown capital, looting stores, mercilessly beating any East Indian in their path. What started as a peaceful strike by British Guiana's Negro-dominated unions against Marxist Prime Minister Cheddi Jagan's highhanded government

became a bloody fight with ugly racial overtones. It pitted the East Indians (49% of the population), who loyally follow their countryman Jagan, against the Negroes (45%), who regard him as a dangerous Communist.

Jagan's reaction to the conflict served only to inflame it. When a crowd pelted his car as he was leaving Parliament, his bodyguards opened fire, wounding four demonstrators. As the rioting grew worse during the week, Jagan's riot police, aptly nicknamed the "Bongo Boys," hurled tear-gas grenades, waded in with truncheons, and finally started shooting. Scores were wounded, hundreds arrested. Food supplies ran short, and at one point hundreds of children joined the demonstrators, rattling spoons and empty plates and chanting, "We want food, we want food." At the Georgetown docks, where the Russian freighter *Kirovsk* was loading 30,000 bags of rice sold by Jagan to Communists, an angry mob stoned police and smashed windows of the government's Rice Marketing Board. Soon after, nearly 100 sticks of dynamite were found, some with the fuses sputtering. The Russian ship sailed for Castro's Cuba.

So serious was the situation that Jagan was forced to accept a strange sort of aid for a man who describes himself as an "anti-colonialist nationalist." He called on the British Governor, and for the second time in 16 months, let British troops protect his tottering regime. In battle dress, weapons at the ready, a contingent of Coldstream Guards stationed in the country quick-timed through Georgetown to lay barbed wire around Parliament House and take up positions at key power and water facilities. In London, the Colonial Office watched the situation closely. There was talk that Britain might suspend British Guiana's constitution and temporarily revoke self-government if Jagan cannot maintain law and order.

MEXICO

Bigger Than Athens

For more than 1,000 years, the city stood empty in the barren, wind-blown valley, 34 miles northeast of where Mexico City now stands. Ever so slowly, its palaces and temples, splendid with brilliant murals and shell-thin pottery, disappeared beneath the sifting earth, until at last only a pair of massive, truncated pyramids and a few mounds remained to mark the city's grave. Even its name was forgotten.

The Aztecs, who came on the pyramids centuries later, called the site Teotihuacán—"the place where men become gods"—and avoided it in awe. Because the pyramids held no gold, the Spaniards were uninterested. In modern times, droves of tourists journeyed from

Mexico City to climb the Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon. But, though archaeologists long suspected that there was much more to Teotihuacán (pronounced Tay-o-tee-wah-kahn), few spades disturbed the city's deep covering of cactus-grown earth.

Red for Sacrifice. Last year, at the urging of Mexican archaeologists, President Adolfo López Mateos decided to disinter Teotihuacán and make it the cultural capstone of his administration. With a \$1,320,000 grant from the government, Jorge Acosta, one of Mexico's top archaeologists, enlisted 550 laborers to start the picks and shovels working. Behind the diggers came a task force of 37 archaeologists and restorers, carefully gathering everything from stone dartheads to obsidian razor blades. By last week, after the months of excavation, even the most optimistic archaeologists realized that they had vastly underestimated the true size and scope of Teotihuacán. Said Acosta: "This is by far the biggest, most wonderful city of pre-Conquest America. It was bigger in area than Athens, bigger than Rome."

In its heyday, Teotihuacán supported a population of about 250,000—roughly twice the size of Kansas City, Kans. It was built in concentric rings, and the core was bisected by a wide avenue that archaeologists have called the Avenue of the Dead. In the center were pyramids and temples, markets and assembly plazas; beyond lay homes and farm lands, spreading out miles from the center. It was a brilliantly colored city, says Acosta, "shining red like blood." Palace and temple exteriors were painted with layer upon layer of lime volcanic powder and natural iron oxide, then buffed to a gleaming finish with green jadeite polishing stones. All streets were paved with a sort of rock-hard red stucco, 4-in. thick.

"If blood ran down the steps, you wouldn't have known it," says Acosta. And blood did flow. Acosta found paintings of human hearts with sacrificial knives lying beside. Other archaeologists have turned up shallow dishes cut from the tops of human skulls, as well as a huge red and yellow bowl containing human thigh- and hipbones—suggesting that the Teotihuacanos may have practiced cannibalism. Teotihuacanos also practiced autosacrifice to Chicome Xochitl, a god of flowers. In this rite the worshiper slashed his own finger or eyelids, allowed the blood to soak into porous paper, which was then burned in small clay bowls.

Flutes & Flames. Other finds are less grisly but more valuable in defining the Teotihuacán culture. Acosta's archaeological task force has gathered more than 500,000 fragments dating from 350 B.C., including sling stones, bells, whistles, and a 1,500-year-old flute that visiting British Symphony Conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent declared had "very fine pitch. Nearest thing to it is a Roman flute."

Less warlike than the Aztecs, and not so advanced in science as the Mayas, Teotihuacán's ruling priest class—usually pictured sitting down—lived in beautifully painted rooms, grew corn, beans and squash. Besides art and architecture, their major contribution to Mesoamerican culture was the development of this continent's first true urban center. But suddenly, at the height of their civilization, the Teotihuacanos disappeared, leaving behind only their huge, empty city and a major archaeological mystery.

Did famine or pestilence befall the city? Was it destroyed by an invading tribe? Acosta doubts it. "A suffering people would wander off," he says. "There is no evidence of a great migration from Teotihuacán." Invaders would have left behind spear- and dartheads of alien workmanship; yet none have been found. But the archaeologists have found evidence of a violent end. In digging through the Butterfly Palace, a twelve-pillared temple decorated with carved stone butterfly-like figures, Acosta found long, ugly char marks, indicating that the temple had been burned.

"It must have been a religious civil war," says Acosta. "Perhaps a new god was being imposed." Though the Teotihuacanos left no written records, he believes that the war culminated in a spectacular fire—fed by the wood in the walls, the great beams in the ceilings, and the thatched roofs—that brought death to the splendid city.

CANADA

Bite, Not Bark

From the tone of last spring's election campaign, U.S. investors in Canada were led to believe that the Liberals' Lester Pearson would provide a milder, more benign business climate than Conservative John Diefenbaker. But last week, when Pearson's new government presented its first budget to Parliament,

it became clear that while Diefenbaker only barked about "Canadianization" of industry, "Mike" Pearson was going to bite. Items:

► Effective immediately on passage, any foreigner who makes a deal to buy a Canadian company must pay a prohibitive 30% "takeover" tax on the sale price. In the last year alone, four major Canadian concerns were gobbled up by foreign interests.

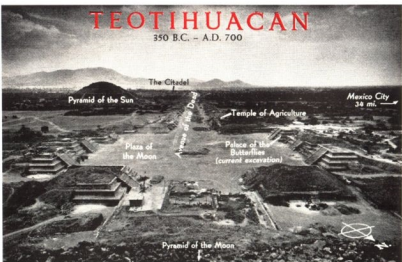
► For companies already owned by foreigners, those that sell at least 25% of their stock to Canadians will pay only a 10% withholding tax on dividends to nonresidents—a cut from 15%, also effective immediately.

► Companies that do not reach the 25% level by Jan. 1, 1965 will be hit with a 20% tax on nonresident dividends—an increase from 15%.

► An accelerated depreciation schedule will go into immediate effect for companies with 25% Canadian ownership.

► Building materials and production machinery, much of which Canada buys from the U.S. at the rate of some \$250 million annually, will no longer be exempt from sales tax—a move calculated to give Canada an extra \$70 million in revenue this year.

Up to now, U.S. investors have provided 80-85% of Canada's foreign investment capital and in turn control about 55% of all Canadian industry. The new taxes will probably decrease the overall rate of U.S. investment somewhat. Both Washington and Wall Street regarded the moves as clearly discriminatory. But most investors and government officials were inclined to wait and see how much they hurt and how disheartening the hurt would turn out to be. Considering the continuing U.S. deficit in international payments, there could conceivably be a benefit in having at least a few U.S. dollars turned back at the border. Yet that effect might be offset by the new sales tax on building materials, which could seriously hinder U.S. export sales to Canada.



FELICE CHANG—UPI

THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN

The Time of the Trollop

"A great party," cried Viscount Hailsham on TV last week, "is not to be brought down by a woman of easy virtue!" But the possibility was real enough.

In the House of Commons this week, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan would have to confront criticism from the Laborites, plus some barely suppressed dissent in his own party, of the way in which he handled, or mishandled, the Profumo scandal. In the long run, the Tories faced an even more elusive and insidious threat than parliamentary attacks—the facts in police dossiers and in the private lives of people who personify Conservative rule.

A Lie in the Nude. The week leading up to the debate in the Commons consisted mostly of talk—but what talk. Christine Keeler, the cause of it all, was strangely irrepressible and outwardly serene amid the tumbling of façades and the crash of reputations. Blossoming forth in ever more dazzling photographs, she became Britain's fastest-rising fallen woman. She was besieged by film and nightclub offers and incorporated herself as Christine Keeler, Ltd. She even landed, uncaptioned, on the cover of the austere *Economist*.

As for her mentor, Osteopath Stephen Ward, he was in jail, bound for trial on charges of living on prostitutes' earnings. The evidence, it was widely suspected, would prove damaging to a great many people.

Although the Labor Party concentrated on the security question, in public debate the Profumo case inevitably turned into a moral issue. Significantly, the unpardonable crime of ex-Secretary of State for War John Profumo was not that he was indiscreet and a poten-

tial security risk, but that he lied to the House of Commons in initially denying any relationship with Christine. Moreover, he lied stupidly, since he might have saved his dignity and his seat as an M.P. by admitting his misstep. As a limerick that made the rounds of Westminster last week had it:

"What on earth have you done?"
said Christine.

"You have wrecked the whole party machine."

"To lie in the nude"

"Is not at all rude,"

"But to lie in the House is obscene."

SerIALIZED Sex. The Labor Party rallied for battle with enthusiasm. Returning from a week's visit to Moscow and pleasant if futile chats with Khrushchev about disarmament, Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson hinted he would produce new evidence this week to show that Britain's security system was breached. He had good reason for confidence: the Daily Mail's National Opinion Poll gave Labor its biggest lead ever: 69.2% to 19.8% over the Tories.

On his return from a golfing vacation, Macmillan's first objective was to command a united Cabinet. Calling his ministers into emergency session, he asked each man to outline privately his own view of the situation. Without exception, the 21 top Tories expressed deep dismay at the public's loss of confidence in the government. Macmillan was caught between two almost equally unpleasant possibilities. Had he known about Profumo's doings, and in that case had he not connived to some extent in his false denials? Or, despite the

War Minister's long reputation as a womanizer, had Macmillan really not known anything? In that case, had he not been naive and negligent when he accepted Profumo's defense?

Bed & Bawd. In his own defense, Macmillan maintains that he was first informed of Profumo's liaison last February. He denies reports that MI-5—British intelligence—had warned the government at that time that its War Minister had shared bed and bawd with Soviet Assistant Naval Attaché Evgeny Ivanov. Macmillan insisted that he had no reason to doubt a man of Profumo's background (Harrow, Oxford, Infantry). Moreover, five of his ministers who "sat up half the night" of March 21 interrogating Profumo were also persuaded that he was telling the truth; the clincher was the War Minister's readiness to deny misconduct with Christine Keeler in a sacrosanct "personal statement" on the House floor next day. Macmillan's strongest argument was that a security check, which he ordered a week before his former colleague's confession, had turned up no evidence that the Russian had succeeded in using the Profumo-Keeler-Ivanov triangle to pry out secret information.

Something of a Cabinet mutiny seemed to be led by Health Minister Enoch Powell, 51, whose distaste for political compromise led him to resign from the government in 1958 in protest against an inflationary, vote-catching budget. Powell's feeling that the government had once more shown itself unbelievably lax was shared to a lesser degree by two more of Macmillan's ablest appointees, Education Minister Sir Edward Boyle (who quit the government over Suez) and Housing Minister Sir Keith Joseph, as well as a disgruntled minority of Tory backbenchers, who could themselves over-



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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN...

THE morals of the British have always intrigued and baffled foreigners. For centuries, Europeans visiting that cold, controlled country have discovered to their amazement—and frequent envy—that the abundance, subtlety and variety of sexual sport in London's demi-monde make continental capitals seem parochial. Until recent years, it was impossible to go to dinner at London's most fashionable clubs or private houses without passing swarms of well-turned-out and sometimes handsome streetwalkers standing guard on the sidewalk. Like many another foreign analyst of Anglo-Saxon attitudes, French diarist Hippolyte Taine, visiting London in the mid 19th century, could not comprehend how the English could sustain the "vehemence and pungency of their passions" against "the harsh, though silent, grinding of their moral machinery."

There is a widespread feeling that Britain's moral machinery is not grinding as harshly as it used to. Much in English life today suggests decadence and dissolution. Since the girls were driven off the streets four years ago, they have taken to advertising their services in shop windows as "masseuses," "models," or "French teachers." London's booming striptease parlors offer some of the crudest live pornography to be seen publicly in Europe. Its parks in summer are pre-empted by couples who aren't just necking. One third of all teen-age brides in Britain are already pregnant. Innumerable scandals preceding the Profumo case suggest considerable promiscuity, along with sexual arrangements infinitely more complex than the old-fashioned triangle. And, as everyone knows, homosexuality is "the English vice." Psychologist G. M. Carstairs commented recently: "Popular morality is now a wasteland, littered with the debris of broken conventions. Concepts such as honor, or even honesty, have an old-fashioned sound, but nothing has taken their place."

Getting Caught. This harsh judgment may overlook the fact that Britain was never the sort of place Victorian morality pretended it was. If London today resembles Babylon-on-Thames, it is little more than a de luxe model of the brutal, carnal 18th century city whose brothels, boudoirs and gin shops ("Drunk for a Penny, Dead Drunk for Tuppence") were pictured by Hogarth, Richardson and Fielding.

Says Malcolm Muggeridge: "There's always been a lot of high-grade whoring in this country," and there is a lot of past evidence to prove him right. George IV had his queen tried publicly for infidelity; in the early 18th century, an Archbishop of York maintained a harem at his palace. The 18th century Christine Keeler was a Miss Chudleigh, who had been the mistress of three peers when George II spotted her at a costume ball, cunningly disguised in a transparent gown. Her Georgian era came between two noble marriages (one bigamous). In the 18th century phrase, borrowed from nautical terminology, Miss Chudleigh had "bottom," or what it takes.

Indeed, the British reserve a special Order of Venerability for distinguished doxies such as Emma Hamilton, the one-time streetwalker who for years was civilly shared by her ambassador husband, Sir William, and Admiral Lord Nelson, the father of her daughter. One of the most successful of all high-society hustlers was Harriette Wilson, a Regency beauty whose guest register would have read like *Burke's Peerage*; when she started publishing her memoirs, she managed to collect double dividends from many former patrons who preferred not to be immortalized. But not the iron Duke of Wellington, who, when told by Harriette that she planned to chronicle his indiscretions, roared: "Publish and be damned!" She died.

Since the mid-19th century, sin for a politician has meant getting caught at it. At least three officially virtuous



MISS CHUDLEIGH



MISS WILSON

Prime Ministers, Lord Palmerston, Arthur Balfour and Lloyd George, were inveterate adulterers.

Thus the state of sexual morality in Britain today is probably no worse than it ever was, and there is much evidence that it is better. Britain may not be a moral wasteland but a battleground in which a more realistic, less hypocritical generation is attempting to win legal and social recognition of the facts of everyday life.

Sparing the Horses. With the loss of empire and the decline of the church as an influence in society, Britons have tempered their old moral certitudes. Author James Morris fears that his compatriots are becoming "congenitally incapable of disregarding the opposite point of view, are constantly groping toward some general synthesis of everybody's point of view on everything." But the stir created by the Profumo case suggests that there is still a lot of power left in the "moral machinery."

What has really changed in Britain are matters of style and outlook, of class and economic structure. Fornication has always seemed more spectacular in the upper and lower reaches of society. But now, says D. W. Brogan, "It may well be that the middle classes are taking up the vices of their betters and also of their inferiors."

If there is no longer real poverty in Britain, the affluent society has been even kinder to the new-rich. It is at this level that life in Britain often seems tasteless, aimless and immoral. A new twist to a Victorian music hall ballad—"It's the rich wot gets the pleashoor, it's the poor wot gets the blyme"—was added recently by Minister of Housing Sir Keith Joseph, who said earnestly: "It is harder for the rich or the relatively secure to be pure." And yet too much can be blamed on economic factors, leading to what the *Economist* calls "the untenable implication that adultery would have been less rampant if only the country had been decent enough to stay poor."

Decency is often a question of style. Many Britons feel that there was nothing wrong, or at least new, in a Cabinet minister having a mistress. But there is a slightly snobbish feeling that Christine Keeler and her set really were a bit too casual. Although in Britain the official mistress has never quite reached the glittering status she has in France, the great and small affairs of the past were more likely to be quiet, settled, near-permanent arrangements. A new factor, says Daily Mail Columnist Anne Scott-James, is the "sleaziness of the crowd with which the War Minister mixed." Says Muggeridge: "Fifty years ago people would have gone to Maida Vale and patronized one of the *grandes cocottes*. If there is anything new in this, it is the overlapping of the social life of Cliveden and of Ward." In short, Britain may be in danger of abandoning Actress Mrs. Pat Campbell's celebrated axiom about Edwardian London: "You can do anything you please here, so long as you don't do it on the street and frighten the horses."



WILSON IN MOSCOW
Reaching for office.

throw the government if 20 or 30 chose to abstain this week. But Macmillan's assurances quelled the mutiny, and the Tories marched into Commons outwardly united to face their greatest political threat since Suez.

Top Popsies. Meanwhile, in her newspaper "confessions," for which the *News of the World* paid her more (an estimated \$85,000) than a girl might earn in years of casual strumpetry, Christine's artless saga of debauchery among the rich and the powerful titillated the nation, but also profoundly shocked it.

For publication, Christine flitted mainly from Evgeny ("a wonderful huggy bear of a man") back to Jack ("I liked it," said she, "I don't mind admitting") and back. Scotland Yard's dossiers on the call-girl racket may contain the names of many prominent Britons and reportedly a member of the royal family. Nobody would say, in advance of Ward's trial, just what the *quid pro quo* had been; Christine's confessions suggested that she enjoyed her work and was apparently somewhat offhand in business as well as affection.

If the Top Popsies seemed almost too good to be true, one peril of Profumoism was pointed up by Christine's friend, Mandy Rice-Davies, 18, and a lawyer who had been consulted by Christine. Both avowed that Ivanov had in fact tried to use Christine to worm secrets out of Profumo—even though his first try, an attempt to find out the date on which the U.S. was supposed to "give the H-bomb to West Germany," sounded more like a propaganda play than serious espionage.

Flash of Indignation. The Opposition may yet succeed in showing that Britain's security system was in fact breached, or that warnings from intelligence fell on deaf ears. Whatever the outcome of this week's Commons debate, there is a growing belief that

Macmillan will have to step down eventually—and may in fact have promised his own dissident ministers to do so once the heat is off. Loose factions were already forming around such possible successors to Macmillan as Deputy Prime Minister R. A. ("Rab") Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling and Science Minister Lord Hailsham.

No matter how eloquently Macmillan may weather the parliamentary crisis, the Tories simply cannot afford to be tarred by Christine. What they have traditionally offered the nation is men born and raised in the exacting disciplines of leadership. If now, in addition to all the political and economic reverses they have suffered in the past year, Britons should conclude that Etonian and Harrovian leaders are personally no wiser or more upright—and in many cases they have proved flagrantly less so—than those whom they govern, twelve years of Tory government may end in a mighty flash of moral indignation mixed with ridicule.

RUSSIA

Romanoff & Juliet

It was by all odds the most extraordinary date a man and woman ever had. The Soviets one day last week orbited Vostok V, piloted by Air Force Lieut. Colonel Valery Feodorovich Bykovsky, 28. LISTEN WORLD, headlined *Izvestia*, SOVIET MAN IS AGAIN STORMING THE COSMOS. But this time, Soviet Woman was storming right along. Two days later, Bykovsky was joined in orbit by the first female in space, Lieut. Valentina Vladimirovna Cheresheva, 26, at the controls of Vostok VI. In radio and television transmission to the breathless spectators on the ground, he referred to himself as "The Hawk," while she called herself "The Seagull."

Weightless. Soon after Bykovsky was launched, Khrushchev gave a hint of what was to come. When Britain's visiting Harold Wilson asked how many cosmonauts were up, he replied delightedly: "Only one—so far."

As Bykovsky soared through his orbit, at a speed of 18,000 m.p.h. and in an oval that ranged from 109 miles to 139 miles above the earth, he dined on roast beef and chicken, manually operated the controls of his spacecraft. From the capsule, live television images were periodically flashed to Soviet viewers. Bykovsky waved his logbook, let his pencil and other objects float in the cabin to demonstrate weightlessness. On his fourth orbit, the cosmonaut talked directly to Khrushchev in the Kremlin. Not yet a full-fledged party member, Bykovsky said: "I want to be a Communist, a member of our great Leninist party."

After Seagull joined Hawk, there were more messages. Said Khrushchev: "Dear Valentina Vladimirovna, cordial congratulations to the world's first woman cosmonaut on the wonderful flight through the expanses of the universe. . . . A happy journey to you! We will be extremely glad to meet you on Soviet soil."

Smiling at the TV camera in her capsule—some viewers described her as resembling a tougher-looking Ingrid Bergman—Valentina thanked Khrushchev for his "fatherly concern," assured everyone that she was feeling fine.

Together. Her biography made her sound like a perfect specimen of Socialist womanhood: father a tractor driver killed in World War II, mother a factory worker. Cosmonette Valentina herself was a textile worker, night school student and Young Communist functionary until she got interested in parachuting as a hobby (she made 126 jumps) and was picked for cosmonaut training.

The Russians, of course, had earlier



COSMONAUT BYKOVSKY
Waiting for a cosmonette.



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GO
GO

GOOD YEAR

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managed a tandem space shot, with two men. This time, though, the expectation was that they would try to "dock" the two capsules together aloft, thus possibly permitting one of the pair of cosmonauts to transfer into the spacecraft of the other. Even if this extra twist does not come off, the duo flight once again proves that Russia is at least two years ahead of the U.S. in space, and moreover, knows how to woo the world's females. Stated purpose of the Valery-Valentina feat: to study the impact of space "on the organism of a man and a woman."

GREECE

The King Wants to Travel

The king was working in the garden. He seemed very glad to see me. We walked through the garden. This is the queen, he said. She was clipping a rose bush. Oh how do you do, she said. We sat down at a table under a big tree and the king ordered whiskey and soda. We have good whiskey anyway, he said . . . It was very jolly. We talked for a long time. Like all Greeks he wanted to go to America.

Thus, in just about the shortest story he ever wrote, Ernest Hemingway 40 years ago described King Constantine

staunchly anti-Communist, pro-NATO politician who in his eight years in office (the longest tenure for any Greek prime minister) has given his country stable government and a considerable measure of economic progress. But leftists and liberals attack him for allegedly having rigged the 1961 elections, which returned him to power for a fourth term, and for keeping about 1,000 political prisoners jailed who were arrested more than 15 years ago during the country's bitter and victorious war with Red insurgents.

Communists and well-meaning liberals outside Greece, particularly in Britain, this year started a concerted campaign against the Karamanlis regime, and against the royal family—notably Queen Frederika, who was accused of Nazi connections. Bertrand Russell's ban-the-bombers joined the fray, and last April, when Frederika was in London for the wedding of her third cousin Princess Alexandra, she was set upon by a crowd of demonstrators and forced to seek refuge in a private house. Britain's anti-Greek chorus was swelled by Lord Beaverbrook, who, for reasons of his own, scurrilously attacked her in his newspapers for her German background.

With all this in mind, Karamanlis advised the King—belatedly—against a planned state visit to Britain in July. There might be similar incidents during the trip, he said, and the Greek rightists, resenting left-wing attacks abroad, might make trouble, too, as they did in Salonika recently, where a left-wing member of the Greek Parliament was killed. The King's plaintive rejoinder was that he had accepted the invitation long ago and it would be ungentlemanly to back out now. The British had promised adequate security. Besides, he did not want to appear to give in to pressure from the left. King Paul was reinforced by pert Queen Frederika who, like her great-great-grandmother Queen Victoria, strongly feels that she knows better than her ministers what is good for her country.

Embarrassing Reds. Rebuffed, Karamanlis handed in his resignation. Usually known as loyal to the King, he was nevertheless trying to put the royal family in its place, because of widespread feeling in Greece that they have taken a somewhat-too-active part in politics of late. At the same time, Karamanlis was trying to bring about new elections, confident that his National Radical Union, which holds 180 of 300 seats in Parliament, would be victorious. Instead of calling elections, however, King Paul at week's end was attempting to patch up a coalition of present parties in Parliament—the 20 Communist members, out of dislike of Karamanlis, are embarrassingly behind the King.

But the attempt is doomed to failure unless some of Karamanlis' Deputies join the coalition. Karamanlis seemed



KARAMANLIS
... or start packing?

undisturbed by the royal maneuvering. "They are trying to break up my party," he said scornfully. Snapping one finger across his palm, he added: "But I have got my party like that."

Meanwhile, without a government, the King and Queen quite literally did not know whether to stay in their garden at Tatoi or start packing for their trip. Under the Greek constitution, the monarch cannot leave the country without the consent of his government.

ITALY

Victory, of Sorts, in Sicily

"Attila is at the gates," thundered Ernesto Cardinal Ruffini, Archbishop of Palermo. Well, not exactly. Sicily was holding regional elections, and the Communists threatened to repeat the massive gains they had scored in Italy's national elections seven weeks ago. Red Boss Palmiro Togliatti himself was on hand to campaign. Back and forth across the island scurried hundreds of Communist *squadristi* (shock troops), trying to swing undecided voters.

Premier-designate Aldo Moro's Christian Democrats, having learned painfully from the April results that it does not pay to peddle anti-Communism softly, waged a tough campaign against "Khrushchev's false smiles." They could also point to Sicily's significant economic progress under their administration.

The Christian Democrats' campaign succeeded. The Reds, while keeping their place as the second largest party in Sicily (and the nation), picked up only one new seat in the 90-member regional assembly, for a total of 22. Their share of the ballots inched up to 24.8%, 1% higher than their local share in April. The free-enterprising Liberals matched their earlier success, more than doubled their representation



PAUL & FREDERIKA
Stay in the garden . . .

and Queen Sophia as they were clinging to the unstable throne of Greece. Last week Constantine's son, King Paul, was also in his garden palace at Tatoi, outside Athens, and the whiskey was still good. But unlike his father, Paul did not want to go to America. He wanted to go to Britain, and his Premier would not let him, thereby precipitating a first-class political crisis.

Private Refuge. The petty-seeming issue of the trip is actually part of a wider, more complex problem. Premier Constantine Karamanlis, 56, is a tough,

(from two seats to five). The Christian Democrats gained three assembly seats for a new total of 37, won almost 980,000 of the 2,300,000 ballots cast, emerged with 42% of the vote, a rise of more than 3% since April and more than they had ever polled in Sicily. Wrote one Christian Democratic paper jubilantly: "We have broken the 40% barrier."

His position somewhat strengthened by the Sicily results, Aldo Moro will begin trying to put together a new coalition Cabinet based on the alliance between the Christian Democrats and the Nenni Socialists. But even if he can thus continue the "opening to left," Moro's—and Italy's—troubles will only be beginning.

driven from the area will be able to go home.

But this belief, while steadfastly maintained in public, is becoming increasingly hollow. Far more realistic than last week's mob scene was a rare joint appearance by Christian Democrat Chancellor Konrad Adenauer and Berlin's Socialist Mayor Willy Brandt, both of whom pleaded for reconciliation with Poland. The emotions that can still be stirred up by talk about the "lost homelands" in the East sometimes obscure a major political and social development in West Germany: the remarkably successful integration into the nation's life of 13 million refugees, one-quarter of the population.

Happy Miracle. When their trek to freedom began 18 years ago, few thought that quick resettlement was possible. In one of the worst forced migrations of modern times, 9,400,000 ethnic Germans were abruptly expelled from Communist Europe, showed up in West Germany in tattered covered wagons and with empty rucksacks. After the Iron Curtain snapped shut, 3,600,000 more Germans made their way West and heightened the crisis. The new arrivals were penniless, homeless and embittered. In the immediate postwar days, West Germans themselves were not much better off. The fierce competition between natives and "aliens" for jobs or even a roof created an explosive climate of mutual recrimination. It seemed as if the shaky new democracy, digging out of the wreckage of Hitler's Reich, could scarcely survive the human avalanche.

Germany's "economic miracle" drastically changed the picture. As the pace of recovery quickened, thousands of the largely agricultural immigrants were retrained for industrial jobs, and became indispensable to the labor-short German economy. Sharing the credit for the tougher political miracle of resettlement are the Federal Republic's two major political parties. Competing actively for the "refugee vote," Christian Democrats and Socialists backed a unique 50% tax on all property that West Germans had managed to save through the war, in order to compensate refugees who had lost their possessions. A special Equalization of Burdens Bank granted thousands of low-credit business loans. Since virtually all were homeless, the East Germans were the chief beneficiaries of 6,500,000 new housing units built since the war.

Revealing Sign. Inevitably, there have been disappointments. About 10% of the refugees still live in substandard housing, including 700 Silesian and Sudeten Germans whose flowerpots and television antennas eerily sprout from the reconverted barracks at Dachau. Many still feel that they are worse off now than they were in their old homes. Only one out of six farmers tills his own land; when he does, it is on a much smaller plot than he owned in the East.

But most refugees have good jobs, and some who arrived penniless now own thriving businesses. Thousands have married West Germans and raised families. Major indicator that the one-time aliens now consider themselves real West Germans is the collapse of the Refugee Party, which once had 27 seats in the Bundestag. It has had no national voice since 1957; last month in Lower Saxony, where refugees comprise about 25% of the population, it polled a scant 3.7% of the vote during state elections. Says Hans Koplitz, a Sudeten German who now owns a prosperous laundry and dry-cleaning establishment in Munich: "At most, we pay lip service to the idea of returning to our homelands."

YEMEN

Harried Are the Peacemakers

For ten days, Sweden's Major General Carl von Horn, 59, idled beside the crystal pool of Beirut's Hotel Phoenicia. Then marching orders came from the United Nations in New York: by a 10-0 vote, with the Soviet Union abstaining, the Security Council last week approved Secretary-General U Thant's plan to send a U.N. truce team to strife-torn Yemen.

Heading the advance guard, Von Horn took off for Yemen's capital city of San'a with the objective of 1) ending Saudi Arabian aid to the royalist rebels, 2) creating a 25-mile demilitarized strip along the Saudi-Yemeni frontier, and 3) supervising the phased withdrawal of 28,000 Egyptian troops who have spent the last eight months bloodily propping up the republican regime of President Abdullah Sallal against the royalist mountain tribes fighting to restore deposed Imam Mohamed el Badr to his 1,000-year-old throne.

Bombs at Night. A peacemaking veteran with years of experience in the Gaza Strip and the Congo, Von Horn is not sanguine about his chances in Yemen. On a brief visit in April, he discovered that royalist tribesmen had ambushed some 40 Egyptian soldiers, killed them all and stuffed their severed heads inside their slashed-open bellies. At the time, Von Horn gloomily concluded that the war could go on ten years. In New York, U Thant blandly expects it all to be over in "two to four months."

Holed up in the impregnable mountains of central Yemen, the royalists make hit-and-run raids in all directions, have sometimes infiltrated as close as the military airport outside San'a. The Egyptians have been on the defensive since February and make only local counterattacks to regain objectives, such as water sources, seized by the royalists. The offensive is left to Egypt's Russian-built fighter and bomber planes, which plaster royalist villages with high explosive and napalm. There were reports last week that the Egyptians are now using gas warfare to pry



ADENAUER & SILESIAN REFUGEES
No longer alien.

WEST GERMANY

Alt Lang Snye

By bus, automobile and special trains, 250,000 Germans originally from Silesia poured into Cologne last week. Jamming open-air restaurants and *Bierstuben*, they swapped stories with old friends over Rhenish beer and schnapps beneath banners proclaiming "For Silesia." The occasion was the regular reunion of Germans expelled from Communist Poland after World War II. During a mammoth rally at fairgrounds on the banks of the Rhine, the *gemütlich* scene suddenly turned into a riot; stirred up by a rabble-rousing politician, the crowd nearly mobbed a German TV reporter who had suggested that Poland is doing well by the territories seized from Germany after World War II. In German politics, it is an article of faith that these territories must one day be liberated and that the Germans



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Our most expensive option: A hole in the roof.

When you go out to buy a Volkswagen, you know just what you're getting into.

The car itself costs \$1,595.*

The sunroof costs \$90* more, and it's the most expensive extra that comes out of our factory.

You can't buy power steering, power brakes, power windows or power any-

thing else. (You just don't need them.)

You also can't buy a heater and defroster, bucket seats, electric wipers, windshield washers or a synchromesh 4-speed stick shift.

They all come with the car.

We charge extra for the sunroof because a lot extra goes into it; each one is

fitted by hand.

Open it, and you get nothing but sky.

Close it, and you get nothing at all. (It's as airtight as the regular Volkswagen Sedan.)

You may get a little less roof for your \$90, but you get a lot more sunshine and fresh air.





QUANG DUC'S SELF-IMMOLATION
Before closing his eyes to Buddha, a message for Diem.

the rebels out of their mountain caves. In the week before Von Horn's arrival, the desperate Egyptians made air strikes against Saudi Arabia. A dawn raid on the seaport of Jizan killed 25 and wounded 300 sleeping inhabitants. The Egyptian excuse: renewed royalist activity must mean renewed military aid from Saudi Arabia.

Nonexistent Ally. While his nation suffered, Yemen's President Sallal was on a triumphal tour of the Middle East. Though plagued by conspiracies at home—he crushed two "imperialist" plots in his own regime before leaving—Sallal got tremendous ovations from street crowds in Damascus and Baghdad. In lordly style, he urged the Baathist leaders of Syria and Iraq to disperse the "summer cloud" of their differences with Egypt's Nasser, and grandly offered the virtually nonexistent Yemen republican army as an ally in repulsing "Zionist and imperialist aggressors."

At his mountain headquarters in Yemen, the royalist leader Imam Badr told newsmen he intends to keep fighting against the "Egyptian colonization of Yemen," and boasted that if the Egyptians ever did leave, "we would occupy the entire country within a week." As for the United Nations, Badr said, "I am not interested in the U.N., which I once thought stood for justice. Only the people of Yemen will achieve a solution. We put our trust in God and in our people."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Trial by Fire

The automobile at the head of the procession of saffron-robed Buddhist monks in Saigon suddenly choked to a stop at an intersection. The occupants of the car lifted its hood as chanting priests began forming a circle seven or eight feet around the vehicle. Prayer beads clutched in his hand, a phlegmatic, 73-year-old monk named Thich

Quang Duc sat down cross-legged on the asphalt in the center of the circle. From under the auto's hood, a monk took a canister of gasoline and poured it over the old priest. An expression of serenity on his wizened face, Quang Duc suddenly struck a match. As flames engulfed his body, he made not a single cry nor moved a muscle. "Oh my God," cried a Western observer, "oh my God."

Costing the Blame. In the Buddhist faith, self-sacrifice is often undertaken to transfer the suffering of others to oneself. The martyr is usually considered a holy man so close to nirvana that he is unaffected by pain. Quang Duc's premeditated act was a demonstration of Buddhist determination to force South Viet Nam's Roman Catholic President Ngo Dinh Diem to knuckle under to demands for increased religious freedom (TIME, June 14). In a will written "before closing my eyes to Buddha," Quang Duc said: "I have the honor of presenting my words to President Diem, asking him to be kind and tolerant toward his people and to enforce a policy of religious equality."

Diem's reply was to clamp virtual martial law over Saigon. All the city's main pagodas were sealed off, and barbed-wire barricades blocked off streets. On the radio, Diem blamed Quang Duc's "tragic death" on "certain minds, poisoned by seditious propaganda." Refusing to yield to Buddhist demands, Diem added: "Buddhism in Viet Nam finds its fundamental safeguards in the constitution, of which I personally am the guardian."

The Warning. But Diem's intransigence troubled the U.S. In Saigon, U.S. embassy officials bluntly warned Diem that the U.S. would publicly condemn his treatment of the Buddhists unless he took prompt action to redress their grievances. Behind the U.S. threat was the fear that continued Buddhist discontent could cause passive resistance to government programs in the rural

provinces where political unity is the key to victory in the war against the Communist Viet Cong.

The U.S. warning seemed to sink in. At meetings with Buddhist leaders, government officials tentatively acceded to all their demands. The government promised to change existing laws so as to give Buddhism equal standing with Catholicism, granted Buddhists the right to fly their flags at religious festivals. It was the flag restriction at Huế last month that set off demonstrations in which nine Buddhist marchers were gunned down by government troops. Under prodding from Buddhist leaders, the government, which had blamed the Viet Cong for the Huế tragedy, reluctantly agreed to take the blame for the incident. But if the government should renege on its agreement, the Buddhists have threatened two more ritualistic suicides—one by fire and one by disembowelment.

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Triplets Reunited

Indonesia, Malaya and the Philippines are "triplets who became separated at birth, who were placed under the care of different foster parents but who have now come of age and are trying to rediscover their common origin and shape their common destiny." This description of the three Malay states was offered last year by Philippine President Diosdado Macapagal. In Manila last week, the top ministers of the three nations made plans to bring the triplets together again. The event suggested that, at least for the time being, cantankerous Indonesia is getting to be a more responsible citizen in the Southeast Asia neighborhood.

The new grouping would loosely join Indonesia and the Philippines to Tunku Abdul Rahman's Federation of Malaysia (Malaya, Singapore, North Borneo, Sarawak and Brunei) to be established Aug. 31. The Philippines claim a part of North Borneo as its own but agreed amicably to postpone settlement of the issue. Indonesia's President Sukarno, who had condemned the Malaysia Federation as an imperialist plot, apparently realized that since he can't stop it, he might as well try to join it.

Most surprising item in the Manila agreement was a pledge of mutual defense against "subversion in any form or manifestation." This pledge is aimed not only at Communism but also against the sizable Chinese minorities who dominate the industry and trade of Southeast Asia. Still, any anti-Communist step is remarkable for Indonesia. Having made this political move more favorable to the West, some observers expect that Sukarno will soon make a move to placate Red China. Next step: a July summit conference at Manila between Sukarno, Abdul Rahman and Macapagal to set up a permanent consultative group to be known as Maphilindo.



Whatever you cannot understand, you cannot possess.

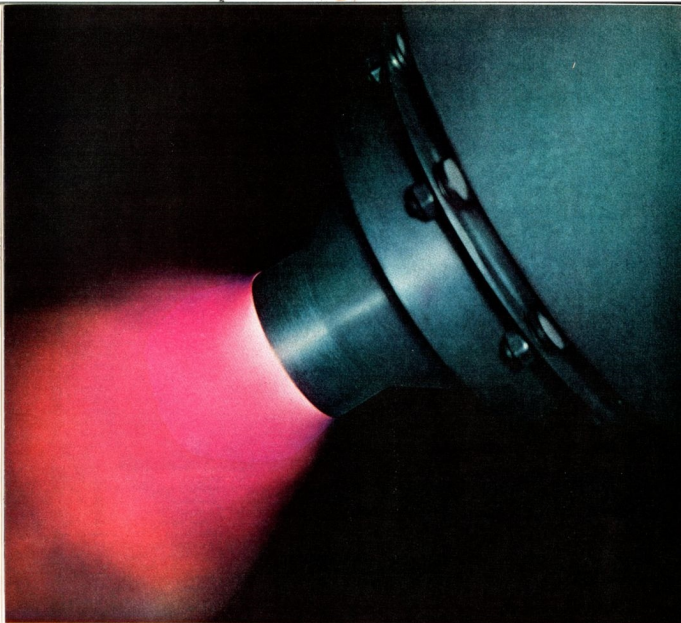


(Goethe, Sprüche in Prosa, 1819)

Artist: Morris Broderson

Great ideas of western man... one of a series

Container Corporation of America



The one-piston, no-cylinder space engine that runs for a year on a pound of gas

This is the Republic pinch-pulse plasma engine. It is just 9 inches long and weighs 5 pounds.

Its "piston" is an invisible magnetic squeeze. Many times each second, it drives a small volume of ionized gas (plasma) through a narrow exhaust tube at high velocity. Each pulse of the piston accelerates the engine forward.

It may be powered by energy from the sun, nuclear reactors, or silver-cell batteries. This power is stored in a bank of capacitors and discharged into the plasma chamber at precisely timed intervals. With this controlled pulse rate, the engine has variable thrust and specific-impulse values. It can stop and start on command. Its simple design and construction make it intrinsically

reliable. And it has already undergone extensive tests.

Complete with controls, fuel supply, test instruments and electrical power source, the engine system has been operated in an environmental test chamber simulating actual conditions of space. Control information is telemetered into the test chamber.

This pinch-pulse plasma engine was built by Republic under contract to the Office of Naval Research. It is the prototype of a family of engines for satellite propulsion, stabilization, attitude control and rendezvous-and-docking in orbit.

One day its descendants will drive ships out beyond orbit . . . deep into the black vacuum of space.

REPUBLIC
AVIATION CORPORATION
FARMINGDALE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

AFRICA

Albert Schweitzer: An Anachronism

Still they come, all year round, to see the famed old man in his storied jungle setting. Public figures like Adlai Stevenson, starry-eyed U.S. Peace Corpsmen, spinster schoolteachers realizing a longstanding dream—all come for a visit to Dr. Albert Schweitzer. At his mission three miles upstream from the Gabonese village of Lambaréné, "the great white doctor," now 88, affably greets them, autographing his books in a fine, steady hand. Yet, after devoting nearly two-thirds of his life ministering to the sick of equatorial Africa and being widely regarded as a near saint, Schweitzer is an anachronism in today's Africa. After a journey to Lambaréné, TIME Correspondent Jon Randal reported why:

Once, to see Schweitzer, travelers had

rive with an emergency.) The hospital compound is without telephone, running water or refrigeration, has electricity only in the main building, which houses the tiny, antiquated operating theater. Sterilization is carried out in an outdoor lean-to and the only toilet is an outhouse for the use of the foreign staff.

With a capacity for some 400 patients, Schweitzer's clinic is forever jammed. The sick, carrying paper tags with their names, villages and tribes, wait for hours to see the doctors, are bedded down on straw-mattress cots in dark, stench-ridden huts whose earth floors are awash during the rainy season. Outside, over open fires, the patients' women relatives cook, while a horde of chickens, dogs and goats (protected under Schweitzer's "reverence for life" mystique by which no living thing should be unnecessarily disturbed) roam at will, adding freely to the surrounding filth. When a patient dies and his body is

insistence on primitiveness as an insult, or a needless prolongation of "the white man's burden." Symbolically, they point out, he and his staff still wear pith helmets. The concept that the Dark Continent can make more progress through independence is, to Schweitzer, folly. Told that the Peace Corps is building primary schools all over Gabon, and that the little country has 14 medical students training in France, Dr. Schweitzer merely chuckles and says of the blacks: "You cannot change their mentality." Among his six doctors and 17 nurses, there is not one African, nor is he training any. Says an upper-class African in Lambaréné: "I'd rather die unattended than be humiliated at Dr. Schweitzer's hospital."

According to the Sun, Bushy white hair aflame, drooping moustache aquiver, cotton strips wound around his arms to absorb the sweat, he is a little deaf but alert as a lion. He is still planning addi-



SCHWEITZER



PATIENTS' RELATIVES OUTSIDE LAMBARÉNE HOSPITAL

In a private world, the year is still 1913.

to be paddled the 175 miles from Port-Gentil on the Atlantic. Now they arrive by air from the Gabonese capital of Libreville and put down at Lambaréné's modern airport, not far from a modern, antiseptic government hospital. On the short trip up the Ogooué River, the visitors pass natives skimming by in brand-new boats powered by Evinrude outboards. Finally they reach Schweitzer's hospital. Set ghostlike amid wild palms and tangled jungle undergrowth, its tin roofs and ramshackle wooden buildings are worthy of *Rain or The Heart of Darkness*.

Changeless Isolation. In the half-century since Schweitzer came to Lambaréné with his wife Hélène and performed his first operation in a converted hen house, the mission has expanded but otherwise changed little. At the river landing there are only *pirogues*, crude dugout canoes, the one type of river ambulance Schweitzer will use. ("Brancardier! Brancardier!" [stretch-bearer] the oarsmen cry when they ar-

reclaimed, it is wrapped in a fern-and-palm-leaf shroud, laid in a wooden box, and buried in the bush.

Tailored for Primitives. Despite such squalor, Schweitzer's institution has a good medical record, and the city's Europeans generally choose it over the new government hospital. Few hospitals anywhere can offer such a dedicated staff, or one that lives as austerely. Each of the doctors and nurses occupies a single room equipped with iron bed, enamel wash basin and kerosene lamp; meals usually consist of fried bananas and other fruit. The old man stubbornly refuses to go modern. Says he: "Circumstances command that the hospital be primitive in keeping with the primitive state of the people." He believes that Africans enjoy discomfort, and that they are often afraid of a gleaming white modern hospital, but not of one that reminds them of their villages—a concept less valid today than 20 years ago.

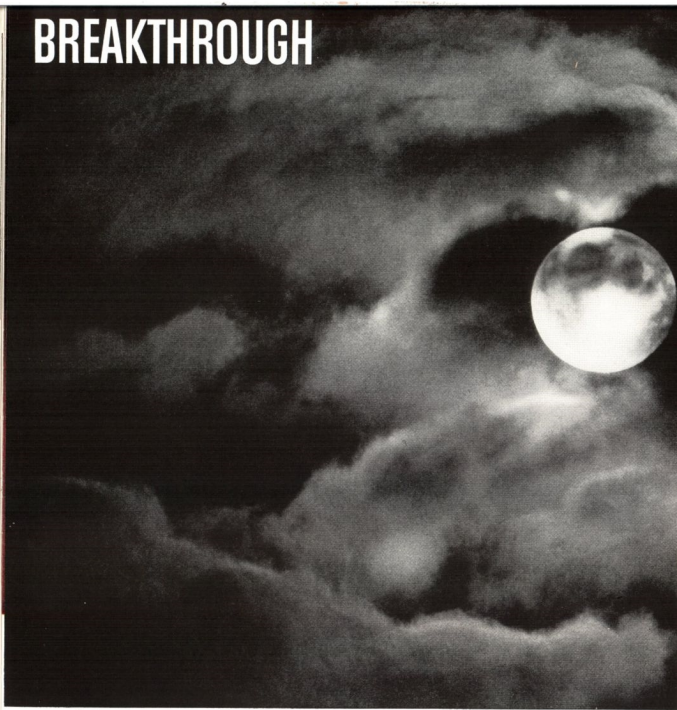
His African critics take Schweitzer's

tions to the hospital and is working on Volume III of *The Philosophy of Civilization*. A few weeks ago, he announced that he would make no more rest visits to Europe, which his disciples take to mean that Schweitzer wants to die at Lambaréné, where his wife was buried six years ago.

In the jungle, the doctor has built a private world for himself which he refuses to alter. Even his time is his own; the hospital clocks do not run on G.M.T., like all the rest of the country, but are set according to the sun.

As far back as World War I, Schweitzer expressed his dislike for the modern world outside: "In a thousand different ways mankind has been persuaded to give up its natural relations with reality and to seek its welfare in the magic formulas of some kind of economic and social witchcraft." Schweitzer has made his own reality; he lives in the Africa of 1913, hardly knowing or caring that a continent and a century have passed him by.

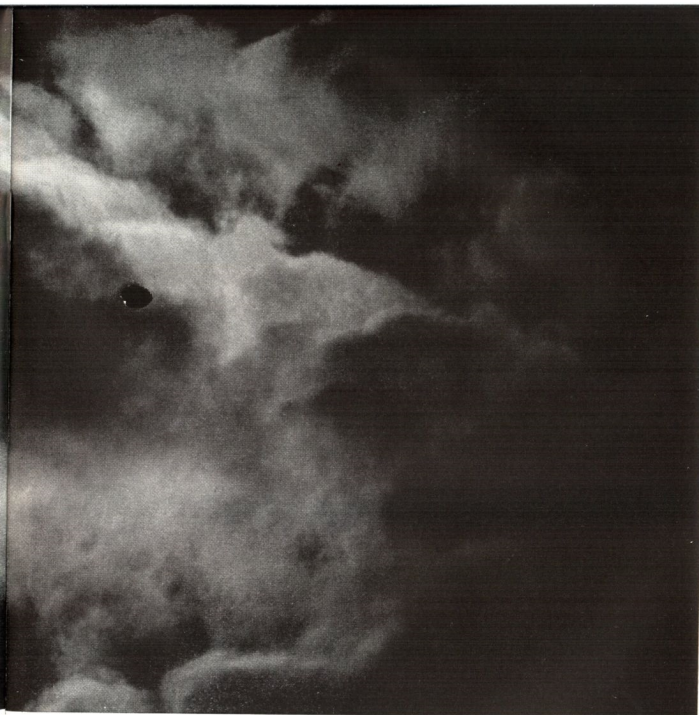
BREAKTHROUGH



Galileo



In night skies he sighted the dawn
of a space age.



© SHELL OIL COMPANY 1963

Before Galileo's observations early in the 17th century, no man had seen the mountains of the moon. Unknown were phenomena like the phases of Venus which were to supply *visible* evidence that the planets revolve around the sun.

Then Galileo—astronomer, physicist, mathematician—using lenses set in a lead tube, opened heaven's wonders to view. Through his telescope came knowledge leading to new knowledge... knowledge that will help man travel to the moon.

That is the way of breakthroughs. They launch new ages of scientific progress. To insure tomorrow's advances, we must encourage today's men of vision. That is why Shell undertakes a program of support for education which provides scholarships

for deserving students, research grants for universities, and unique Shell Merit Fellowships for science teachers seeking better training techniques.

We see in Shell Research what inquiring minds, well-trained, are able to achieve: new adhesives that are strong enough to hold airplanes together, new ways to use fertilizers to insure bigger yields from farm and orchard, and, of course, constantly improved gasolines and motor oils.

When you see the sign of the Shell let it remind you of people dedicated to the pursuit of excellence —of new ideas, new products, new ways to serve you better. *The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipe Line Corporation; Shell Development Company.*



SIGN OF A BETTER FUTURE FOR YOU

PEOPLE

In Santo Domingo, Cellist **Pablo Casals**, 86—whose Ministry of State is music—resumed diplomatic relations with the Dominican Republic, conducting Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* at a festival concert before an overflow crowd in the Palacio de Bellas Artes. Under the Trujillo dictatorship, said Casals, such a visit would have been impossible, but "I am proud to come to this country that has obtained its liberty." Leading a tumultuous final ovation were Dominican President **Juan Bosch**, 53, and Puerto Rican Governor **Luis Muñoz Marín**, 65, who arranged the appearance as a "spiritual gift" to the Dominican people.

Backstage at the Valley Forge Music Fair, Pennsylvania Governor **William W. Scranton**, 45, had to take off his hat to Actress **Mamie Van Doren**, 30. The State G.O.P. gleaned \$100,000 from a



GOVERNOR SCRANTON & MAMIE
A sheer delight.

\$100-a-plate Straw Hat Spectacular. And Mamie, an after-dinner treat in *Silk Stockings*, turned out to be the best dish of all, adding her own gossamer footnote to history. "My dressing room was very girly-girly," she reported later. "We didn't talk much. I thought he was a little flushed when he came in. Then I told him I was a Republican, and he gave me a big smile."

Ill lay: **Herbert Hoover**, 88, condition serious, "due to anemia secondary to bleeding from the gastrointestinal tract," at home in his Waldorf-Astoria apartment; **G. Frederick Reinhardt**, 51, U.S. Ambassador to Italy, hospitalized in Rome with an ulcer and low blood pressure; Republican **Clarence J. Brown**, 67, Ohio's senior Congressman, suffering "a severe back strain," abed at Bethesda Naval Hospital; **Queen Ingrid of Denmark**, 53, with mild stomach ulcers, abandoning all engagements in favor of rest and diet, at her summer residence, Fredensborg Castle.

Headed for stardom, she wheeled around Hollywood in a Thunderbird, collected a sizable list of screen credits

(*Francis of Assisi, Where the Boys Are, Lisa*), and made \$50,000 playing a jet-paced stewardess in her most recent movie, *Come Fly With Me*. But for blonde **Dolores Hart**, 24, fame and flight pay were not enough. Each year since 1958, she has spent four weeks at a Roman Catholic retreat. Last week, making the break complete, Dolores slipped away from the movie colony to enter Regina Laudis Monastery in Bethlehem, Conn., as a postulant. Said the nun-to-be: "I am not leaving anyone or anything behind. I am taking with me a full and grateful heart."

"He looks like his grandfather, and he plays with some of that same determination." Thus his high school coach predicts college stardom for **Charles Cobb**, 17, a protean redhead and grandson of baseball's alltime great, Ty Cobb, who died in 1961. But if there is another "Georgia Peach" ripening, baseball scouts are too late to pick him. Bidding for grid fame instead, young Cobb, a halfback, has signed for a football grant-in-aid at Georgia Tech. Would Grandpa approve? Sure enough, says Charlie, recalling a long-ago story of the day Ty paid a visit to the eleven at Vanderbilt U.: "He put on the pads and made a touchdown the first time he got the ball."

A Paris original went to Viennese Vixen **Romy Schneider**, 24, awarded the Crystal Star of France's Académie du Cinéma as Best Foreign Actress (in *The Trial*, by Orson Welles out of Kafka). To top that, Romy got still another boost from Entertainments Editor David Lewin of London's Daily Mail. "This is the most exciting girl in films," wrote Lewin, "and I'm not forgetting Brigitte Bardot, who has better legs; Sophia Loren, who is shrewder; Claudia Cardinale, whose charms are more obvious. But Miss Schneider, with lazy grey eyes that can suddenly snap, has the quality of a cat that can reach out and claw, prettily but so effectively. What she has is talent, plus an unhurried allure."

A merger of major proportions was announced in London: the secret marriage (June 7, insists his own Daily Express) of Britain's ailing Newspaper Nabob **Lord Beaverbrook**, 84, to long-time friend **Lady Dunn**, 52, widow of Canadian Tycoon Sir James Dunn and heiress to half his \$66 million steel fortune. The newlyweds, presently consolidating their gains at the Beaverbrook estate in Surrey, have much in common. Both own homes in New Brunswick, Canada, where they can tête-à-tête over many a philanthropic project. The second Lady Beaverbrook is a former secretary at the Express. And his lordship, having reportedly given his vast pub-



LORD BEAVERBROOK & BRIDE
A longtime friend.

lishing empire over to Son Max Aitken and Daughter Mrs. Thomas Edward Kidd, devotes himself more and more to books, is already author of quite a few, including a 1961 biography, *The Story of Sir James Dunn*.

Long a Hollywood dilemma, those runaway productions abroad suddenly came to focus on Actor **Anthony Quinn**, 47. Frequently separated by film commitments from Wife Katherine DeMille (adopted daughter of the late Cecil B.), Quinn affirmed that he is sire of a son born last March to blue-eyed Jolanda Addolori, 28, an Italian fashion designer whom he met in Rome in 1961 while shooting *Barabba*. "He's three months old and already says Papa," Tony declared. "I have acknowledged the child in church and am now in contact with lawyers in Italy to acknowledge him legally. The boy is my son, I don't think he should suffer for the mistakes of others." Asked whether Katherine, mother of his first four children, might seek a divorce, the burly star could only add: "I hope not."



TONY QUINN & KATHERINE
A little stranger.



HERTZ

Imagine finding Hertz here! We planned it that way. You'll find Hertz is on hand wherever you land with a new Chevrolet or other fine car. So next time you pack for a trip, don't worry about having a car when you get there. With Hertz it's in the bag.

HERTZ
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YOU MAY USE YOUR HERTZ AUTO-MATIC CHARGE CARD, AIR TRAVEL, OR OTHER ACCREDITED CHARGE CARD

NEW

Ideas from U.S. Steel for indoor-outdoor living

Most of the items shown here aren't on the market... today. Right now they are ideas—ideas in steel that U. S. Steel has developed as a service to manufacturers and designers of products for modern living.

These and many other innovations in steel are results of a U. S. Steel program called "Study in Steel." Two years ago U. S. Steel gave a well-known industrial design firm this assignment: explore the personality of today's steels for fresh, new ways to meet the design trends of today and tomorrow. The design ideas had to answer increasing consumer demands for more quality and value. And they had to be practical designs for manufacturers who are anxious to satisfy changing consumer tastes. An entirely new concept in steel office furniture was the initial "Study in Steel" development, followed by a spectrum of ideas for steel products ranging from toys to motels, stadium seating to fold-up steel camp-out shelters. The next phase of "Study in Steel" dramatized the role of steel in the casual indoor-outdoor living of today, and gave birth to many new concepts, some of which are shown on these pages.

The "Study in Steel" innovations aren't mere sketchbook ideas. Following both phases of the program, full-scale prototypes of the new designs were made, and U. S. Steel people demonstrated them in major cities across the country. U. S. Steel introduced the new concepts to manufacturers and designers, offering design drawings to anyone interested in further engineering, production, and marketing. Some "Study in Steel" ideas have already appeared in the marketplace. Look for more to come.

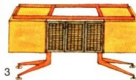
United States Steel is introducing important new products and ideas at the rate of better than one a month. Some examples: a new bumper steel that makes car bumpers more bumpable; the industry's first lightweight tin plate for lighter containers; the industry's first heat treated alloy steel structural shapes. When you buy steel, why not deal with the company that is first in steel and first in steel first?

(If you make metal products and haven't seen "Study in Steel," write for our new booklet, "Study in Steel." United States Steel, Room 6709, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.)

How to win the space race in the kitchen

Under the counter, no more slooping: bins and drawers slide out for complete access. Above the counter, storage space

within easy reach: plastic-coated wire shelves are inexpensive, stay clean. Tambour fronts that roll up eliminate swinging doors.



Easy Way To Build A DESK

1) Steel V-legs and connecting members form a loadbearing frame from which modular components can be hung in many combinations. 2) Steel drawer units are rigidized and muted with foam plastic. 3) Hard, textured stainless steel modesty panels won't show wear. 4) Top can't warp—it is rigid steel with a laminated wood surface.

STEEL For STYLE

Dining table top is oiled wood laminated to steel. The graceful strength of steel creates the slim V-legs for plenty of leg room. Raised decorative panel expands table, adds bright touch.



This mark tells you a product is made of modern, dependable Steel.



New ways to be Decked Out in Steel

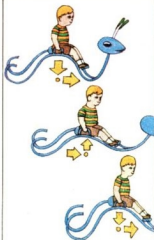
Here's an easy way to build a level patio on sloping terrain. Interlocking triangular steel deck pans rest on adjustable vertical steel support members. Pans can be accented with wood, terrazzo, etc., and have built-in sockets for patio accessories.



PORTABLE STEEL SUNSHADE



Carry your own tree around with you! Steel under tension creates lightweight, portable sunshade.



NOW!
At Last!
It's Here!

"Mr. Humpety" is a delightful steel dragon that a child can easily propel. On the downward bounce, the front moves ahead. On the upswing, the tail catches up. The secret: strong resilient steel springs welded together.



Refreshing!

Cone-shaped cooking unit is porcelain-enamelled, fitted out with carefree stainless steel. Refreshment center fits steel deck patio. Lazy Susan shelves give complete inside access.

DINING OUT IS **Fun!**

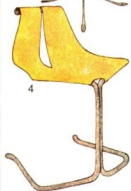
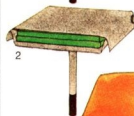
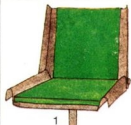
Especially in your own backyard with this steel outdoor dining center that folds flat for storage.



GROW WITH STEEL

Light, sturdy steel garden center for tool storage has swing-down panels for work surfaces. Side panels are loadbearing. Can be erected with no more tools than

a wrench. Designed to withstand normal snow and wind loads. The same steel components can be used to make a poolside cabana, play center, guest house.



Sitting Pretty On

STEEL

Patio chairs are supported by single steel columns from the steel deck patio. (1) Folds down to double as a (2) snack table. Woven wire seat (3) stays cool in hot weather. (4) is fabricated from a single sheet of steel.



United States Steel

TRADE MARK



OTTER FAMILY at play on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm where young seedlings will become tomorrow's forests . . . supplying wood, water and many other benefits for generations to come.

New ideas in paper come from Weyerhaeuser tree farms...



From memos to missiles—the products of Crocker Hamilton Papers, a Weyerhaeuser subsidiary, do a big share of the world's work superbly well. They do all you expect of paper—letterheads, business forms, textbooks, fine color reproductions. They also do a lot you don't expect. They travel outer space as capacitor papers in satellites. They insulate the fierce concentrations of energy in great power transformers. And they go under the sea in submarine conduit wrapping.

The raw material is wood cellulose—grown like a crop on Weyerhaeuser tree farms. This is the Weyerhaeuser way with wood. It begins with perpetual yield forestry. It culminates in the production skills that bring you the best possible values in a multitude of products from wood. For more information about any kind of paper product, write to Weyerhaeuser Company, Box A, Tacoma 1, Washington.

Symbol of quality in
the world of wood



Weyerhaeuser

MEDICINE

HEALTH FADS

The Sun Also Burns

In backyards and on beaches, where the sun shines brightly, multitudes of people have begun to stretch out like so many sausages on a griddle—all for the sake of a handsome, "healthy" tan. This rite of summer is warming, relaxing and so socially desirable that few sun worshipers heed the constant words of caution from doctors. Despite its appearance of health, a suntan apparently has little physical value; too much sun



SUN BATHER BY THE SEA
Socially desirable...

over a long period of time may permanently damage the skin.

Overexposure. Tanning is actually the skin's way of protecting itself. In a reaction to the sun's rays, the skin thickens and dark pigment moves to the surface from underlying layers to help absorb later radiation. Dark-skinned persons have a larger supply of such protective pigmentation at the surface and can take considerably more sun without burning. Redheads, blondes and fair-skinned persons run the greatest risk.

Aside from a feeling of social well-being, the only proven beneficial effect of sunning is the formation of vitamin D—something already in plentiful supply in the normal U.S. diet. In some cases, the sun also helps in clearing up acne and eczema, but excess exposure leaves the skin wrinkled, coarse and leathery like the back of a cowboy's neck. In a study directed by Dermatologist John M. Knox of Baylor University College of Medicine in Houston, the most noticeable degenerative changes in skin tissues were found to be related not to age but to the areas of greatest exposure to the elements. "The visible cutaneous changes usually interpreted as aging," says the report, "are apparently

due largely, if not entirely, to sunlight."

Warns the American Medical Association committee on cosmetics: "There is undeniable evidence that the effects of the sun are cumulative and at some point irreversible. The evidence is clear that chronic exposure to sunlight can be one of the major factors in the production of precancerous and cancerous conditions of the skin."

Greasy Red Stuff. As evidence that most people are more than willing to risk sunburn's dangers, store shelves are crammed with dozens of suntan lotions and creams. They prevent sunburn only to the extent that they block out burning ultraviolet rays from the sun, and they allow true tanning only to the extent that they let those same ultraviolet rays through. Perhaps the most effective sun-screening agent of all is a dark red veterinary petroleum jelly, used during World War II for life-raft survival. Trouble is, the stuff is indeed red (although it loses its color when rubbed on); it is also greasy and smells like tar.

Drug companies are now investigating lotions made with benzophenone compounds. The new products promise to be ten to 50 times more effective than present sun-screening agents, and as soon as safety tests are completed the benzophenones are expected to be commercially available, possibly by next summer.

For those who will listen, doctors strongly recommend gradualism as the best lotion of all: about 20 minutes the first day out, 40 minutes the second day, and 20 minutes longer each subsequent day. The truly cautious sun fadist should have started his daily doses more than a month ago, when the ultraviolet rays were not quite so searing.

INHERITED DISEASES

The Night People

While nearly everyone else strips down to tan, Mrs. Norton J. Carlson, 59, of Grand Junction, Colo., covers up for safety. For her, no suntan lotion the chemists can devise is ever likely to be good enough. When Mrs. Carlson set out on a 342-mile auto trip to visit her sister a few weeks ago, it was like minor royalty fleeing restless natives. She waited for nightfall in the shadows of her parlor. Then she put on a dress with extra-long skirt and sleeves, pulled up her gloves, wrapped a kerchief about her face, and stepped nervously into a waiting car with tinted windows. All such precautions, Mrs. Carlson has learned from agonizing experience, are absolutely essential. She suffers from a form of the rare disease porphyria, and to venture into the daylight unprotected for so much as a few seconds causes painful skin eruptions.

The strange sickness is incurable and not fully understood. Through an in-

born metabolic quirk, the body produces an excess of porphyrins, chemicals that are usually produced only in tiny amounts and seem somehow to be involved with the body's sensitivity to the sun. In some forms of porphyria, skin sensitivity is slight, but the victim suffers severe abdominal pains, bizarre mental disturbances, and sometimes respiratory paralysis. Mrs. Carlson suffers from a form called *porphyria cutanea tarda*, in which the porphyrin overproduction can be traced to an inherited liver malfunction. Doctors have studied such cases for years, but have only recently found a strong clue to what actually happens in the body.



MRS. CARLSON IN THE SHADE
... but sometimes dangerous.

The new knowledge is interesting; but to Mrs. Carlson, it means little that two Harvard Medical School researchers studied porphyria patients to find out whether a major change in the porphyrin content of their skin takes place before or after exposure to sunlight. Dr. J. W. Burnett and Dr. M. A. Pathak examined two victims and three healthy subjects, both after long confinement indoors and after exposure to the sun. In the people with porphyria, output of porphyrin compounds rose sharply after exposure to the light; the others showed no change. Sunlight, the doctors concluded, increases the concentration of porphyrin in the skin and red blood cells. But how the excess porphyrin does its damage, they still cannot say.

Ultraviolet light, the Harvard researchers report in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, produces photosensitization by activating the porphyrin already present in the blood and skin. They suspect that it also increases the production of porphyrin. This is more than medicine has known before about the elusive disease, but it is still far from suggesting a cure. For Mrs. Carlson and her fellow sufferers, the only prescription remains to avoid sunlight like the plague.

THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

Two Definitions of Obscenity

Permissiveness in publishing has come a long way. Today almost every corner newsstand offers as titillating a peep show as the old burlesque houses ever managed—and nobody is there to ring down the curtain. Dozens of "girlie" magazines wink at the casual browser; even at the local bookseller's, the shelves are loaded with books that once had to be bought under the counter in Paris and smuggled past customs.

But elastic as the limits may be, there are still limits. Last week two publishers accused of violating them were in trouble with the law.

Patently Offensive. The first to take a fall was aggressive, Brooklyn-born Ralph Ginzburg, 33, a onetime *Eros*

Ginzburg into the U.S. District Court in Philadelphia on 28 counts of mailing obscene matter—the winter issue of *Eros*, a newsletter of current events on the sex front called *Liaison*, and *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*, a Tucson woman's clinically detailed sexual autobiography that covers her activities from age 3 to 36.

Ginzburg marshaled 65 psychologists, sexologists and assorted literati to testify. Lillian Maxine Serett, who wrote *The Housewife's Handbook* under the pen name Rey Anthony, told the court, "Women's role in sex is widely misunderstood. Women do have sexual rights." Essayist Dwight Macdonald testified that he found inoffensive a "photographic tone poem" in *Eros* showing a nude Negro man and a nude white woman in eight pages of assorted full-color embraces. But when it came to *Liaison* and *The Housewife's Handbook*, even Macdonald drew the line. They were, he said, "vulgar and of no literary value."

Assistant U.S. Attorney J. Shane Creamer found the publications worse than that. They are "patently offensive" and "go beyond the customary limits that society tolerates," said he. Judge Ralph C. Body apparently agreed. Last week the judge convicted Ginzburg on all 28 counts—leaving the publisher liable to fines as high as \$140,000 and 140 years in prison when he is sentenced, sometime in the next few weeks.

Why the Pinch? The other publisher accused of crossing the line is *Playboy's* Hugh M. Hefner, 37, who was asleep in his humble 40-room pad on Chicago's North Side one afternoon earlier this month when four men from the vice squad came calling. A brass plaque on the front door carries the Latin legend "Si non oscillas noli tintinnare"—"If you don't swing, don't ring"—but the cops rang anyway and swung Hefner off to be booked on charges of publishing and selling an obscene magazine.

What got Chicago's vice squad into the act was an eight-page exposure in the June *Playboy* (circ. 1,250,000) of overripe Actress Jayne Mansfield. In bed and bubblebath, Jayne revealed everything except what an un-Sanforized G string might conceal. But there was nothing particularly unusual about that, for scores of equally nude "playmates" have appeared in the magazine in its 91-year history. Why the pinch now? "Jayne has more than most," says Hefner by way of explanation. "She makes people nervous."

There is more to the case than that. Some of the pictures show a man on the bed too—fully clothed, but a man. One caption tells how Jayne "writhes about seductively," another how she is "grating." "The real issue," said Chicago's American in an editorial, "is how far a magazine can go. Hefner's philosophy appears to be that the modern,

urban male likes and even needs to look at pictures of naked, suggestively posed women—that it is practically a duty to encourage the habit."

Hefner certainly does little to discourage it. In half a dozen rabbit hutchens known as Playboy Clubs, he keeps on display 421 Bunnies, who are wired and cinched into tight, brief costumes with padded balconies and wiggly little cotton-tails. "We total over 24.5 tons of bunnies," says Hefner, nibbling reflectively on a chicken. "Their collective chest measurement is 15,156 in., which is about one-quarter of a mile. The waistlines total 9,472½ in. and their hip circumference is 14,777 in."

In his magazine he offers full-color, fold-out nudes sandwiched between big-name fiction and big-deal nonfiction. He seems convinced that what *Playboy* really needs is more sex, not less. "If the secret psyche of the typical young male adult could be probed," wrote



EROS' GINZBURG & WIFE
The judge said, "Guilty."

staffer with a sharp eye for a salable commodity that is spelled s-e-x. In 1958 he published *An Unhurried View of Erotica*, a sort of bibliography of banned books, and sold 275,000 copies. Last year he began publishing *Eros*, a quarterly "devoted to the joy of love." At \$10 a copy, *Eros* offers little more than what can be picked up by a determined voyeur with scissors and a library card—a reworking of *Lysistrata*, ribald pieces by De Maupassant and Balzac, Frank Harris' *My Life and Loves*—but Ginzburg claims he now has a circulation of 150,000.

The Government began keeping an eye on *Eros* after 25,000 letters poured into the Postmaster General's Office complaining about the magazine's over-sexed promotional pamphlets. Ginzburg "used every publicity gimmick in the book to almost force us to ban it," said one official, even down to mailing the magazines from towns like Intercourse, Pa., Middlesex, N.J., and Blueballs, Pa. Finally the Justice Department hailed



PLAYBOY'S HEFNER
It made people nervous.

Hefner in an apparently endless editorial on "The Playboy Philosophy" that has already been running in serial form for eight months, "we suspect that we probably err in the direction of less emphasis on sex than the average, rather than more."

Rambling Bunny Hop. Hefner's editorial is a rambling bunny hop through the fields of Puritanism and Prohibition, Freud and Free Love, Capitalism and Communism. But deep in his turgid rhetoric, he actually does take a crack at answering the charge of obscenity. "Who can define the word?" he asks. Lest anyone can, he adds the thought that "a serious school of scientific opinion believes that obscenity actually makes a valuable contribution to the mental health of society."

Whether Chicago's South State Street Court agrees is a matter that will be settled when Hefner appears next week for his obscenity hearing. Meanwhile, he is losing no sleep over the matter. All a conviction can cost him is \$400 in fines.

NEWSPAPERS

Integrating the News

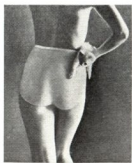
Though Southern Negroes are moving to strike down racial barriers at schools, swimming pools, restaurants and hotels, there are some who would like to preserve "separate-but-equal" status in at least one area. For years many Dixie newspapers have printed separate Negro and white editions, splitting press runs to drop in pages of news for each community. "Negroes like it because they get more attention," claims Edi or Joe Parham of the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph and News, where the practice is still in effect (as in Augusta). "We print their deaths and funeral notices, a hospital report, club meetings, birthdays, lodge notices, social and personal news."

Trouble is, the split run can be costly and time-consuming, and it is slowly being abandoned—over the protests of Negroes and whites alike. The Atlanta Constitution tried to "integrate" white and Negro funeral notices 25 years ago, dropped the idea because of Negro complaints. Only recently the paper succeeded in combining the notices along with classified and theater ads in a single edition. There have been gripes about mixups caused by "Help Wanted" ads, but the paper intends to remain "colorless."

Latest to drop the newspaper barrier is the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser and Journal. For 30 years, the paper went through the costly routine of stopping its presses on each of seven daily runs, replacing one or two pages with Negro news, then starting the presses again. Of 95,000 papers, 75,000 were white, while the rest dropped the financial pages for news of Negro events. When a white edition was inadvertently delivered to a Negro area, claims Publisher Carmage Walls, there were protests. But the split runs "slowed down the operation, and they had to go," said the cost-conscious Walls, who bought the Advertiser and Journal in March and has interests in a handful of Tennessee and Virginia papers. Since the change-over, Walls has had a few complaints from Negroes, and enough crank calls from white extremists to persuade him to have his phone conversations monitored.

The Girdle Gazette

One advertiser calls it "a consumer magazine with strong trade influence." To others, it is "a trade magazine with strong consumer influence." In either case, it managed to carry more fashion advertising than *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* last year even though it missed an entire month's publication. Among cloak-and-suits it is known—half affectionately and half derisively—as "The Girdle Gazette." It is the New York Times Sunday Magazine, one of the more curious phenomena of U.S. journalism.



SPUN-LO PANTIES
Next to these, what wouldn't seem dull?



MISTER PANTS



GUM DROPS
HENRY GREENMAN

Frilly Flavor. In the generally pallid Sunday-magazine field, the Times entry glows with health. The mass-circulation supplements were created to serve an almost unmanageably diffuse national audience, and lately they seem to have lost the ability to mix the right formula. After 67 years, Hearst's *American Weekly*, first of the supplements, is preparing to drop out of its last nine papers and fold in September. *This Week* (14,270,753 circulation in 43 papers) and *Parade* (10,950,664 in 69) have suffered advertising losses up to 20%.

By contrast, the Times Magazine racked up \$13 million in advertising last year, despite its costly, strike-born blackout, and accounted for more than 10% of the newspaper's total ad revenues. When the 15-week newspaper strike ended in April, the magazine returned with a robust, 200-page issue, fattest in its history. Department-store buyers, fabric makers and dress manufacturers all over the country read it avidly for the ads that tip them off to what's hot in the fashion capital of the U.S. Largely because of this clientele, the Times's Sunday circulation outside New York City is more than 500,000 of a total circulation of 1,300,000.

The magazine's evolution into a sort of *Insiders' Newsletter* for the soft-goods trade traces to the end of World War II, when Advertising Manager Monroe Green, 57, sent his salesmen after the Times's neighbors in the Seventh Avenue Garment District. Even after manufacturers began their exodus to the South and to Montreal in search of cheaper labor, they continued advertising, just to keep up with the competition. Now, says Green, thousands of women who turn to the magazine "read the ads as news."

With its frilly advertising flavor, the magazine is always in danger of being looked at instead of being read. TV's Jack Paar once complained that he found "the crotch ads" distracting, and New York Post Columnist James Wechsler called the magazine "the sexiest place in town."

Five for One. Though he seems to be in a lonely minority, Sunday Editor Lester Markel, 69, who also runs the



AD MANAGER GREEN

News of the Week in Review, the Drama and the Book Review sections, somehow manages to ignore all those girls in hip-hugging scanties. "This magazine is governed by the complexion of the news," says Markel, and not by the tastes of the woman who needs a new foundation. "I edit for Markel. I print things that interest me." What interests the crusty, 40-year veteran are broad-stroked stories on important, reasonably current topics—desegregation, the Common Market, disarmament—and if they often seem dull, what wouldn't alongside the clothes-shedding Spring-maid or the rounded Spun-lo panties girl?

Markel and his staff generate up to 90% of the magazine's story ideas, then farm them out to Times reporters and to outside contributors such as Senator Barry Goldwater, Economist Seymour Harris or British Economist Barbara Ward, a perennial favorite. The fee is a flat \$300 for all—or, as Markel puts it, "We pay \$1,500 and then charge \$1,200 for the idea."

Though Markel regularly returns pieces for rewriting, critics complain that there is still a plodding sameness and predictability about most of the magazine's articles. One possibly apocryphal story tells of a speech Markel gave to the Times's Washington Bureau. One staffer asked whether much editing was done. "Yes, quite a bit," Markel replied. "We once asked Barbara Ward to rewrite a piece five times." "And printed all five versions," growled a voice in the rear.

MUSIC

SINGERS

The Welcome Interloper

Lotte Lenya owned Kurt Weill's music long before she became his widow. Her ravished soprano perfectly matched the temper of his Berlin theater songs—tough, bragging, wicked, hopeless—and no one could have done more with Bertolt Brecht's lyrics than a singer whose voice combines the chilling qualities of sober screams and drunken laughter. Even now—years past the peak of her career—Lenya's artistic claim frightens other singers off her turf.

Wicked Wise. It did, that is, until last fall, when Martha Schlamme recorded a full album of Weill's best compositions. The album includes songs from Weill's days with Brecht, as well as his later and sweeter French and American music (*J'attends un navire, My Ship*). Last week Interloper Schlamme extended her welcome trespass by turning up in a Bowery theater-café called The Howff with a show devoted entirely to Weill. The show and its setting would have been just right for Lenya, but Schlamme could hardly be better.

She sings from a stage bare of any decoration but the evening's credo, *Für Weill*, written in chalk against a black wall. With an excellent Weillian pianist named Abe Stokman to accompany her, she approaches each of Weill's many moods, relying only on her powerful gift for expression to keep the chameleonic program together. Will Holt, a showman who shares the stage, does his bit in the wicked-wise style common to Weill-Brecht productions, but Schlamme's dulcet performance enriches the irony Weill's Berlin songs



SOPRANO SCHLAMME
Solo für Weill.

depend upon. Her voice never sugars the music or weakens the words. Even at its prettiest, as an English critic once noted, "the force of her grip is the feeling that she is also fighting down a terrible melancholy."

Dead Laughter. Soprano Schlamme was born in Vienna, but the Nazis chased her Orthodox Jewish family to England in 1938, and she spent two years interned in a British camp on the Isle of Man. She had an international repertoire of folk songs by the time she left England, but when she came to the U.S. in 1948, she rarely escaped the Borsch Belt and Hadassah-club audiences that wanted a strictly Kosher diet of Hebrew and Yiddish songs. Since then, she has made four albums of international folk songs, but record stores are still likely to keep her in the Jewish bin; when she packed Town Hall for her first New York concert, a friend who had followed her Catskill career asked, "What did you do—give away free matzoth?" Her latest album is a return to the Yiddish repertoire, and she sings the songs with relish and ease.

Schlamme's trained voice seems a bit too genteel to audiences accustomed to the guitar-bound school of folk singers—they tend to write her off as a lady Richard Dyer-Bennet. But in her Weill program, her emotional command over her audiences is unshakable. The nervous laughter that always greets such songs as *Seerüber-Jenny* and *Barbara's Song* dies in the throat under the weight of her sad eyes. "It's easy for me to feel like a rejected woman," she says, "and I think I can make it clear that I'm not joking when I sing."

The suffering of the Jews is very central to her—and central to her songs. She finds Weill and Brecht cultural soul mates, but last summer when she tried out some Weill on a Jewish audience, Brecht's German lyrics caused a near riot. Many in the audience stormed out, and one man began to scream at her. "Stop singing German!" Schlamme left the stage, soothed herself with a deep breath, then returned to the spotlight to freeze her remaining listeners with one final line. "I haven't been so frightened," she said, "since the Hitler Youth chased me down the street in Vienna."



PIANISTS ASHKENAZY & FRAGER
Duet of a lifetime.

PIANISTS

Oh, Vladimir! Oh, Malcolm!

Pianists Malcolm Frager and Vladimir Ashkenazy have been fast friends ever since 1958, when Ashkenazy made his American debut. Frager was introduced as a *magna cum laude* Russian student at Columbia, and shy Ashkenazy greeted him like a *deus ex machina* friend.

Each has made great strides on his own since then: Frager won the Leventritt and Queen Elisabeth competitions; Ashkenazy tied for first in Russia's Tchaikovsky contest. But their letters have dwelt on one remaining ambition: a two-piano recital. This spring Frager went to Russia for a concert tour, and last week the long-planned duet with Ashkenazy finally took place.

The program the two friends chose was full of beauty and hazards: Mozart's *Sonata for Two Pianos*, Schumann's *Andante and Variations*, the Chopin *Rondo for Two Pianos*, and the fiendishly difficult Bartók *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion*. Through ten days of rehearsals at the Moscow Conservatory, neither could do much but marvel at the other's playing. "I would like to play Mozart as well as Malcolm," Ashkenazy said, drawing a blush from Frager.

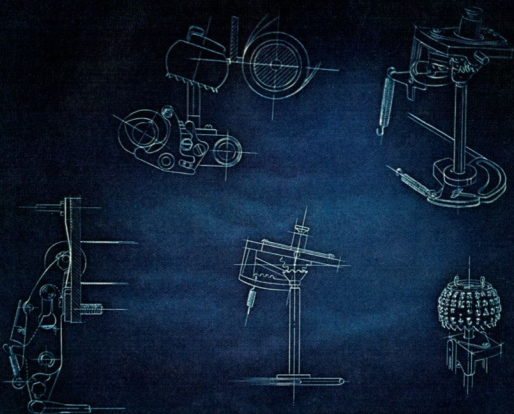
"In Schumann," Frager said as Ashkenazy paled in horror, "Vladimir has a way of expressing himself without inhibition."

"No, no!" Ashkenazy cried.

"Nobody plays the Schumann and Chopin more beautifully," Frager insisted.

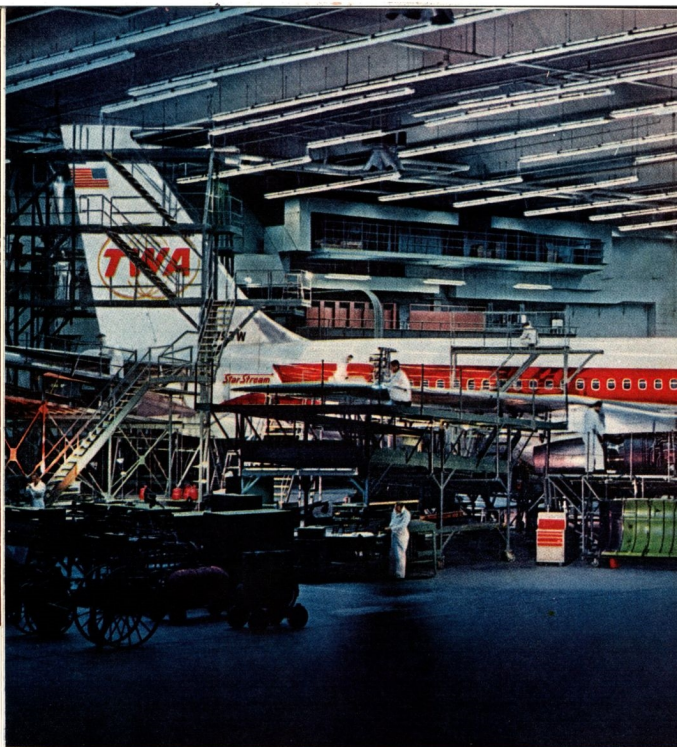
"Malcolm! What are you saying?" moaned Ashkenazy, drowning in embarrassment.

At the recital, the two myopic friends were worried about missing each other's cues, but throughout their dazzling program neither faltered at all. Ashkenazy played with great excitement and vigor, and Frager—who also charmed the audience with his perfect Russian—was every bit his match. But the thing that made the evening electrifying was the evidence of such joy in music making, the proof of such harmony in friendship.



The new IBM Selectric™ Typewriter was 15 years in the making. Only the most advanced research made this major breakthrough in office technology possible. This new kind of typewriter has no typebars, no moving paper carriage. It types with a single printing element which can be changed in seconds to adapt type styles to many applications. Developed and engineered to meet the demand for faster business communications, the IBM Selectric is the typewriter that puts the future at your finger tips today.

IBM.



The more you know about our kind of maintenance...

Sometimes good things seem even better when you know *why* they're good.

TWA jets, for instance! They get continuous daily maintenance, of course. And much more. At scheduled intervals we give them a thorough overhaul from radar to rudder. Everything that can come out does come out. Instruments, landing gear, seats, radio



the more you like our kind of flying

equipment, control surfaces . . . everything. Then we inspect and test every item. That takes some doing. To give you an idea—we have a machine that measures tolerances to the millionth of an inch. And inspectors to inspect other inspectors' inspections.

After we overhaul an engine, we run it for hours in a test cell. And after we overhaul a

jetliner, we test-fly it, checking all systems under all possible flight conditions. Then it goes back to you.

We put 5 days, 11,000 man hours, and the latest technological improvements into every jet at every major overhaul. So when a TWA jet rolls out, it's good as new. Even better.

Now you know. Have a good flight.

**Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on**





Some people think all Gin-and-tonics are alike.

Not so.

A gin-and-tonic is only as good as the ingredients that go into it.

The tangiest, most zestful gin-and-tonics are made with Seagram's Extra Dry Gin: the gin with a hard core of dryness and smoothness.

Seagram's Gin is guided through a costly extra step that removes excess sweetness and perfumery. A step that endows the gin with a pale amber glint.

This amber glint is proof that the gin is *ready*. Dry of flavor, smooth of taste.

Aren't *you* ready for a Seagram Gin-and-Tonic—right now?

SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY GIN

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

SCIENCE

ARCHAEOLOGY

Salvation for Abu Simbel

For five years the problem was attacked by the world's most imaginative engineers. Scheme after intricate scheme was devised on their drawing boards. Offer after expensive offer was made to save the great Egyptian temple at Abu Simbel from the waters that will soon rise behind the Aswan Dam. Which method would finally be chosen to preserve that magnificent relic of a lost civilization? While the world waited for an answer, each new suggestion drew new publicity while the money raisers raced against time to collect enough cash to pay what seemed sure to be an astronomical bill.

Piecemeal Plan. Last week the Egyptian government announced its decision. The competition was won by a group of Swedish engineers whose plans are so simple and so cheap they were never considered out loud in the long search. While others hawked their spectacular schemes, the Swedes worked quietly inside the temple itself. They probed the sandstone with diamond drills, measuring its strength. They charted its cracks and flaws. Finally they produced a carefully documented plan to cut the temple into chunks, lift it piecemeal to the top of the cliff and reassemble it—just as other workmen once cut up a European monastery, packed it in crates and shipped it home to be pasted together for a famed collector of antiquities, William Randolph Hearst. The cost will be a modest \$36 million, one-third of which has been all but promised by the U.S. Government.

The Swedes do not expect to have an easy time, but they have found no reason why the work cannot be done. When the walls and roof have been freed from the rock around them, they will be sawed into chunks weighing not more than 30 tons each. Some of the pieces will be split apart and the breaks joined later. Blocks that are weak will be held together by bolts. Cranes will lift them one by one and deposit them gently on beds of sand on top of the cliff, where they will be wrapped in plastic sheeting to protect their surfaces. When the lowest of the blocks arrive, they will be placed on a concrete foundation. The temple will be reassembled as accurately as possible and surrounded by a natural-looking wall of local sandstone.

Healed Wounds. In the days when no scheme for saving the temple seemed satisfactory, when the ancient monument seemed doomed, tourists swarmed up the Nile. An air-conditioned hotel was built at Aswan to handle the traffic; an Aswan-Abu Simbel service went into operation with hydrofoil launches, one of which sank this spring, drowning two Frenchwomen. Business boomed—

and now it may go on and on. When Lake Nasser has filled its tremendous basin, tourists will be able to float to the temple door, where the huge statues of Ramses II, their saw wounds healed and inconspicuous, will be waiting to greet all visitors.

OPTICS

The View in the Dark

The director of the Vincennes zoo usually went home just before dark. The residents of his beaver cage rarely came out in the daylight. It seemed as if the man and the broad-tailed mammals might never meet. Then a crew of Dutch technicians crept close to the

edge of the beaver pond on a black, moonless night. They sighted in with a short, cylindrical gadget, and the director finally saw his beavers—scuttling across the face of a TV picture tube that had been set up in his office.

It would surely have been easier to give the director a flashlight and urge him to stay on the job after sundown; the mechanical eye that sees so well in the dark is far too expensive a gadget to be used for casual beaver watching. But the demonstration was impressive proof that the device invented by Dutch Physicist Albert Bouwers is astonishingly sensitive. Its practical applications seem limited only by the imagination of its users.

Painful Brilliance. Manufactured by the Old Delft optical company in Holland, Dr. Bouwers' night eye was originally designed to brighten the dim pictures on doctors' fluoroscopes, to give a good look at a patient's internal organs without the need for powerful and dangerous doses of X rays. But soon after the first tests, the military showed an understandable and urgent interest. For the night eye needs no artificial light source, like the snooperscopes of World War II, which merely detected the reflections of infrared light shot out by the scopes themselves. The Dutch device is built around a lens-and-mirror telescope that concentrates whatever natural light is available—however dim, however undetectable by the naked eye.

Illumination soft as starshine can be focused on one end of a six-inch glass tube, where it knocks electrons loose from a photo-sensitive layer of cesium and antimony. The free electrons are whisked to the opposite end of the tube by powerful electrostatic charges and they hit the far wall with considerable energy. The collisions build a picture on a phosphorescent screen, a picture that is 1,000 times brighter than the original. Picked up by a TV camera and projected on a TV picture tube, the scene can be brightened still more.

Secure Sentries. Objects that are only dimly visible to the eye glow with an almost painful brilliance on the electronic screen. On nights when even the stars are blacked out, the night eye can pick up meaningful glimmers. A sentry scanning his assigned sector could use the Bouwers telescope with perfect security; his snooperscope-equipped buddy would see over a much shorter range and would always be faced with the danger of discovery by an enemy fitted out with infrared detectors.

Working with the Aerojet-General Corp. of the U.S., Old Delft is aiming at an expanding military market. Plans for the night eyes are still secret, but they would be a welcome addition to Marine landing craft, the rugged little boats that would be so much more versatile if they could be equipped to see their way toward an unfamiliar enemy beach in the dark.



HOUSE IN STARLIGHT



NOCTURNAL BEAR



CAMERA ON MONITOR

Better than a snooperscope.

MODERN LIVING

THE CITY

Renaissance, Phase 2

Some two miles northeast of downtown Pittsburgh lies a stretch of land called Panther Hollow, more colloquially known as "The Gulch." The jagged, 1,000-ft.-wide ravine runs 150 ft. deep and a mile long, an ugly supergully slashing between the green campuses of Carnegie Institute of Technology and the University of Pittsburgh. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad rumbles along its bottom, flanked by a few slum houses, construction storage yards, truck depots and a junkyard. Most cities would give it up as a desolate though semiserviceable eyesore. Not Pittsburgh, which has announced plans to convert the 75-acre Panther Hollow wasteland into a \$250 million research center.

How? By roofing over the ravine, letting its top side serve as a landscaped

north end, two cantilevered buildings rise to break the otherwise static skyline; at the south end, a series of terraced "hanging gardens" descend from the grade to Panther Hollow Lake, a boating and skating pond below. The whole has been described as a 150-story building "resting on its side."

The project was originated by the University of Pittsburgh's Chancellor Dr. Edward H. Litchfield, who last year founded the Oakland Corp. as a private development company, and enlisted the support of a group of nonprofit city institutions. Fred Smith, who was the prime mover of the massive Prudential Research Center in Boston, was brought in as president and operating head (Litchfield is board chairman), and Architect Max Abramovitz, who designed the Philharmonic Hall in New York's Lincoln Center, was hired.

The research center is just a begin-

nificance, city planners all over the nation were taking a second look at their own gulches. For Abramovitz, Panther Hollow demonstrates how an eyesore can be made into an asset.

THE FAMILY

Bringing Up Father

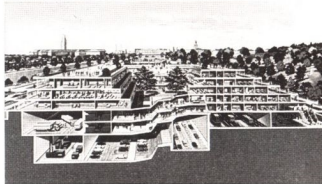
Father's Day, which is beginning to edge into equal, if less throat-lumping, status with Mother's Day, came and passed last week in a blaze of angled advertising. The things the stores picked out for special Father's Day promotion (after the usual collection of ties, bathrobes and gold-plated putters) added up to a touching composite picture of the National Daddy.

For one thing, he is a weekend victim, compelled by his family to rise and shine even on his days off. A Manhattan department store took full-page newspaper ads to urge that on the one Sunday that was his Day Dad be allowed to sleep late.

Up at last and out of doors, he is a



PITTSBURGH'S PANTHER HOLLOW TODAY



TOMORROW

Instead of an eyesore, an upside-down cake.

park bridging the two universities. Subsurface, the project resembles a sort of upside-down layer cake. It will provide some 10 million sq. ft. of usable space to house no fewer than three theaters, an extension of the Carnegie Art Museum, an instrumentation center, and a computer and data bank, all of which will permit research employees to find work, recreation, culture and education within walking distance of one another. The railroad tracks will remain where they are, but they will be spanned by huge arches that will support the whole complex, much as Park Avenue is built above the New York Central Railroad tracks in Manhattan. To provide convenient access for automobiles, the tracks will be paralleled by a highway.

Terraces & Courts. The facilities will be constructed—on as many as seven levels—around sunken courts, terraces and gardens; all interior spaces will be air-conditioned, and circulation between levels will be by elevators, escalators or stairs enclosed in glass kiosks. At the

ning. The company expects to take a major hand in the implementation of Oakland's new master plan, which calls for the expenditure of \$750 million over the next ten years in renovating and improving the surrounding area. The program is being billed as Phase 2 in Pittsburgh's massive Mellon-sponsored "Renaissance," which has already virtually rebuilt the downtown area into the famed Golden Triangle.

Park Out of Nothing. Dr. Litchfield boasts that Panther Hollow Center will be a great improvement over the usual research park, argues that to build comparable research facilities in the conventional manner would require 2,000 acres. "To find this kind of acreage at an acceptable price," he says, "we would be forced to go 20 miles beyond the city. Instead, we in effect have created 75 acres of new usable park area out of nothing, giving us the best-located research facility in the world today. Scientists need—and insist on—close contact with academic institutions and other cultural resources." Of wider sig-

dear, incompetent bumbler, forever picking a spot in a high wind for a game of cards (the solution: a magnetized playing board and card deck for \$10). He is equally inept at the barbecue, getting mixed up about the orders for broiled steaks—for which he needs a \$4 branding iron to remind him which should be rare, medium and well done. Making the martinis is also a struggle: to solve the how-much-vermouth problem there are Martini Stones (\$3), to be soaked in vermouth, then dropped in; each glass so that all Dad has to do is ice the gin and pour it in.

Off at the office, away from those protective family ties, Dad is visualized as a slack-jawed spendthrift with a will of tin foil. Loving ones may keep him out of expensive restaurants with a \$4.25 Executive Lunch Bag (including place mat and matching napkin). There is also a do-it-yourself shoeshine kit for \$5.95, disguised as a statusful French phone, with a hand bank built in to hold the money the man saves for his family with his elbow grease. And to help



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DIOR COAT

At the end of the closet, high boots, low prices and a sporty look.

the will-less fellow cut down his smoking, there is a cigarette case with a time lock that will open only at preset intervals (\$9.95).

Behind his desk, of course, Father is a child playing at Big Deal. Designed to delight his foolish heart is an I Am an Executive pencil box, with gold-tone paper clips, candy pills, key to the executive washroom, tension reducers, plus pencils, for only \$3.95. To help him make quick decisions so that he can get home early, there is a swiveled silver dollar mounted on a paperweight, for mature heads-or-tails judgment (\$5).

Not surprisingly, Dad is not at all well. To organize his pill-popping: an \$8.95 pillbox with generous compartments for every day in the week so that the poor man will know when he's had it.

FASHION

Meanwhile, at the Ranch

The U.S. fashion world has never really got the hang of glamour. Hollywood too often defines it in terms of cleavage, Seventh Avenue too readily as spangles and fringes. When it comes to elegance, the field is still held by Paris. But wardrobes the world over are filled with more than ball gowns and capes, and increasingly over the past few years, the U.S. has come to dominate the other, everyday end of the closet. As the fall collection previews drew to a close last week in Manhattan, they proved that the American sporty look is undisputedly tops.

Almost everything but the mannequins themselves seemed to have come off a ranch. Ponyskin and calf were favorites. Designer John Weitz cut a pair of pants out of saddle leather, lined a coat of the same fabric with a horse blanket. Adele Simpson put some of her models in outfits with matching

boots, either knee- or ankle-height, all high-heeled. No one did anything with an armadillo.

The hit of the week, as much for his hot running commentary as for his clothes, was Oleg Cassini. Natty in a navy blue, nipped-in-waisted suit, Cassini peppered his collection with patter ("I got this British accent when I became successful"), describing his clothes with the tact of an unemployed salesman ("This long dress is for girls with bad knees"). Best of his clothes were the suits and suit ensembles, made mostly of tweed or velvet and worn with matching hats (jockey caps, berets, bowlers and pillboxes) and boots. And even better than the clothes were Cassini's prices, lower this year than ever; some dresses retailed for as little as \$50.

The sporty look is better by day than by night, as was proved by Cassini's disappointing evening clothes suggested by the tennis courts. But U.S. fashion clearly has found its place in the sun.

THE MARKETPLACE

Uncredit Cards

In a world of credit-cardmanship, someone was bound to think of it: the cash card.

The Courtesy Club's card entitles a holder only to pay cash. But when a holder presents it at any of the 2,500 participating restaurants, hotels, motels and resorts in 42 states, he gets a 10% discount.

The restaurant and hotel men like the system because it spares them the book-keeping involved in credit cards, and because the 10% discount is simply equivalent to their costs and kickbacks to the credit-card companies. The club claims about 400,000 members—all of whom obviously intend to spend more than \$100 a year, since Courtesy Club dues are \$10.



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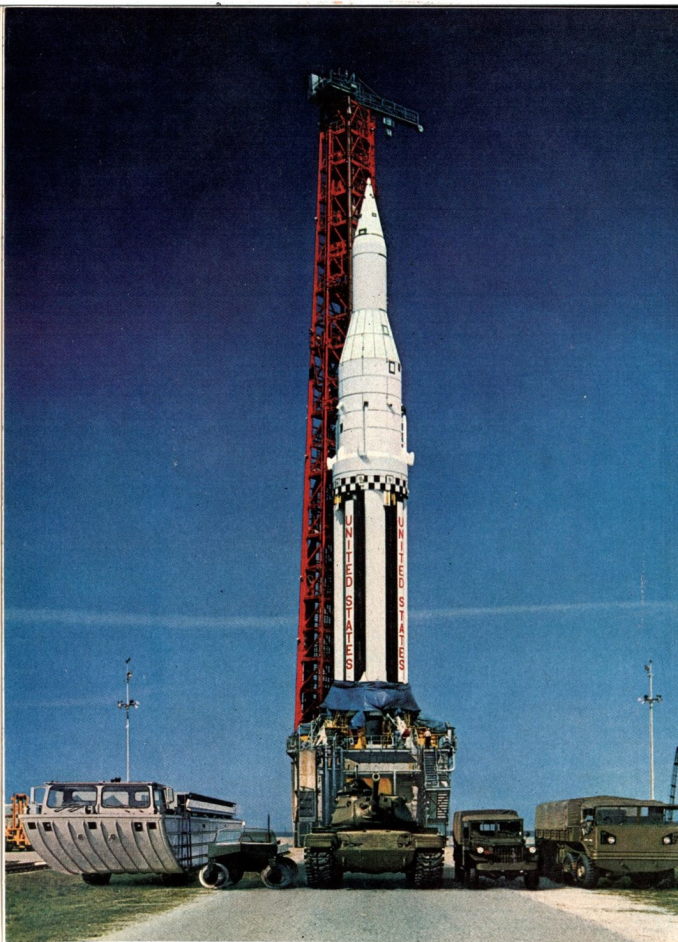
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Just how many Chrysler-built trucks and tanks are operated by the U.S. Army we can't say, but Chrysler Corporation supplies over 27 different types and sizes of cars and trucks to the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps. A gas-turbine-powered vehicle is in the experimental stages. And all M-60 main combat tanks purchased by the Army are made by Chrysler.

The unusual-looking item at far left is a Mobile Floating Assault-Bridge Ferry, another defense product by Chrysler. A still more unusual-looking vehicle stands beside it—the Marsh Amphibian, an experimental vehicle built for the U.S. Navy's Bureau of Ships for movement in water and swampy terrain.

On the right of the mighty M-60 are two military trucks—an M-37 and the floatable, airdropable XM410.

Hardly taking a back seat in Chrysler's space and defense efforts is the NASA-Saturn I, America's first big step to the moon. Chrysler Corporation is prime contractor for future Saturn S-1 boosters, part of an eleven-year

space record, which includes highly successful participation in Redstone, Jupiter and Mercury.

Chrysler Corporation would be represented in depth in any list of this country's past and current space and defense activities. And this will be just as true in the years to come because a massive research and development program, with a long-range view, is geared to keep Chrysler Corporation in the forefront of America's all-out effort in these important areas.

The multi-faceted challenges of defense and space are just a few of those met by Chrysler Corporation in the course of its highly diversified activities as the twelfth largest industrial business in the United States, with understandable confidence in its own growth and in the future of this country.

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EDUCATION

PREP SCHOOLS

Tackling Man

Rugged and dogged are the words for Richard Ward Day, 47, selected last week to succeed William Saltonstall as headmaster of Exeter. After attending Massachusetts' Shady Hill and Belmont Hill schools, the Boston-born Day went on to Yale ('38) where he stuck out three bruising years on the junior varsity football squad, was awarded the

MARVIN H. GREENE



HEADMASTER DAY

More vision for a farm club.

silver football reserved for the J.V. member making the most sacrifice. Rues Day: "I was tackling dummy."

Ever since, Day has been doing the tackling. He enlisted in World War II as an infantry private, came out as a company commander of paratroopers. After getting a doctorate in American history at Harvard and teaching stints at Choate and St. Paul's, Day uncoiled his wiry 6-ft. frame and probing mind for headmasterships of Germantown Academy in Philadelphia and the Hawken School, his present post, near Cleveland. When he takes over at Exeter in the summer of '64, Day will pursue his guiding belief that a private school should have a vision that transcends being a farm club for the Ivy League. "I want Exeter to be a national school, not simply because it has students from every state, but in the sense that its graduates contribute to the national good," he says.

STUDENTS

Learn Now, Pay Much Later

Long-term student loans to help finance a college education are easy to get. A federal program lends almost \$100 million annually, and banks in almost all states participate in plans to guarantee loans. But repaying the loans can be painful. In most programs, repayment arbitrarily begins two to six

months after graduation and must be completed in three to six years (although the federally sponsored National Defense Student Loan Program extends the debt-redemption period to ten).

In the current *Harvard Educational Review*, Economist David Shapiro of the University of Detroit argues that loan programs are unrealistic because they are unrelated to the borrower's ability to pay. He proposes a federally financed program that he believes would take "the sting" out of long-term student loans without cost to the taxpayer.

Under Shapiro's plan, repayment would be geared directly to income. A former student would pay back nothing until his taxable income was more than \$4,000 a year. The repayment sum would be 2.25% of taxable income at that level, rising progressively to 19.4% at the \$10,000 level. Shapiro estimates that the average student loan would be paid back in ten years. The deficit created by a minority of defaulters and former students who fail to reach the pay-back income level would be met by assessing prospering graduates above the \$5,500 income level a slight additional percentage that would be siphoned into the communal kitty.

While most current programs have loan limits of \$3,000 to \$5,000, Shapiro's plan would enable a student to borrow whatever he needed to get him through college. Since tuition will doubtless continue to rise, the unacceptable alternative to a massive and flexible loan program, as Shapiro sees it, is to exclude more and more qualified students from the schools, a shortsighted and unprofitable way to invest intellectual capital. In education, current debt, individual or national, is future wealth.

COLLEGES

St. Joan of Webster Groves

The only woman and the only Roman Catholic educator on President Kennedy's advisory panel on research and development in education is a pert, blue-eyed nun addressed with affectionate informality by her fellow panelists as "Sister J." She is Sister Jacqueline Grennan, S.L., 36, vice president of Missouri's Webster College, and her place on the panel is no concession to her sex or religion. She belongs in the trail-blazing company she keeps, an experimental elite—educators of educators—that includes M.I.T. Physicist Jerrold Zacharias, Harvard Psychologist Jerome Bruner and U.S. Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel. To colleague Bruner, "she is in the great tradition of the abbesses of the 16th century." Co-Panelist Zacharias, a frugal man with superlatives, says, "She may well turn out to be the Joan of Arc of education."

Out with the Tried-and-Tired, Sister Jacqueline was born a country girl, in Rock Falls, Ill., and she has retained

the tenacious energy of a girl raised on a farm. A member of the Sisters of Loretto since she graduated from Webster College in 1948, Sister Jacqueline was tried out "on loan" five years ago as vice president for a year. Before very long, the 48-year-old school in the St. Louis suburb of Webster Groves was animatedly percolating with her fresh ideas and projects, and the appointment, which includes control of curriculum development, was made permanent. From the start, Sister Jacqueline took for her target the mediocre, the parochial, the tried-and-tired routines of learning: "We have too many ordinary Catholic women's colleges. We need to build a few terribly strong ones."

Webster is still not terribly strong, but Sister Jacqueline's talent for attracting top scholars is pushing it that way. Troubled that most elementary teachers get too much training in method and too little in subject content, she set up a new series of courses to turn out specialists in mathematics and French. She asked Robert B. Davis, professor of mathematics at Syracuse University, to direct her math project at precisely the same time that Physicist Zacharias was trying to lure Davis to M.I.T. Sister Jacqueline won, and Davis goes to Webster College every other week on a flying commute. To head up the new French program, Sister Jacqueline got Elizabeth Ratte, director of the much-admired Foreign Languages in Elementary Schools program in the Lexington, Mass., public

R. J. WESTRICH



SISTER JACQUELINE

More vigor from a farm girl.

schools. For such experiments in teacher education, Webster has since 1960 won supporting grants of more than \$450,000 from the Ford Foundation and the National Science Foundation.

Over the Barriers, Says Sister Jacqueline: "We ought to create the kind of tension that forces students to ask hard questions. Nobody's answers are any better than his questions." She believes that this statement applies equally to theology and philosophy, and once

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told a group of freshmen: "Unless you have questioned the existence of God by the time you are 19, you're either a liar or a fool."

Reflecting the new intellectual vigor on campus, the share of Webster's 650 students going on to graduate schools has jumped from a tenth to a quarter. Two years ago, Sister Jacqueline won permission for several of Webster's teaching sisters to begin doctoral work at Michigan, Syracuse, Yale, Fordham and Notre Dame universities, and this additional training will fortify Webster's pursuit of excellence. Sister Jacqueline is perhaps proudest of the liaison of scholarship she has established with prominent non-Catholic professors, secular universities, and public school systems. A compliment that she cherishes is: "You have crossed over the barriers." It came from St. Louis' Joseph Cardinal Ritter.

KUDOS

Round 2

Adelphi College

Alfred Hamilton Barr Jr., director of collections, Museum of Modern Art, New York City D.F.A.
James J. Rorimer, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City D.F.A.
William Schuman, president, Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts D.F.A.

American University

The Rev. Gustave Weigel, S.J., professor of ecclesiology, Woodstock College H.L.D.
His mastery in the discipline of his choice has earned for him a high place among the church's men of vision who in our time are bringing to flower a creative conversation between Roman Catholic and Protestant theologians.
Amory Houghton Jr., president, Corning Glass Works L.L.D.

American University

John F. Kennedy, President of the U.S. C.L.D.
An author of renown and an ardent advocate of the improvement of American education.
The Rt. Rev. Angus Dun, retired bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Washington, D.C. C.L.D.

Amherst College

Arthur J. Goldberg, Associate Justice, U.S. Supreme Court L.H.D.
Adlai E. Stevenson, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Litt.D.

Anderson College

Charles Monroe Schulz, comic strip cartoonist, creator of "Peanuts" L.H.D.
Into a jungle of impossible heroes, sick jokes, violence and crime sometimes known as the "funnies," he has brought the delightful humor of children.

Bethany College

Pearl Sydenstricker Buck, Nobel and Pulitzer prizewinning author H.L.D.
Miss Buck has made it possible for

the ordinary sort of simple, average American to place himself, with equal facility, inside the lives and minds of a Chinese peasant and a nuclear physicist.

Brandeis University

Martha Graham, dancer . . . H.L.D.
Her crazy, angular inventions mirror the liquid inner life of the American spirit.

Carnegie Institute of Technology

Harold Edgar Clurman, stage director and drama critic . . . D.F.A.

Case Institute of Technology

Wolfgang Kurt Hermann Panofsky, director, Stanford Linear Accelerator Center . . . Sc.D.
Dr. Marcel Roche, director of the Venezuelan Institute for Scientific Investigations and authority on tropical medicine . . . Sc.D.

Fairfield University

Sir Alexander Bustamante, Prime Minister of Jamaica . . . L.L.D.

Fairleigh Dickinson University

Robert Whittle Dowling, theatrical producer, city planner and the president of City Investing Co., New York City . . . D.F.A.
Fannie Hurst, novelist . . . Litt.D.

Fordham University

Robert Sargent Shriver Jr., director of the Peace Corps . . . L.L.D.
Sister Mary Benigna, O.P., teacher of the blind (and herself blind from birth) . . . H.L.D.

Georgetown University

Arthur K. Watson, president, IBM World Trade Corp. . . L.L.D.

Hamilton College

Sarah Gibson Blanding, president of Vassar College . . . H.L.D.

"To the separateness of events, the disciplined mind alone can provide the cohesiveness which will make life intelligible." The words are yours; so, too, is the accomplishment.

Howard Stix Cullman, honorary chairman of the Port of New York Authority . . . L.L.D.

Bustling captain of a dozen enterprises, ever-soaring angel of Broadway . . . you have been, as the Bard said, "a hit, a very palpable hit."

Harvard University

Willy Brandt, Lord Mayor of Berlin . . . L.L.D.

In word and deed the valiant and unflinching defender, for us all, of an outpost of freedom.

William Clyde DeVane, retiring dean of Yale College . . . L.L.D.

Humanist, scholar and dean, for a quarter-century he has worked to ensure that Yale men shall be educated.

George Frost Kennan, author and diplomat, presently U.S. Ambassador to Yugoslavia . . . L.L.D.

Sir Maurice Bowra, president of the British Academy . . . Litt.D.

A scholar vigorous and witty, a lover of poetry in all ages, who has imagi-

natively reinterpreted the Greek experience for our time.

Karl von Frisch, zoologist . . . Sc.D.
This kindly, lucid scientist has called us all to look again where bees dance and spiders spin.

Kalamazoo College

Howard Russell Moody, senior minister of Greenwich Village's Judson Memorial Church . . . D.D.

On sultry nights when a gang rumble threatens in Washington Square, Howard Moody is not to be found as a clinical observer behind the protecting windows of his study, but on the street in search of ways to prevent brutal collision.

McKendree College

Herbert Hoover, former President of the U.S. (in absentia) . . . H.L.D.

Mills College

Virginia Foisie Rusk (Mrs. Dean Rusk) . . . H.L.D.
Maker of a gracious home and gracious hostess to every nation; creator of good will by willing the good of all people.

Oberlin College

John Minor Wisdom, judge, U.S. Court of Appeals, Fifth Circuit, New Orleans . . . L.L.D.

Occidental College

Gregor Piatigorsky, cellist . . . Mus.D.

Regis College

Eunice Kennedy Shriver . . . L.L.D.

Temple University

Louis Finkelstein, chancellor, Jewish Theological Seminary, New York City . . . L.L.D.

University of Dayton

The Most Reverend John J. Wright, Roman Catholic Bishop of Pittsburgh . . . D.H.

University of Miami

Arthur Fiedler, conductor, Boston Pops Concerts . . . Mus.D.

University of Notre Dame

Honorable Lester Bowles Pearson, Prime Minister of Canada and 1957 winner of Nobel Peace Prize . . . L.L.D.

Williams College

Orville Prescott, book reviewer, New York Times . . . Litt.D.
Given a five-dollar gold piece by your grandmother at an early age for having learned to read . . . you have brought your taste to bear on the works of hundreds of novelists.

Yale University

Lauris Norstad, general, U.S. Air Force (ret.), former Supreme Allied Commander, Europe . . . L.L.D.

A career which exemplifies the highest traditions of the soldier-statesman.

John Robinson Pierce, director of research in communications principles, Bell Telephone Laboratories, originator of Telstar . . . Sc.D.

Through your efforts a new star now rides in the sky, relaying the words, music and images of one continent to the people of another.

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State of the Market

Last year's drop in the stock market and the long New York City newspaper strike both hurt Manhattan's long-booming art galleries, and as dealers began sizing up their season's-end experiences last week, it was obvious that the slump had one particular victim: the abstract painting that after the war made Manhattan the center of the art world. "There has been a cresting of the abstract-art market," says Phillip Bruno of the Staempfli Gallery. "Those painters in the \$5,000 to \$15,000 range have been hit hard. Prices have been too high and a re-evaluation was necessary." The art boom has not collapsed, but it has drastically shifted.

Most dealers agree that the giants of abstractionism will go on selling forever, even though their prices are already beyond the reach of all but the rich. But, says Bruno, "two years ago you could sell a \$100,000 Pollock by writing four letters. Today it would take 50 letters." Manhattan's galleries are still flooded with second-grade abstraction, but it is no longer considered much

of an investment. Today the investors buy pop art, which is a good deal cheaper and also gets most of the publicity. Says Dealer Lee Nordness, whose own semiabstract and representational artists made 30% more money than last year: "I know several dealers of abstract expressionism, especially second-generation abstractionism, who have had a great deal of trouble. There are even dealers who have urged their abstractionists to switch to pop art."

Wait & See. The avant-garde Green Gallery did three times as much business as last year (which means that it just broke even). But its five abstractionist shows sold only three paintings, while its pop artists accounted for 80% of its sales. "It is generally true," says the Green Gallery's Richard Bellamy, "that there has been so much inferior abstract art in the past six years that the public has reacted to it. Those collectors who can't swallow pop art have adopted a wait-and-see attitude."

Grace Borgenicht, whose excellent gallery took a steep 50% dive, blames the drop on "the carefully publicized vogue for pop art, on the one hand, and the confusion in the minds of others as to the direction of the art scene. The decline in prices of some artificially raised 'name artists' has to a great extent frightened those who are unsure of their tastes." Dealer Catherine Viviano, who found the season "pretty bad," flatly denies that the slump had anything to do with economics. "Trends are changing," says she. "Pop art has helped to make people feel insecure. No one seems to be sure any more what a work of art is."

Time for Oldtimers. Actually, there are still buyers who are sure—and are even ready to take a chance on comparative unknowns. But aside from the pop artists, like Robert Indiana, the painters who did best last year were representational. The Tibor de Nagy Gallery had ten shows last year of which only four made money. Though Robert Goodnough, a first-rate abstractionist, did well, the bestsellers were Larry Rivers, Fairfield Porter and Jane Wilson—none of whom paint abstractions. One of the most spectacular successes of the season was 27-year-old Sidney Goodman of Philadelphia, whose one-man show in Manhattan took place during the newspaper strike and was near-

ly sold out by the end of the first day.

But it may be that the oldtimers fared best of all. The Downtown Gallery was one of those reporting a healthy increase in business, and that gallery concentrates mostly on established older names such as Ben Shahn, Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, the late Arthur Dove, Yasuo Kuniyoshi and Max Weber. These are artists that the country's new museums are eager to acquire. Furthermore, says Downtown's Edith Halpert, the recent Kandinsky, Rodin and Armory shows, as well as scores of exhibitions of older American art, have created an interest in "source paintings" of the 19th and early 20th centuries.

Coptic v. Contemporary. Dealers Robert Graham and André Emmerich confirm the trend. Emmerich's profits in contemporary art, which is largely abstract, went up only 2%. But his sales of Coptic and pre-Columbian art were up 25%. Graham has two galleries in the same building: the one devoted to contemporary work did about half as well as last year, while the one dealing in 17th, 18th and 19th century art, largely American, did one-third better than last year. A pastel by Everett Shinn of the Ashcan School is worth 14 times today what it would have fetched in 1945. "Americans are becoming more concerned with their heritage," says Graham. "More museums are bidding for those works also."

Duvene, which deals chiefly in old masters, had as good a year as any. And if anyone had any doubt that Americans were still willing to pay record prices for good established art, he had only to go over the results of last week's two auctions of impressionist work at Sotheby's in London. The most dramatic sales were of two Degas pastels, one for \$128,800 and the other for \$294,000—"fantastic, especially for a pastel," said Auctioneer Peter Wilson. The buyers: a gallery and a private collector, both from California.

Carpaccio at the Palace

Great are the master painters produced by Venice, but none of them, neither Titian nor Tintoretto, Giordone nor even Francesco Guardi, to judge from their work, took so much delight in the sights and sounds of that city as did Vittore Carpaccio. He obviously loved Venice's busy canals, its processions and pageantry, its fairy-tale architecture—almost every aspect of the place, in fact, down to the brightness of its gondoliers' jerkins and the workmanship of a beautifully wrought bolt on a door. Last week Venice returned the compliment by opening in the Doge's Palace the biggest Carpaccio exhibition ever held (see color).

Up-&-Down Reputation. In his own lifetime, which spanned the late 15th and the early 16th centuries, Carpaccio's fortunes fluctuated, much as his reputation has waxed and waned ever since. When he was in his 50s, he was revered, but in the last years of his life he could scarcely find work enough to sustain

* The price estimate for the 9-ft. Pollock comes from Dealer Sidney Janis; for the Indiana, from Owner Joseph Hirshhorn; for Shinn, from the Graham Galleries.

VENICE'S MASTER STORYTELLER



VITTORE CARPACCIO recorded, about 1495, a miracle performed in Venice with fragment of the True Cross. The

Patriarch of Grado, on balcony at left, rids a man of demons while townsmen, shown in gemlike detail, pursue their affairs.

ACADEMY, VENICE



"DREAM OF ST. URSULA" shows an episode in the legend of a young princess of Brittany who during a

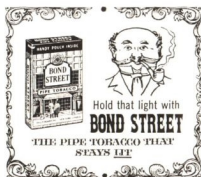
pilgrimage to see the Pope learns in a dream that she will die at the hands of the Huns besieging Cologne.

him in Venice and had to rely on lesser commissions in the provinces. The Florentine art historian, Giorgio Vasari, erroneously considered Carpaccio a mediocre follower of Giovanni Bellini, and that judgment stood until the 18th century, when critics began to see some merit in his sense of fantasy. But the rise of neoclassicism, which abhorred fantasy, cast him into limbo again, and it was not until Ruskin that he found a new champion. His output had been small compared with that of his contemporaries, and his best work has rarely been brought together. It took the current show to strike the total of Carpaccio's gifts.

Few artists ever paid such close attention to such exactness of detail, but the sum of the details rises far above mere realism. In the *Healing of the Obsessed* the protagonists and the main action turn out to be not the miracle of the True Cross, which is placed to the far left, but a day in the life of Venice. Yet, instead of a realistic picture of daily activity, Carpaccio has painted something close to a dream. His people go about their business as if in a trance; their eyes do not meet or stare out at the viewer, for almost every figure seems to be looking in a private direction of his own. No detail of Venice's rich architecture is overlooked, yet the city, with its innumerable chimneys, seems imaginary. And finally, there is the color—perfectly balanced, magnificently muted, not quite day and not quite night, but, like the scene as a whole, in a twilight region between reality and pure fancy.

"The First Interior," A master storyteller, Carpaccio recorded not only the facts but the atmosphere of each event. This command of atmosphere is nowhere more apparent than in the *Dream of St. Ursula* (opposite), which has been called "the first interior of modern painting." Every detail in the painting is presented to perfection; the scene as a whole is a masterpiece of invention. Though the painting has been cut down in size from the original work, there remains an effect of spacelessness. This is a typical bedroom in a typical Venetian *palazzo* of that day, but it is also like no bedroom that ever existed. The details and the subject matter absorb the eye only temporarily; in the end, the painting becomes a balance of space and a suffusion of colors.

He painted these two pictures, both scenes from two great series, at the height of his fame. But fashion in art was moving fast in those days, and Carpaccio could not keep up. With Giorgione and Titian, the emphasis switched to naturalism and later on to monumentality. Venetian sophisticates scorned Carpaccio as old-fashioned, not realizing that centuries later it would be to him that people would look to recapture the color and magic of their city in its prime—a busy commercial center endowed with lyric grandeur by the touch of a loving hand.



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But as the United States progressed first into the missile age and then into the space age, urgent requirements arose for huge, intricate, frequently unmanned machines capable of carrying out fully automatic missions in strange new environments. The job of designing, engineering, producing, and testing a single weapon or space system thus became one of integrating all of the system's innumerable elements at the same time and ensuring that they all work harmoniously toward the same final goal.

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NORTHROP

RELIGION

THEOLOGY

The New Search for The Historical Jesus

Theological trends in Protestant divinity schools seem to come and go almost before laymen have time to find out what they are all about. Hardly was liberalism enthroned in the seminaries when neo-Orthodoxy came along to elbow it out of the way—and neo-Orthodoxy soon surrendered before Paul Tillich's ontological theology and the method of Scriptural study known as Form Criticism.

The newest theological emphasis is still virtually unknown to the church-going public, but it has become well entrenched in the universities of Central Europe in the last decade, and now, according to Theologian James Robinson, it is creating "quite a ground swell of interest" in U.S. seminaries. Robinson, of the Southern California School of Theology, calls this latest vogue "a new quest of the historical Jesus." Surprisingly enough, the quest has been undertaken not by Christian conservatives eager to save Jesus from scientific attack, but by the radical, skeptical disciples of a German Lutheran scholar whom many regard as an arch-heretic: Rudolf Bultmann, 78, retired professor of New Testament studies at the University of Marburg.

"Realistic" Biographies. Most Christian believers have been content to accept the Gospels as an accurate, pious record of the life and times of their Saviour. Others have wondered. Inspired by the rationalism of the Enlightenment and by the development of scientific historiography, German and French scholars between 1775 and 1900 tried

to write "realistic" biographies of Jesus. They stripped the Gospels of miraculous and dogmatic elements, and used new materials gleaned from non-Christian literary sources and from archaeology. Out of such efforts came such portraits as David Friedrich Strauss's Jesus as a Jewish sage, and Adolf von Harnack's Jesus as an ideal ethical humanist.

These efforts to write miracle-free biographies of Jesus—summed up in 1906 by Albert Schweitzer in his classic *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*—ended in failure. For one thing, explains Bultmann Disciple Günther Bornkamm, "it became alarmingly and terrifyingly evident how inevitably each author brought the spirit of his own age into his presentation of the figure of Jesus." For another, such turn-of-the-century theologians as Johannes Weiss and Wilhelm Wrede proved conclusively that the Gospels were not simple historical accounts but highly sophisticated theological works in which the oral tradition preserved by Christ's early disciples was considerably expanded. This oral tradition consisted almost exclusively of Jesus' sayings; thus his actions as recounted in the Gospels, and the geographical circumstances of his words—for example, the mountain of the Sermon on the Mount—were almost certainly the additions, based on extrapolation or invention, of a later tradition or of the Evangelists.

"We Can Know Nothing." During the 1920s, Bultmann sealed the doom of the old quest, as far as Europe was concerned.^{*} He argued that the Gospels

^{*} Since U.S. theology lags behind Germany's, the old quest was pursued in such works as Harry Emerson Fosdick's *The Man from Nazareth* (1949) and Morton Enslin's *The Prophets from Nazareth* (1961).

were interested not in presenting a dispassionate portrait of Jesus but in expressing the kerygma—the proclamation of the early church's faith in a Risen Christ. This meant that although the New Testament might be a primary source for a study of the early church, it was only a secondary one for a life of Jesus. Since the faith of later generations was really based upon the shining faith of the first Christians and not upon Jesus himself, theologians should forget about seeking the earthly Jesus and analyze the formation of the kerygma. "We can now know almost nothing concerning the life and personality of Jesus," Bultmann wrote in one of the shaping dicta of modern theology.

Bultmann himself later moved a step farther to the theological left and argued that to become credible for modern man, the kerygma must be "demythologized"—stripped of such unbelievable elements as its heaven-above, hell-below framework. But demythologizing, Robinson points out, threatened to end up with "the conclusion that the Jesus of the kerygma could well be only a myth." Deprived of its link with the historical Jesus, Christianity might end up as some kind of existentialist philosophy, of which Christ was little more than a mythological symbol.

Inevitably, the reaction set in. In 1953, at the annual seminar of Bultmann's "Marburg Disciples," Dr. Ernst Käsemann argued that it was time for theology to relate the Jesus of history to the proclaimed Christ of the kerygma. The proposal quickly found supporters, largely among Bultmann's students and disciples, who hold many top professorships in Biblical studies: Bornkamm and Erich Dinkler at Heidelberg, Käsemann at Tübingen, Herbert Braun at Mainz, Hans Conzelmann at Göttingen, Gerhard Ebeling at Zürich, Ernst Fuchs at Marburg's Institute of Hermeneutics. Initially open to the idea of the quest, Bultmann himself soon became skeptical, and freely criticizes his disciples' work.

Answers to Problems. Recently published in the U.S. is a layman's lucid study of this new quest, by German Protestant Journalist Heinz Zahrnt, called *The Historical Jesus* (Harper & Row; \$3.50). Zahrnt points out that the Marburgers differ among themselves about the scope and validity of the quest, but share certain assumptions as to how it ought to be carried out. For them, biography is not simply a record of "what happened when," but an explanation of how a person understood himself in the context of history. "Our existential experience is the condition for our interest in the historical Jesus," says Theologian Fuchs.

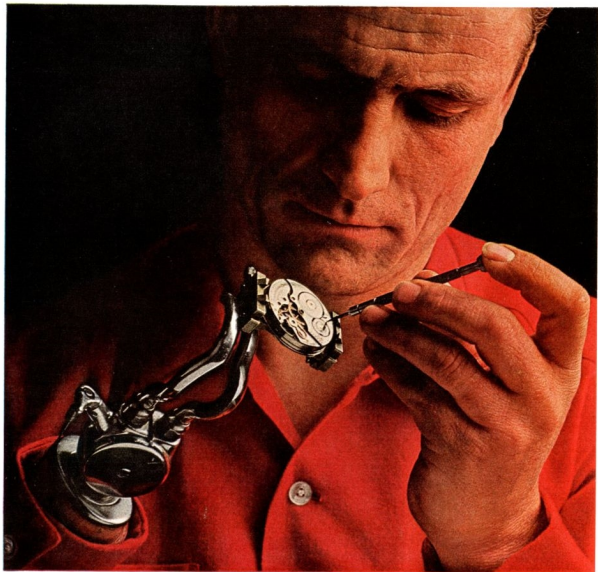
To many Protestants, the Jesus of the Marburgers will seem rather dim and unfamiliar. For example, they reject the childhood narratives in *Luke* as fictitious and myth-laden, deny the accuracy of any of the Evangelists' chronologies. Of the detailed Passion narratives,



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Reality or Myth?



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they accept as historically sound the bare facts that Jesus went to Jerusalem at the end of his ministry, supped with his disciples sometime toward Passover, stood trial before Pilate and was crucified. Bultmann's disciples also reject, as a creation of the post-Easter church, any saying of Jesus that refers to his filial relation to God. The disciples unanimously regard the Trinitarian formulations of the early church as later, metaphysical interpretations of Christ's relationship to God, and not as anything claimed by Jesus himself.

Messianic Claims. Undiscouraged by the amount of chaff that they feel obliged to winnow from the Gospels, the Marburgers are delighted that they have so much left of Jesus that even the most skeptical historian must accept. Moreover, the sayings of Jesus that they believe to be his in whole or part—rather than creations of the church—are of such a quality, says Zahnt, that "a single, absolutely distinctive picture of the person and work of Jesus emerges." This person was a prophetic rabbi who taught the imminence of the Kingdom of God and who dared to act in God's place by warning of the need for repentance. The Marburgers deny that Jesus explicitly claimed to be the Messiah, although Dinkler and Käsemann argue that he was conscious of his unique mission from God. It was in the light of the Resurrection—an event that Marburgers exclude from study as an event beyond the comprehension of scientific history—that the early church saw him as Messiah, and as the Christ, and so proclaimed him to the world.

The new quest of the historical Jesus has raised almost as many Christian hackles as the old one did. Non-Bultmannite Biblical critics, such as William Albright of Johns Hopkins, contend that the Marburgers are too skeptical in rejecting so much of the New Testament as unhistorical. Other theologians complain that in place of the humanist Jesus produced by the old quest, the new quest is shaping an existentialist one. Karl Barth grandly dismissed the quest as an irrelevant project.

The Marburgers are unswayed by such arguments. They argue that the Jesus of their studies is considerably more coherent than the part-man, part-superman, part-God image served up by most sermons. "Our effort," says Conzelmann, "is to make that image more precise." The disciples also charge that most of their critics misunderstand the purpose and methodology of the new quest. Far from destroying faith, it is meant to confirm it by establishing the facts about the earthly Jesus that even the most critical scientific historian would have to accept. More important, the quest seeks to prove that there is a historic continuity between the preaching of the earthly Jesus and the early church's proclamation of the Risen Christ. For with their enemies, the Marburg Disciples faithfully accept Christ as Lord and Savior of mankind.

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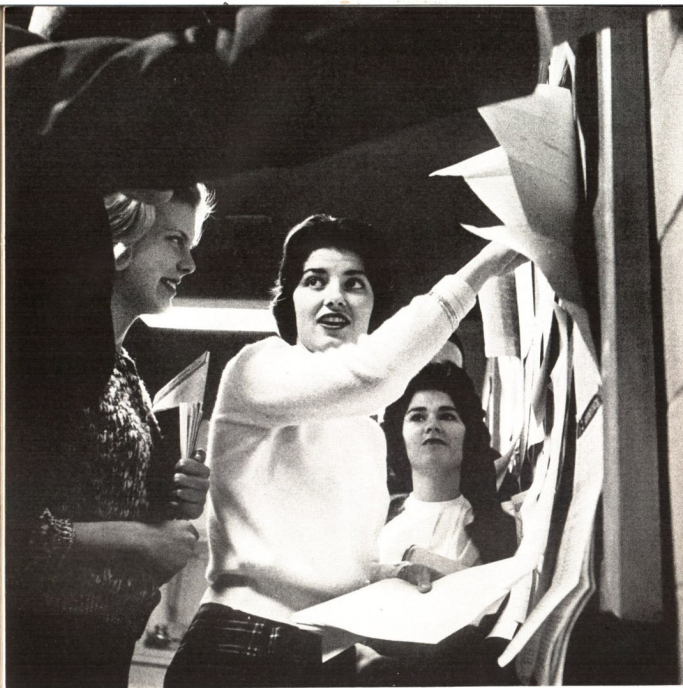


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SPORT

GOLF

Might Makes Right

Most golfers would be flattered to be mentioned in the same breath with Arnold Palmer. But not Mickey Wright. "Bah," she snorts, when people call her "the Arnold Palmer of women's golf." "Palmer and I don't have a thing in common. I have a classic swing. His is all wrong. He's just lucky he's strong as an ox."

Big words for a woman. But at 5 ft. 9 in. and 145 lbs., Mary Kathryn Wright, 28, is a big woman—and the best lady golfer in the world. After eight years as a pro, Mickey has won the U.S. Women's Open three times, the Ladies' P.G.A. three times, the Titleholders (female equivalent of the Masters) twice, and 45 pro tournaments in all—more than Arnie Palmer and Jack Nicklaus combined. She has been the leading money winner among lady pros for two years in a row (\$22,236 in 1961; \$21,642 in 1962), and her total winnings amount to \$127,000. By last week, she had entered ten 1963 tournaments, won six of them, placed second in two others, and put \$11,132 in the bank.

Those Foolish Fellows. What makes Mickey so good? Might, mainly. Most lady pros are plunk-plunk, soft, accurate hitters. Mickey is strictly wham-wham, the longest driver in the ladies' game today, perhaps the longest ever. "She hits the ball farther than Babe Zaharias ever did," says Veteran Pro Louise Suggs, "and she gets her distance entirely in the air. Babe got hers entirely on the roll." Mickey averages 225 yds. off the tee, often gets the ball out 270 yds.: with the help of a 40-m.p.h. wind in the Dallas Civitan Open in 1960, she actually overdrove the

RICHARD WEE—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



GOLFER WRIGHT
From Moose to master.

green on a 385-yd. hole. "I can outlast many men—much to their embarrassment," says Mickey gaily. "They think they are pitting their masculinity against my femininity, their strength against mine. That's foolish. They aren't competing with my strength; they're competing with the efficiency of my swing."

The daughter of a San Diego attorney, Mickey Wright began batting balls around a driving range at nine, played her first real round of golf at eleven. Within a year she was breaking 100. "The kids at school called me 'Moose,'" she says. "I had a terrible inferiority complex. I needed something to show my prowess. Golf was it." Mickey stopped feeling inferior at 15, when she shot a 70 in a San Diego tournament. In 1954 her father stalked her to a summer on the pro tour—as an amateur. Mickey was low amateur at the Tam O'Shanter, the St. Petersburg Open and the U.S. Open and was runner-up in the U.S. Amateur. She changed her amateur standing on the spot.

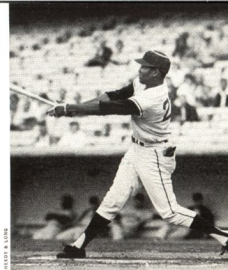
That Tournament Trail. Today, blonde, blue-eyed Mickey Wright is the woman to beat in every tournament she plays. "It's a case of if I win, well, I was supposed to. If I don't, it's 'What's the matter with Mickey Wright?'" A determined career girl with few thoughts of marriage, she logs 35,000 miles a year in an air-conditioned Oldsmobile Starfire (supplied free by General Motors) that is practically a closet on wheels. Her traveling wardrobe: seven cocktail dresses, 20 blouses, 30 pairs of Bermuda shorts, 20 sweaters, eleven pairs of shoes.

BASEBALL

Policeman of the Outhouse

It is an honored custom among ballplayers to brag loudest about what they do worst. So a pitcher who manages to beat out an infield roller struts around gloating. "Man! I really put the wood to it that time!" And Leon Wagner of the Los Angeles Angels confides: "I'm one of the best defensive outfielders in the game." At 29, Wagner may not be the game's worst gloveman (unlike Yogi Berra, he has never let a descending fly ball conk him on the head), but the tag of "Butcher" has stuck with him through three ball clubs and five big-league seasons. What Wagner does best is swing a bat left-handed, and last week he was swinging well enough to tie for second in home runs (15), rank third in RBIs (46), and third in batting (.332).

Twist in the Dugout. Wagner is the Angels' clowning glory. He heckles opposing players "unconsciously" (he means unmercifully), dances the twist in the dugout, and gleefully polices the "Outhouse"—the section in the back of the team bus reserved for goof-offs after each Angel game. Wagner's credentials are perfect for the job. Part Negro, part Cherokee Indian, he grew up in



ANGEL WAGNER
From Butcher to slugger.

Detroit, and decided early that the way to fun and fortune was to be a football star. But, alas, at Alabama's Tuskegee Institute he learned that college football players do not always get paid. Wagner quit after a year, with a hard-earned reputation as a *bon vivant*.

Baseball was obviously a less taxing and more lucrative occupation. Signed by the New York Giants in 1953, Wagner had no trouble solving minor-league pitching: over four seasons he averaged .324, and in 1956 he whacked 51 homers for Danville, Va. At last the Giants called him up. In gratitude, Wagner hit an enthusiastic .317—and dropped one out of every 18 flies. The horrified Giants traded him to the St. Louis Cardinals, who farmed him out again.


On the All Stars. "I haven't been recalled yet," Wagner says, but he did reform. "I spent hours shagging flies, practicing throws, working on low liners," he says. "I could get to the majors with my bat, but I knew I couldn't stay unless I got a glove." Picked up by the newborn Angels in 1961, Wagner finally got a chance to play regularly and made the most of it: .280 batting average, 28 homers, 79 RBIs. Last year he supplied the punch (37 homers, 107 RBIs) that kept the upstart Angels in first division. But his big moment came in the second 1962 All-Star game: a sliding circus catch of George Altman's sinking liner that did wonders for Wagner's ego. "Al Kaline may be a better rightfielder than I am," Wagner now concedes expansively. "But he's a magician. Roger Maris is good too—but nothing special. I'm at least as good as he is."

Wagner credits his early-season batting surge to a "secret weapon." His bat is a 33-oz. bludgeon with a thin, whip-like handle and the biggest business end (8.6 inches around) that baseball rules will allow. Wagner wears a golf glove on his left hand,* grips the bat

* A fairly common fad among ballplayers, who claim that it gives them a better grip on the bat. Other glove-wearers: New York's Roger Maris, Baltimore's Jackie Brandt, Boston's Frank Malzone.



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in unorthodox fashion—with his hands split two inches apart, à la Ty Cobb. "When my bat meets the ball," he says, "that old pill really takes off." Except in Chavez Ravine. For some mysterious reason, Slugger Wagner has yet to hit a homer in his own home park.

MOTORCYCLE RACING

Trying for a Ton

For 51 weeks out of the year, the tiny Isle of Man (221 sq. mi.) sits placidly in the Irish Sea, a quaint clinker of Celtic culture, noted mostly for its kippers and cats. But once a year the Isle is hell on wheels. Sandbags guard the sidewalks, the blat-atat of racing engines shatters the quiet, and gravediggers thoughtfully lay out new plots in Borough Cemetery. "Tourist Trophy Week" is at hand—and thousands of motorcycle riders arrive for a five-day

THE MOTOR CYCLE



CHAMPION REDMAN
One hand in a fog.

carnival of racing over one of the world's most perilous courses.

Suicide for Amateurs. In motorcycle parlance a "ton" means an average speed of 100 m.p.h. It is a hazardous pursuit on the Isle of Man's 37½-mile mountain course, where the hills and unbanked curves are a supreme test for even the pros. For amateurs it amounts to suicide. Yet every year, on "Black Sunday"—the day before the pro races start—thousands of begoggled young maniacs tear around the course, hoping to crack a ton. The first casualty last week was a 19-year-old bank clerk from Epsom, who did not even pause to check into his hotel before he wheeled his bike onto the course; he hurtled into a stonewall and was killed instantly. Within 24 hours another amateur was dead, and 20 more were in the hospital. Traffic cops gave up trying to slow down the thrill-crazy teen-agers. "During T.T. Week," explained one hobby, "anything goes."

Finally "Black Sunday" ended and the pros took over. Factory teams from as many as six nations were entered in the Lightweight (up to 250 cc. engine displacement) and Junior (350 cc.) classes, but all eyes were on the light, whippet-fast bikes from Japan that had been sweeping "baby" races all over the world. The Japanese alone fielded three teams, each with its own uniforms (orange for Honda, blue for Suzuki, grey for Yamaha), its own smartly drilled pit crew, its own stable of daredevil rid-

Consternation and Confusion

(Confuted)

Robertshaw Controls Company—now in its 65th year of purveying a myriad of ingenious devices contrived to impart inherent power of action within a heterogeneous and multitudinous assemblage of manufactured manifestations ranging through industries, structures, guided missiles, communications, turbines and power plants to the paraphernalia of the home—recently (in April) abridged its legal appellation by eliminating the intermediary word "Fulton," hoping thereby to assist its patrons in their quest for the best in automatic controls. To a not inconsiderable minority of esteemed purchasers picturizing our orthographic image as "Robert Shaw Controls Company" (may our founder Mr. Frederick W. Robertshaw [1853-1941] rest in peace), we vouchsafe all orders, no matter how addressed, in a manner which is equitable, unbiased and expeditious.

P.S. The last word in "automatic controls" is still

Robertshaw 

SHOULD YOU BE THINKING ABOUT RETIREMENT?

Whether You're 35 or 55

it's time you gave serious thought to "R-Day"—the day when you will retire. That's the advice of Gifford R. Hart, author of "Retirement—a New Outlook for the Individual." Now his observations on a long-range approach to retiring have been compiled in a new booklet—"Planning Ahead For Retirement"—which is yours for the asking from New York Life.

According to Mr. Hart (who retired at a comparatively early age), the more planning you put into retirement, the more it will yield in return.

Why Plan Ahead?

For one thing, it's important to be psychologically armed against possible "retirement shock." Though there seems to be no statistical truth in tales of physical deterioration or inevitable sudden death when a man retires, there are emotional factors to consider. If you have thoughtfully mapped out *when* you can retire, *where* you and your wife would like to live, *how* you can spend your newly earned leisure most profitably, you're almost sure to make mental adjustments with greater ease. And Mr. Hart's booklet can help you do this.

A New Way of Life

"For the first time in years you're free—free from tension, among other things, but also free from certain larger responsibilities and duties which, though they may have weighed heavily on you at times, did help fill your days with a sense of accomplishment and purpose. This is something you may miss . . . this feeling of *worthwhileness*."

Along with the need for feeling worthwhile, you'll also want the stability of economic security. Without prejudice, Mr. Hart reviews a number of ways that you can start saving now to supplement Social Security and other minimal retirement income. Most of all, "forget the word 'retirement.' . . . Think of your emergence from business as graduation, or rebirth or escape: the long delayed chance to live your life as it should be lived . . ."

Firsthand Advice—Yours Free

Although each individual's case varies, there are basic steps that all men should be taking to assure a richer, fuller retirement. And so Gifford Hart's program is of universal interest to younger and older people alike. For your *free* copy of this informative booklet, send the coupon, or ask your New York Life Agent. *The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know.*

Start your financial planning with NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY *(style)*

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New York 10, New York
(Or 443 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ont.)

I would like a free copy of
"Planning Ahead for Retirement"

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

County _____

State _____

LIFE INSURANCE • GROUP INSURANCE • ANNUITIES
HEALTH INSURANCE • PENSION PLANS

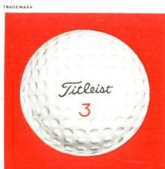
TITLEIST LEADS THE TOUR

The Titleist golf ball has been the overwhelming favorite of professionals and top amateurs in every major tournament this year.

TITLEIST LEADS IN PRO SHOPS

More Titleists are sold in pro shops than any other ball... regardless of price.

Whether you're a scratch player or a weekend golfer, the best equipment helps. Play Titleist.



ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

Sold Thru Golf Course Pro Shops Only

ers. Honda's Jim Redman, 31, a Southern Rhodesian, stole the show: he averaged 95.6 m.p.h. to win the Lightweight race, came back two days later to win the Junior race as well—averaging 94.9 m.p.h. despite pelting rain and fog. "At one stage," said Redman, "I was hanging on with one hand, using the other like a windshield wiper on my goggles."

Flat Out for Speed. Then it was the heavyweights' turn. Britain's Mike Hailwood, 23, waited patiently while mechanics fiddled with the throttle of his scarlet, Italian-made M.V. Augusta, revving the engine to warm up heavy racing oil. "May the best man win," boomed a loudspeaker, and the starting gun fired. Legs pumping furiously, Hailwood pushed the big 500-cc. bike across the starting line. The engine caught, and he hopped aboard side-

saddle, gunning his throttle in the same motion. By the time he heaved a leg over the saddle and slipped into position, he was already 100 yds. down the straightaway, topping 70 m.p.h.

Hailwood leaned forward along the M.V.'s gas tank, resting his chin on a sponge rubber shock absorber, hiking his legs up like a jockey. He rocketed through "The Bungalow"—a series of left and right bends—at more than 100 m.p.h., steering by shifting his weight from side to side. Flat out on the straights, he gunned up to 150 m.p.h. Hailwood sped six times around the twisting course and flashed across the finish line more than 2 min. ahead of his closest competitor. Astonished officials announced that he had broken the course record with an average speed of 104.6 m.p.h.—and that the first three finishers all had cracked a ton.

MILESTONES

Born. To Peter O'Toole, 29, fast-rising Irish cinemactor (*Lawrence of Arabia*), currently making *Becket* with Richard Burton, and Welsh Actress Sian Phillips, 28: a second child, second daughter; in Dublin.

Divorced. By Alfred Bertram ("Bud") Guthrie Jr., 62, novelist (*The Way West*) and screenwriter (*Shane*): Harriet Larson Guthrie, 55; on grounds of cruelty; after 32 years of marriage, two children; in Billings, Mont.

Died. Georges Wildenstein, 71, dean of art dealers, a nicely balanced mixture of scholar and bookie with an encyclopedic knowledge of the masters and a computer-like memory (he once spotted an unidentified Watteau, got it for \$30), who inherited the house of Wildenstein from his father Nathan in 1934, carried on the family tradition of spot cash for multimillion-dollar collections, blue-chip customers (from Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum to Stavros Niarchos) and controversy (he caused a national uproar in 1960 after he outbid the Louvre for a De La Tour, then exported it to the Met, making himself a profit of at least \$500,000); of a heart attack; in Paris.

Died. Ira Haupt, 74, one of Wall Street's better-known stockbrokers, who began as a runner at 13, was a member of the Stock Exchange at 24, built a thriving brokerage house with ten offices across the U.S., and used his wealth to grow orchids and, with his wife, *Seventeen* Editor and Publisher Enid Haupt, collect French impressionist art; of cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. Gaston Ramon, 76, French microbiologist, who followed in Louis Pasteur's footsteps at the Pasteur Institute, in 1923 developed the first safe

and effective diphtheria vaccine, later produced the first antistaphylococcus vaccine; of a heart attack; in Paris.

Died. Victor Frank Ridder, 77, publisher, who with his two brothers took over a Manhattan German-language weekly from their father in 1915, put together a chain of eight profitable newspapers in one-paper cities (among them St. Paul and Duluth, Minn., Long Beach and Pasadena, Calif.), plus the country's oldest business paper, the 136-year-old *Journal of Commerce*; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Andrew Browne Cunningham, 80, Viscount of Hyndhope, a crusty, klaxon-voiced sea dog who as Britain's Mediterranean commander in chief in World War II sank the pride of the Italian navy at Taranto and Cape Matapan, blocking Rommel's supply route and turning Mussolini's vaunted *Mare Nostrum* into "Cunningham's Pond"; of a heart attack; in London.

Died. Cromwell Arthur Bedford Halvorsen, 80, inventor and General Electric engineer, who turned Thomas Edison's original light bulb into a flood of stop lights, headlights and searchlights, most notably the arc light that in 1911 made Broadway the Great White Way; of a heart attack; in Salem, Mass.

Died. Jacques Villon (real name: Gaston Duchamp), 87, French painter and engraver, a Norman notary's son who as a youth took the last name of Vagabond Poet François Villon, with his younger brother Marcel Duchamp joined the Cubists in 1911, but won only minor notice until after World War II, when he turned to gayer colors and greater realism, becoming a favorite of U.S. museums; of uremic poisoning; in the Paris suburb, Puteaux.

“What else would I do— join the Army?”

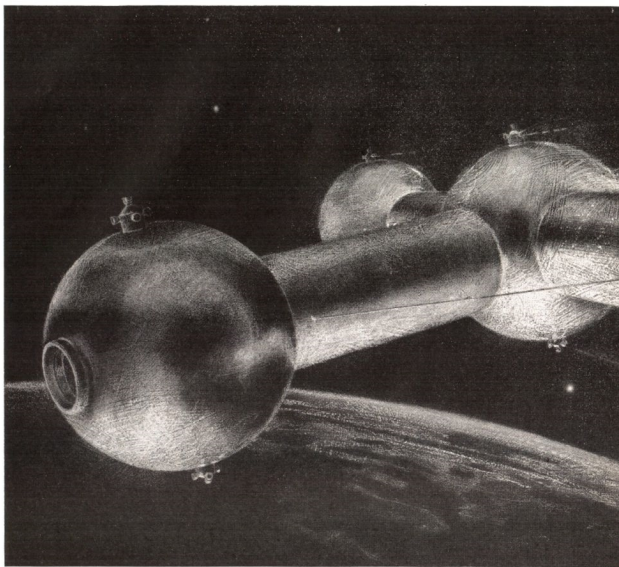
The speaker is a disenchanted Haverford College student, explaining why he's still in school. If he can't think of a better reason for staying, he probably will drop out. His is not an isolated case.

Of the approximately 1.1 million students entering college this fall, more than 600,000 will drop out before they finish. Surprisingly, inability to do college work isn't a major factor.

In this week's *LIFE* a major word and picture report takes a searching look at the college quitter, why he quits, and where he goes. Usually the problem is emotional in character but some students, *LIFE* finds, simply lack motivation. A Harvard student, for example, was asked why he left college. “I didn't know why I was there,” he answered. “I felt I should go back to tangible things—such as carpentry.”

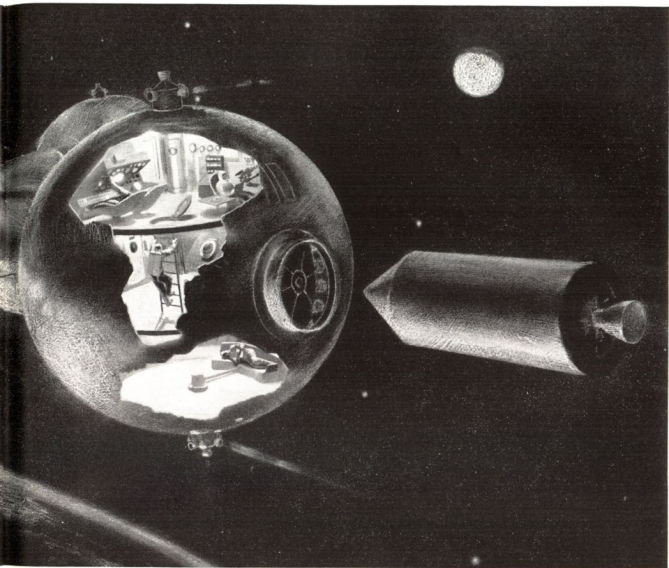
LIFE

... Dropouts on the campus; demonstrations in Mississippi; dilemma in Britain: each week *LIFE* spans the globe to report on the events and trends that shape our world. This kind of reporting has a magnetic attraction for people who care. People you like to talk to read *LIFE*.



How do you reduce the cost of
building a manned space station?

...another complex problem which Douglas and
the aerospace industry are helping NASA solve



A space craft docks in the Douglas designed module of an assembled space station. As crew members go about routine duties, one crewman in the module's lower cabin is gravity-conditioned on a centrifuge.

The race for space supremacy is too critical to risk victory by pinching pennies. But the men most concerned also know that success depends on squeezing every ounce of value from the dollars and skills invested.

An example of this is a Douglas proposal for a way to utilize expended vehicles which will already be in orbit (like Saturn S-IV and S-IVB tanks) in building space stations from which various space missions could be launched. This method would sharply cut the great expense of launching new components to serve as space living quarters and laboratories. Time and effort would also be saved.

As conceived by Douglas engineers, key element in the new technique is the SPACEBALL, a unique

modular space vehicle easily boosted aloft. SPACEBALL would be designed to link expended space vehicle stages and dock many types of space craft ...like the Gemini and Apollo capsules.

Any number of these modular units could be joined to provide space stations or even space ships of almost any size that might be needed.



Major Douglas Divisions are located in Santa Monica and Long Beach, California, Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Charlotte, North Carolina.



SCREEN STARS!

PAUL KRUMREI AND GERALD STAFFON may not be matinee idols, but they do have leading roles in the production of Consolidated Enamel Printing Papers.

As the wood chips pass over the vibrating screen, Paul and Gerald make certain that they are perfect for pulpmaking. It's a performance that requires all their combined 56 years of experience.

The point is that even in all modern paper mills like Consolidated, human judgment and skills still play an important part in papermaking. At Consolidated you'll find the greatest concentration of these enamel paper-

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U.S. BUSINESS

INDUSTRY

Aiming at the Market Instead of the Moon

The magic word in U.S. industry is research, which has created everything from transistor radios to measles vaccine since World War II. This year the U.S. will invest a record \$17 billion in research and development, or an average of \$300 for every family. Businessmen, economists and scientists are increasingly worried that too great and growing a part of this enormous effort is now commanded by the Government. Last week top scientists testified before the Senate Space Committee that Government spending for space and military survival is diverting too much money and manpower away from the development of the civilian products that create new industries, new jobs and economic growth.

In the growing debate over research, U.S. businessmen are sharply divided. Some major defense contractors, such as Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Vice Chairman Simon Ramo, argue that the romantic challenge of space and missile is likely to produce a broad base of research that will eventually benefit

JULIAN RABER



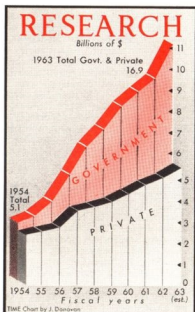
RADIATION CHEMISTRY AT NORTH AMERICAN
Uninterested in washing machines.

U.S. business. But many businessmen find themselves agreeing with President Kennedy, who admitted in his economic report to the nation this year: "We have paid a price by sharply limiting the scarce scientific and engineering resources available to the civilian sectors of the American economy."

Much for Few. There is no doubt that the Government has become the pervasive senior partner in most research. Ten years ago, U.S. business financed two-thirds of the nation's research; today Government finances two-thirds of it—to the benefit of relatively

few industries. Of the Government's multi-billion dollar disbursement to U.S. business for research and development this year, more than 90% will go to just five industries (aerospace, electronics, autos, machinery and chemicals), and a full 30% to just four companies (Lockheed, General Dynamics, Boeing and North American Aviation). Beyond that, so much "private" research by business is directed toward Government contracts that scarcely \$3 billion will be spent in 1963 for purely commercial ends. Says Assistant Secretary of Commerce J. Herbert Hollomon: "Our big increases in science funds have not led to corresponding increases in the rate of growth of our economy."

Many corporate chiefs complain that Government research programs suffer

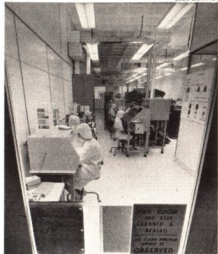


from the bureaucratic ills of mismanagement, wastefulness, duplication and inefficiency. And every knowing businessman realizes that it takes a long time to translate Government research into new products in the marketplace; commercial atomic power, mail-by-missile and tourist trips to the moon are still very far from reality. An even greater concern for businessmen is that Government projects are luring the best researchers away from industry and pushing up the salaries of those who remain. "Scientists and engineers are just not interested in working on a new type of washing machine," says Herman Sheets, research chief at General Dynamics' Electric Boat Division. While washers may seem mundane to many, they are nonetheless vital to the sort of economy that has made the U.S. prosperous. "We are a world power,"

says University of Chicago Economist Yale Brozen, "as much because of our civilian productivity as because of our arsenal of guided missiles and atom bombs."

Help for Some. The backers of great Government spending for research and development contend that the Government's efforts have enabled the U.S. to snatch leadership in research from Europe and to produce 80% of the world's current research. Almost all the nation's breakthrough products of recent years—from jet planes to fertilizers to aero-

JACK BERHOUT



MOLECULAR ELECTRONICS AT WESTINGHOUSE
Responsive to romantic challenge.

sol bombs—have been largely bankrolled by Washington. The only important basic products that business has devised wholly on its own are Bell Laboratories' transistors and the picture-in-seconds cameras of Polaroid.

If the inventiveness of U.S. industry has lagged, argues Presidential Science Adviser Jerome Wiesner, it is not just because Government has monopolized the brightest minds. "We're simply not spending the money to train more people in other areas," he says. "If we had the will to do both, we would do both." Hoping to stimulate that will, the Commerce Department is pressing Congress to set up a Civilian Industrial Technological Program that would establish closer links between business and universities, provide tax write-offs for private research and create other special incentives for probing into such technically backward industries as textiles, construction, coal and metal working.

Since there are few signs that Government will soon cut back on its research—the signs are quite the contrary—U.S. industry has little choice but to watch out for its own interests by building a healthy research program aimed at the market instead of the moon.

CORPORATIONS

The Language Merchants

U.S. businessmen are learning that money talks better overseas if it speaks the local language. The man who has done the most to teach them that fact of life—and the languages—is President Robert Strumpen-Darrie, 51, of Berlitz Schools of America. Berlitz has profited greatly from the expansion of U.S. companies abroad; since 1952, the number of executives taking company-paid language courses at Berlitz has jumped from 300 to 3,500. And President Strumpen-Darrie is convinced that every syllable is worth its rather high cost. "We have found," he says, "that an executive who speaks the language of the country can start being effective six months earlier than one who does not."

Welcome for Wives. Last week circuit-riding Berlitz instructors were teaching Japanese in Chicago to employees of Caterpillar Tractor, Spanish and German in Moline to officials of John Deere, and French in Wilmington to executives of Du Pont. U.S. Steel sends large groups of executives to Berlitz to determine which ones can learn Spanish fastest, later selects some of them for assignment to Venezuela. Corporation wives are almost always included in the various courses; companies have found that wives who are left speechless abroad soon start clamoring for a costly transfer back home.

With U.S. businessmen buying and selling in increasingly remote parts of the world, Berlitz now teaches 46 living languages from Afrikaans to Urdu. President Strumpen-Darrie (who gets by in half a dozen languages) and 48-year-old Vice President Charles Berlitz (15 languages fluently, another 15 passably) insist that non-European tongues are usually no tougher than European ones, and that almost anyone can gain a rough working knowledge after 30 hours of instruction and a good fluency

(a 3,000-word vocabulary) after 120 hours. The price: \$3 for group lessons, \$6 for individual sessions. For Berlitz, this amounts to a profitable business that grosses some \$4,000,000 a year from teaching, translation and textbook royalties through 32 branches in North and Central America. A separate Paris-based company, spun off after World War I, runs 208 Berlitz outlets overseas.

Speak No English. Whether the learners are businessmen or Peace Corps volunteers, Berlitz teaches by what it calls The Method. The system was devised by Charles Berlitz's mustachioed grandfather, Maximilian, who came out of the Black Forest 85 years ago to start a language business in Providence, went on to engage such temporary teachers as Leon Trotsky and James Joyce. Using The Method, native-born instructors today speak in class only the language they teach, forbid English, repeat constantly, and guide befuddled beginners with props and pictures. Nelson Rockefeller learned his Spanish that way, and Douglas Dillon perfected his French. Academic critics charge that The Method is cultural and fails to teach people to comprehend such things as the nuances of foreign-language poetry. Berlitz does not debate the point; but it does claim that it can help a businessman close a deal by giving him an effective working knowledge of the everyday language.

BANKING

Cashing In on Convenience

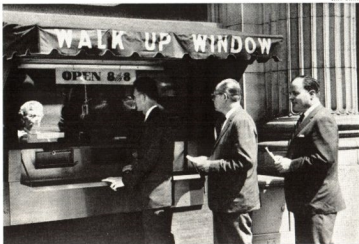
For customers who like to do their banking along with the family shopping, the San Antonio Savings Association has opened nine branches inside local Handy-Andy supermarkets, right among the soap and spinach. The Bank of Pasadena has a limousine service that carries banking directly to customers who cannot get to the bank; a small truck with a two-way radio wheels around town doing business for the Endicott National Bank of Endicott,

N.Y. Chicago's Home Federal Savings and Loan can provide instant mortgage appraisals for telephone callers by dispatching a bank officer to their homes in a radio-equipped car that regularly prowls the city.

These are just a few of the new services and conveniences that banks and savings and loan associations all over the U.S. are offering in a scramble for business. With more money in their vaults than ever before, the banks want to make more loans. Big companies are borrowing proportionately less now because high profits and liberalized depreciation allowances have made them very liquid; so the bankers are becoming increasingly solicitous toward the small customer. Since they want his checking and savings accounts as well as his loan business, they are using almost every lure that money can buy.

Borrow by Night. Bankers' hours are gradually becoming customers' hours; many banks now stay open as late as 6 p.m. on weekdays, and even open their doors on weekends. This week San Francisco's Golden Gate National Bank will shatter tradition by opening a downtown branch that will do business from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. on weekdays and to 5 p.m. on Saturdays. Particularly for people who work at night and cannot get to the bank without disturbing daytime sleep, Manhattan's First National City Bank is pushing a "Dial-a-Loan" service, in which loans can be sought and approved by telephone. Washington's District of Columbia National Bank, only eight months old, opens its doors after hours for customers who need service, even dispatches a bank executive to their homes.

Like the District of Columbia's National, many banks now waive service charges to win customers, figuring that the money they made on service will be more than equalled by new business. To win the community's approval, scores of banks have set up free community rooms for Boy Scout and P.T.A. meetings. Some also act as ticket brokers for plays or ball games; the Bank of



CONVENIENCE BANKING IN GARY, IND.
Customers use it as their travel agent.



EXECUTIVE & WIFE LEARNING JAPANESE
Money talks the local lingo.

SHOW OFF?

NEVER! You should never have to apologize for this movie projector's actions.

This new KODAK PAGEANT Projector is put together so that you have no parts to attach, or find, or wonder about when you're setting it up. You have nothing to lose.

Even its power cord is permanently attached. And its cord is a long, 12-foot double length so you can forget about looking up or hooking up extensions.

Politely, this projector shows you how the film goes. Just follow the red line when you thread it and you should never have to ad lib your way into a movie again.

No awkward waits for sound system warm-up. Push a button. Hear sound instantly!

This KODAK PAGEANT Projector has a new, space-age sound system that won't act up during a performance. It's electronically quiet (no hiss, no static, no popping, no crackling). You'll probably never need to have it fixed. You can definitely forget about carrying or storing spare parts for it.

It's all transistors. Which means no vacuum tubes to worry about. It also has a lifetime solar cell. Meaning noise-free sound, without the problems of the fragile photocell it replaces.

It has rugged printed circuitry that can't be jostled or bumped out of kilter. And it has a new idea in exciter lamps. The one that comes with the projector should be the one you trade in with the projector years later.

With all these excellent features, you can keep volume at a level that won't disturb people in the next room, yet everyone at your show hears the slightest whisper on the screen. They are never distracted by machinery noises. There are so few moving parts and they move so quietly, the machine never calls attention to itself.

The picture your audience sees is always bright, yet with no eye-fatiguing "hot spots." Picture brilliance is the same all over the screen—the picture is fully visible even in hard-

to-darken rooms, thanks to the exclusive KODAK SUPER-40 Shutter.

The sound your audience hears is never mush-mouthed. It speaks up, out of a big, 11" x 6" baffled speaker—a speaker sized to handle full amplifier power, reproducing every sound it is possible to record on the film.

If you like a lot of switches and dials to fiddle with on a movie projector, we're sorry. This machine has only one button for sound, and one dial for volume, another for tone. That's all.

If you'd like to show off a little with a projector that won't steal the show, ask for this KODAK PAGEANT 16mm Sound Projector, Model AV-126-TR. To see and hear it work, or read illustrated literature about it, write your name and address here:

Then send it back to us at the address below.

Check this box ☐ and we'll have a Kodak dealer call you to arrange for a convenient demonstration. No obligation, of course.

KODAK PAGEANT Projector
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Dept. 8-V, Rochester 4, N. Y.



Indiana in Gary books plane and hotel reservations anywhere in the world for its customers, has outdoor "walk-up windows" to serve them. New York's Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co. has started an offbeat radio and TV advertising campaign to attract more customers, is offering the fashion-conscious checkbooks whose covers come in "currency green," "ingot gold," "bond beige" or simulated cobra and leopard.

Tailored Services. No longer content with passing out green stamps and other gifts, banks are also increasingly tailoring their services to specialized needs. The First National Bank of Boston boasts a "Dollars for Scholars" plan that stretches out the financing of a college education and provides an automatic insurance plan should a parent die. California's Beverly Hills National Bank has a "Career Girl Accounts" plan, in which young women who open checking accounts simultaneously make credit applications, later can get quick loans.

One of the biggest departures from traditional policy is the trend among banks to open lines of credit for all depositors. When a depositor overdraws, the bank automatically peps up his account with a quick loan, thus avoids customer complaints about bounced checks and collects for itself an interest payment on the loan (usually 1% monthly); Washington's D.C. National thus covers overdrafts of up to \$1,000. All together, the revolution in services is enough to make a customer laugh on his way to the bank—if he is still old-fashioned enough to make the trip.

MANAGEMENT

Human Failings

Why do businesses go broke? Taking an annual pulse count of U.S. business, Dun & Bradstreet last week blamed the great majority of business failures on incompetent or inexperienced management. Of 15,782 failures in 1962, 91.3% were due directly to management fumbles that caused poor sales, a poor competitive position, crushing overhead or inventory problems. The highest industrial failure rates were among the makers of furniture, electrical machinery, shoes and transportation equipment; on the retail level, the failure list was headed by children's and ladies' wear stores, sporting-goods shops and furniture stores.

Some ominous new trends popped up in the survey. Though some 1,300 fewer businesses failed last year than in 1961, the companies that failed were generally bigger and the overall loss greater (\$1.2 billion v. 1961's \$1 billion). In 1962, 134 failing companies had liabilities of more than \$1,000,000 each compared with 96 the year before. As usual, more than half of all failures occurred among companies five years old or less, but the number of companies that collapsed after ten years rose to 22% of the total. The apparent reason: logy reflexes in the face of stiffened competition.



LINK'S KELLY (LEFT) & APOLLO SIMULATOR
Some real strong men have screamed.

TECHNOLOGY

Profit in Make-Believe

Some time in 1964 three U.S. astronauts will wriggle into a bell-shaped Apollo capsule, strap themselves into contour couches and await the blast-off into a challenging two-week adventure. Through the capsule's windows, they will see the flash and smoke of blast-off, then the approaching clouds, the indigo sky, and finally the star-speckled blackness of outer space. Later, as they view the looming surface of the moon, they will begin another countdown to launch a smaller detachable capsule for a lunar landing. Before the astronauts see earth again, their skill and nerves will be severely tested by instrument failures, pressure drops, misfiring retro-rockets and unexpected heat waves.

Calculated Fantasy. Actually, no U.S. lunar landing is expected before 1967—but in 1964 the astronauts will take a test "trip," without ever leaving the ground, in an Apollo simulator built by General Precision's Link Division of Binghamton, N.Y. Link's business is make-believe, and the company has performed it so well that it has moved ahead of competing Curtiss-Wright to become the world's largest builder of simulators that unerringly reproduce the sights, sounds and problems of everything from jets to space capsules.

In addition to the \$9,500,000 contract for two Apollo simulators, Link has won \$39 million in new orders in the past twelve months, including a \$1,300,000 award to build the computer for the Gemini simulator and \$3,500,000 for a general-purpose space-flight simulator. Link also builds flight simulators for the Grumman Gulfstream, the Lockheed Electra, the Convair 880, the DC-8 and Boeing's 707, 720 and 727 jets. This week Link is working out the final details of a contract to build two simulators for a new NATO antisubmarine patrol plane, the turboprop Atlantique 1150.

Sensations & Problems. There is nothing simulated about Link's success. The company now faces its brightest future since Founder Edwin Link, now 58, put together the first flight trainer in 1929. After selling thousands of Link Trainers to Allied Air Forces in World War II, Link foresaw the postwar rush to jets, began developing the electronic jet simulator now used by 14 airlines. To get needed development funds, Link in 1954 merged into General Precision Equipment Corp., became a semi-active director. Though its figures are buried within General Precision's, the Link division had 1962 sales of about \$30 million, made a profit of about \$750,000.

The key to the Link Division's continued success is a sophisticated digital computer that none of its competitors have yet duplicated. Programmed with an aircraft's or capsule's flight characteristics, the computer feeds all the sensations and problems of flight into a simulator whose interior is an exact replica of the real thing. Airlines like to use simulators for training pilots because they are safe and cost only \$300 an hour to operate v. \$1,200 an hour for a jet.

Thunder & Smoke. Link's simulators are so authentic that the Federal Aviation Agency allows airline pilots to use them for most flight proficiency checks. The sound effects inside the simulator duplicate perfectly the whine of the engines. Says Link President Lloyd Kelly, 43, a World War II flight instructor: "One strange noise during simulated flight can destroy the illusion." The earth passes by below on a continuous rubber belt, which holds a miniature landscape that is picked up and fed into the simulator cabin by closed-circuit color TV. Thunder booms and lightning flashes; smoke actually seeps into the cabin when a panel light indicates a cabin fire. If the pilot commits a disastrous error that would cause a crash, the controls lock and a horn blares loudly. At that moment, veteran pilots have been known to break down and scream.

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Medical Payments.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	20% reduction
Collision.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	30% reduction
Comprehensive.....	No reduction or increase.....	30% reduction
Uninsured Motorists.....	No reduction or increase.....	25% reduction
Towing and Labor.....	No reduction or increase.....	30% reduction

(GEICO also gives you the usual additional savings in New York State of 10% for COMPACT CARS and 25% on additional cars when MORE-THAN-ONE-CAR is insured.)

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Check your eligibility—must be over age 21 and under 65.

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MILITARY PERSONNEL—Active, Reserve, National Guard or Retired

☐ Commissioned officer—NCO of top 5 pay grades (NCO on active duty must be at least age 25 and, if in pay grade E-5 or E-6, must be married.)

Name..... ☐ Male ☐ Single

Residence Address..... ☐ Female ☐ Married

City..... Zone..... County..... State.....

Occupation (Rank if on active duty)..... Age.....

Is car principally kept on a farm or ranch? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Location of car if not at above address.....

Year	Make	Model	# Cyl.	Body Style	Purchase Date	Mo.	Yr.	New
								<input type="checkbox"/> Use

My present policy expires Mo.....Yr.....

Days per week auto driven to work?.....One way distance is.....

Is car used in business other than to or from work? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Additional male operators under age 25 in household at present time:

Age	Relation	Married or Single	% of Use
			%
			%



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It's the right market, but the wrong way to reach it. How about your approach? Is your advertising plan aimed at your greatest market potential?

The profit squeeze in today's economy forces advertisers to put a premium on efficiency. With Spot TV you advertise where you want to and when you want to. Spot TV doesn't waste money because it can be made to match your individual marketing plan.

Spot TV is the versatile medium. It bolsters sales in one market, and meets the challenge of new competition in another. It enables you to test a program, a product, a merchandising idea. It's the most effective way to apply seasonal control or timing to your advertising.

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There are three simple steps to modern, specialized advertising. Spot your markets. Use the flexible medium, Spot TV. And call on the personalized service of TvAR.

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REPRESENTING

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Good incentive for salesmen

Yes, a little extra money is a good incentive. But actually, salesmen work harder for S&H Green Stamps every time. That little cash bonus disappears into the family budget to pay the utility bills. But S&H Green Stamps will be redeemed for those much-wanted, often-denied luxuries. And thanks to S&H's vast buying power, when Green Stamps are redeemed they are worth more than an equivalent cash award.

Even a small number of Green Stamps earned at work are appreciated, since they can be combined with the Green Stamps given by thousands of retail outlets. Your own S&H Green Stamp Incentive Program can be set up so that every salesman can earn some stamps. This keeps everyone's interest high, even if top winners show up early.

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but these are better!

To guarantee the success of your incentive program, S&H offers a most comprehensive creative planning service. As the leading experts in motivation, S&H puts its 67 years of experience and integrity to work for you. A trained S&H Incentive Specialist works with you to create a program to fit your people, objectives (sales, safety, suggestions, etc.), and budget. He sees to it that your program runs smoothly. Mail this coupon now to get complete information.

S&H Green Stamp



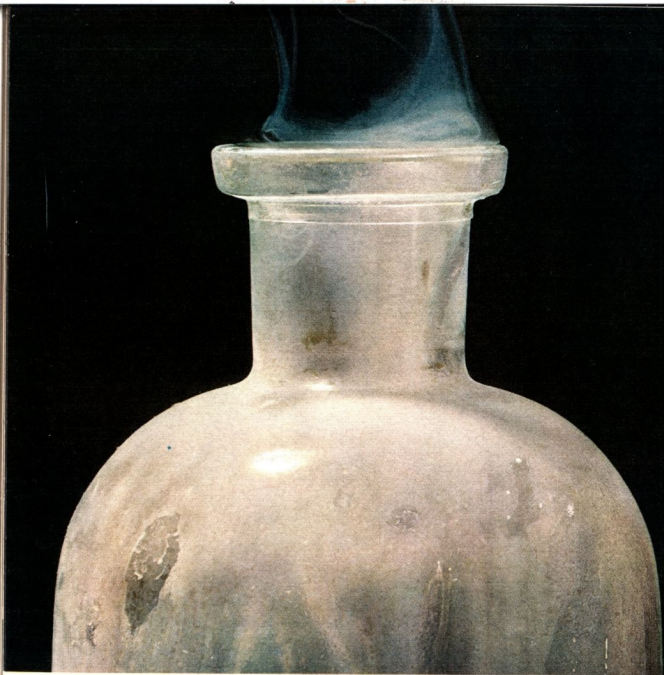
Incentive Plans

THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY

Incentive Division, Dept. T-636, 114 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.

Please send full information on the
S&H Green Stamp Incentive Plan

NAME _____



McLouth's pulled the stopper on a better method for cleaning steel

For years, hydrochloric acid has been known as a great steel cleaning agent. Now McLouth has developed a new "tower shower", a pioneering technique that uses this powerful solvent to put a faster and more precise final "pickle" on steel. No more soaking in open tanks of sulphuric acid; we spray our steel clean, inside long shafts built into an 18-story tower. It's sort of a vertical car-wash that gives us greater control and safer operations inside the plant—and provides a cleaner surface on steel. So once again, McLouth is first with a new steelmaking idea that brings better products to our customers faster and more efficiently.

McLOUTH STEEL CORPORATION—DETROIT, TRENTON AND GIBALTAR, MICHIGAN
NYR6



WORLD BUSINESS

THE NETHERLANDS

Gateway to Europe

The Dutch port of Rotterdam is already Europe's biggest seaport, and the prosperity of the Common Market pours through it in a growing current of trade. Strategically set astride the Rhine-Meuse waterway, which leads to the heart of industrial Europe, Rotterdam handles more cargo than Antwerp, Bremen and Hamburg put together—and nearly as much as New York (90.1 million tons v. New York's 90.5). Ambitious Rotterdam and its wily businessmen are not content with second place. They have launched a campaign to pass New York as the world's biggest port, are busily building a \$250 million addition, called Europoort, that they expect will do the trick.

As the gateway to Europe (its watery fingers reach into every Common Market country except Italy), Rotterdam last year handled 25,000 ocean-going ships and 250,000 barges. Unlike New York's spread-out and orderly waterfront, its 17-mile river route to the North Sea is a forest of cranes, derricks and masts through which ships of all sizes confidently move in every direction. Along its banks are such big oil refiners as Shell, Caltex, Esso, Mobil and British Petroleum, which have made Rotterdam one of the world's main oil-refining centers. The port boasts the Verolme shipyards, one of Europe's biggest, the headquarters of the Holland-America Line, the world's biggest artificial harbor, and a growing chemical and petrochemical complex.

Nothing but Work. While location has played a major part in Rotterdam's success, equal credit must go to the farsighted businessmen of the city. Rotterdam was devastated by German bombing in World War II, and retreating Germans dynamited 35% of the harbor facilities. But even under Nazi occupation, Rotterdam's businessmen met secretly and laid plans for the harbor's postwar expansion. At war's end, they invested all available money in the port, purposely leaving the main district a bombed-out, barren plain for five years. Rotterdam built steadily, has increased its prewar business 276%.

Living in one of Europe's least exciting cities, Rotterdamers have little else to do but work and plan. The city's businessmen and burghers have learned well how to bludgeon their projects through the Dutch government. One favorite trick is to get a commitment for projects on the basis of low-cost estimates, then trap the government into supporting rising estimates once the project is under way. Filling 3,125 watery acres for the Botlek oil piers in 1954, Rotterdamers estimated costs at \$35.9 million; eventually, after the

government gave approval, the piers cost \$41.4 million. When the government refused permission for a runway extension at Zestienhoven Airport, the city, realizing that more room would be needed for jet traffic, built the extension anyway, covered it with sod until the project finally got approval.

Filling In the Sea. To get the land it needs for its growing industries and shipping facilities, Rotterdam has relentlessly expanded into the North Sea, will fill in and raise 12,000 acres of lowland to create the Europoort. It needs all the room it can get. Gulf is building a new refinery in the Europoort, Tide-water Oil is moving in, and Britain's big Imperial Chemical Industries has already started a petrochemical complex. The port is building a new grain harbor whose 420-meter jetty will be the world's biggest. Last week, contracts were signed for a \$25 million Benelux Tunnel under the Maas River to make

access to the outer port easier; Rotterdamers are also building a subway in the soggy soil by dredging a canal down their main street, lowering concrete tubes into it, then pumping the tubes out; eventually they will be covered with earth.

Overlooking all this activity stands an impressionistic statue called *Devastated City*, commemorating the city's wartime agony and postwar sacrifice. The work of Russian-born Sculptor Ossip Zadkine, it depicts a man with upraised arms, and, where his heart should be, a hole to symbolize suffering. The statue will be really finished, says Zadkine, only "when a bird nests where the heart should be." Considering the way Rotterdam abhors any unused space, that day may not be far off.

JAPAN

Pleasing the Ancestors

Like chewing gum, rock 'n' roll and girls in slacks, people's capitalism was unthinkable in prewar Japan. Today, an estimated 6,000,000 Japanese—many of them housewives, factory workers and shopkeepers—own stocks. An average trading day on the Tokyo Exchange sees no fewer than 100 million shares of stock change hands. The trail blazer in this phenomenal growth of stock ownership is a jovial, pipe-chewing *kabuya* (securities broker) named Tsunao Okumura, who has fought public apathy, occupation forces, and the power of Kabuto-cho, Japan's Wall Street, to educate the Japanese public in the benefits of owning stocks.

Stubborn Man. Okumura, 60, is chairman of Tokyo's Nomura Securities Co. Ltd., the world's largest brokerage



ZADKINE'S DEVASTATED CITY



BARGE & SHIP TRAFFIC IN ROTTERDAM HARBOR
Success through secrecy, bludgeoning and burying the runaway.

firm after Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. Nomura, in fact, is known as the Merrill Lynch of Japan and not by accident. As a worker in Nomura's research department before the war, Okumura admired Merrill Lynch's corporate philosophy of people's capitalism, made a study of the American firm's operations. When he took over as head of Nomura in 1948, he began to push widespread stock ownership. He put ads in newspapers, made scores of lectures and even organized tours to plants to show potential small investors what they would own a part of.

Tokyo's Kabuto-cho, accustomed to the prewar idea of stocks held closely



STOCKBROKER OKUMURA
Yen for people's capitalism.

by the Zaibatsu financial combines, at first scoffed at Okumura, and occupation forces took a dim view of his plan to set up investment trusts that would operate somewhat like U.S. mutual funds. But Japan's amazing postwar resurgence proved fertile ground for Okumura's ideas. "I am the world's most stubborn man," says Okumura, "when I decide that I want something and meet opposition." Many Japanese companies now prefer to sell shares to raise money rather than to ask the once all-powerful banks; the number of firms listed on the stock exchange has gone from 577 in 1953 to 1,291, and the total value of listed shares has soared from \$1.8 billion to \$25.3 billion.

Sold Like Brushes. Nomura has 8,350 employees and 125 offices in Japan, plus branches in Honolulu and New York. Its volume of stock transactions in 1962 reached \$8 billion. In fact, Nomura handles nearly 20% of Japan's entire stock business, 16.6% of all Japanese bond underwriting, 23.1% of its stock underwriting and 30.5% of all investment trust business. Its modern building in the heart of Tokyo boasts electronic data equipment, Japan's sec-

ond biggest vault, and closed circuit TV that links it with 38 main branches in Tokyo. Last year, the firm made \$6,100,000 in profits.

Okumura's sales force of 2,850 men and women sells stocks from door to door like brushes, and the company has placed 1,100,000 "million-yen savings boxes" in Japanese homes, where Nomura representatives periodically call to collect the yen and credit them to stock purchases. The firm has built branch offices in such spots as department stores and railway stations, has set up numerous investment clubs and seminars. Right after the war, Okumura was reluctant to go after foreign investors, because he felt that the low prices of Japanese stocks constituted an injustice to the work of Japan's ancestors. Today, he is working hard to interest foreign investors in Japanese stocks. "Prices have risen to the point," he says, "where I don't think our ancestors would get angry."

SOUTH AFRICA

What Makes Bantus Buy

For 300 years, the subjugated Bantu blacks of South Africa have served Afrikaners as house servants, field hands, laborers and mineworkers. Nobody knew how they spent their wages, and nobody seemed to care—until South African companies searching for new consumer markets discovered an impressive fact: Bantus make up a market of 11,000,000 people with an annual purchasing power of \$1.26 billion. Staggered by the potential of this "new" market, South African businessmen are now scrambling to beam their goods and advertising at the Bantu. One of the most important men on the beam is himself a Bantu, a Natal University psychology graduate named Nimrod Mkele, 42, who has become South Africa's leading expert on the Bantu market.

Mkele was South Africa's first African account executive in an advertising firm (J. Walter Thompson), but left to devote his full time to gathering the valuable data for an assault on the Bantu market. He and his teams roam the country, interviewing Bantu shoppers on city streets, in stores and in homes. By speaking Bantu (few whites do) and penetrating into areas long a mystery to white merchants, they have uncovered many of the fascinating needs, prejudices and preferences of the Bantus. "No longer must the African be regarded as an appendage of the white market," says Mkele; "the African market represents great wealth, which must be wooed with all the arts of mass persuasion."

More Sophisticated. The Bantus, merchants were glad to hear, spend freely and earmark less than one dollar in 57 for savings and life insurance. Yet even the educated hang on to a few old tribal customs. Selling washing machines to Bantus is practically impossible because washing by hand is still considered as

essential a wifely duty as childbearing. Bantus are rabid users of patent medicines, considering them a stimulant to sexual vigor; in one 1,000-home survey, Mkele found 300 different kinds of patent medicine.

But with urbanized Bantus now 65% literate and developing a middle class of civil servants and teachers, preferences are becoming more sophisticated. Bantus refuse to read or speak Afrikaans, react quickest to English-language advertising. British habits are widely copied: 80% of all hats sold in South Africa are bought by Bantus, who consider a hat the hallmark of English gentility, and three out of four Bantu homes prefer tea to coffee.

American Accent. Lately, however, "New from America" has become the advertising catch phrase. Commercials for Lexington cigarettes, the biggest Bantu seller, are delivered in a broad American accent, and Bantus who move up from bicycles (English, of course) to cars insist on American models. Bantus are fanatically loyal to brands; one Bantu wife in five sews on a Singer sewing machine (price: \$72.80), and the Japanese failed miserably when they

JOHN COOPER

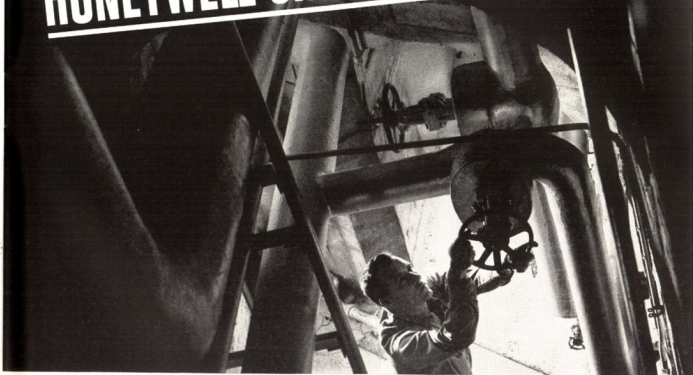


RESEARCHER MKELE (RIGHT) & BANTU
Craving for English gentility.

tried to introduce a competitor priced at \$53.20.

Mkele, whose earnings have reached \$600 a month, a stratospheric sum for a Bantu, finds his fellow Bantus becoming so sophisticated about advertising that they are beginning to lean toward the same prestige symbols as Americans. Bantu men looking for British respectability in their attire have long bought the most expensive clothes they could afford. Mkele suggested that stores also stock "a dignity bag in the form of a reasonably priced attaché case." When they hit the Bantu market, the attaché cases sold like—well, like attaché cases sell along the New Haven Railroad.

HONEYWELL SIMPLIFIES BUILDING CONTROL



HONEYWELL BUILDING CONTROL CENTER

LETS ONE MAN DO A 3 HOUR JOB IN 5 MINUTES

When one of your operating men can save time like this, you're saving money. A documented time study of a typical office building showed it would have taken 3 hours just to start and check the air conditioning every day. Now, one man does it in 5 minutes at a Honeywell Selectographic Control Center.

Project these man-hour savings to several building systems, and you can see why most owners expect a 3 to 5 year payoff on Honeywell Automated Controls.

In any size building, there are hundreds of routine tasks. There's a maze of equipment that requires reg-

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Honeywell will design the control system for your building, manufacture and install it, supervise "start up," and contract to maintain it. All the way, we simplify. You deal with one supply source . . . one responsibility for all building systems.

Honeywell building automation is centralized control of all mechanical and electrical equipment. It can include automatic enunciators, scan-

ners, alarm printers . . . even computers to control systems such as temperature, fire, security, clocks and humidity.

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Honeywell



CAESAR & CLEOPATRA



ANTONY & CLEOPATRA

The tragedy advances on square wheels.

Just One of Those "Things"

Cleopatra. In scarlet letters volted with excitement the notorious name hung throbbing and enormous in the night sky over Broadway. Beneath it 10,000 rubberneckers milled on the macadam and roared at the famous faces in the glare. One by one, smiles popping like flashbulbs, they disappeared in the direction of the screen. What did it hold for them? Surely no Shavian conversation piece could conceivably have cost all that money. Surely no noble Shakespearean poem could possibly be recited by Elizabeth Taylor. No, *Cleopatra* was bound to be one of those colossal Things that periodically come charging out of the acetate jungle and gobble up millions of dollars. It was bound to be a superspectacle. But as such might it not prove as memorable as *Gone With the Wind*? Or, at a minimum, as competent as *Ben-Hur*? Might it not tell a grand tale in the grand manner and illuminate old legend with new art?

Such was clearly the intention of Director Joseph Mankiewicz. Story, he insisted, must dominate spectacle, and with that in mind he constructed not one drama but two—both broadly true to Plutarch, each about two hours long.

The first, which tells the story of Caesar and Cleopatra, begins with the battle of Pharsalia, which breaks the power of the republic and makes Caesar (Rex Harrison) master of the Roman world. Having ordered his affairs in Europe, Caesar marches into Egypt, where civil war is raging between King Ptolemy and his seductive sister, Cleopatra (Elizabeth Taylor). "Overcome by the charm of her society," as Plutarch discreetly puts it, Caesar gives Egypt to the fascinating bitch and seems inclined to crown her the first empress of Rome. But the Ides of March intervene, and Cleopatra sadly says goodbye to that.

The second, which tells the story of Antony and Cleopatra, begins with the battle of Philippi, which once more breaks the power of the republic and this time makes a triumvirate (Antony, Octavian, Lepidus) master of the Roman world. Antony (Richard Burton) is allotted the East, and Cleopatra's reveries of empire revive. She amorously regales him on her gilded barge, and the charms that captivated a cerebral Caesar enslave the sensual Antony—the old war dog degenerates into a lap dog.

CINEMA

A few years later, when Cleopatra flees the battle of Actium, Antony runs after her. He abandons his legions, abandons his empire at a woman's whim. Back in Egypt, he falls on his sword as Octavian (Roddy McDowall) approaches, and Cleopatra receives from an indifferent asp the famous kiss of death.

Physically, *Cleopatra* is as magnificent as money and the tremendous Todd-AO screen can make it. The De Luxe Color is perfection; the sets, for the most part, are harmonious modules of the Golden Section to which all good classical architecture answered; and a capital ship for an ocean trip is Cleopatra's barge—250 ft. from prow to poop and covered with gilt tinoleum.

Sad to say, however, the deep-revolving, witty Mankiewicz fails most where most he hoped to succeed. As drama and as cinema, *Cleopatra* is riddled with flaws. It lacks style both in image and in action. Never for an instant does it whirl along on wings of epic élan; generally it just bumps from scene to ponderous scene on the square wheels of exposition. Part of what is wrong went wrong in the cutting room, and for that Darryl Zanuck, boss of 20th Century-Fox, is possibly to blame. But much of what is wrong was wrong in the script, and for that Chief Scenarist

Mankiewicz must wear the ears. Part One seems on the whole a competent and entertaining picture, but in Part Two, Mankiewicz goes wildly wrong.

Antony and Cleopatra, as Shakespeare conceived them, were superhuman symbols: Mars and Aphrodite, Rome and Egypt, hero and serpent twined in the grand passion that compels the universe itself. "The nobleness of life," they cried, "is to do thus," and as they "kiss'd away kingdoms," they ecstatically proclaimed the world well lost for love.

Antony and Cleopatra, as Mankiewicz conceives them, are all too human. He is an aging politician, she is his ambitious mistress. The script says they are in love but they obviously aren't. Nothing suggests that the most famous lovers of all time felt anything better than lust. What the hero calls love is a Freudian fixation, what the heroine calls love is a power complex. The motives of the central characters are confused and ultimately mean, and as a result their tragedy is befuddled and ultimately petty.

The confusions of the scenario inevitably confound the actors. Burton staggers around looking ghastly and spouting irrelevance, like a man who suddenly realizes that he has lost his script and is really reading some old sides from *King of Kings*. And in the big love scenes "the ne'er-lust-wearyed Antony" seems strangely bored—as if perhaps he had rehearsed too much.

As for Taylor, she does her dead-level best to portray the most woman in world history. To look at, she is every inch "a morsel for a monarch." Indeed, her 50 gorgeous costumes are designed to suggest that she is a couple of morsels for a monarch. But the "infinite variety" of the superb Egyptian is beyond her, and when she plays Cleopatra as a political animal she screeches like a ward heeler's wife at a block party.

Harrison alone deserves the laurel. He makes a charming and surprisingly impressive Caesar—though some may doubt that the most prodigious public energy in human history can be portrayed as the Acheson of antiquity.

Still and all, as spectacles go, *Cleopatra* goes reasonably well, and may safely be seen by those who can afford it. But customers will be well advised to do what the wife of Senator Jacob Javits did on opening night. She brought a little pillow to use in a pinch.



MANKIEWICZ & WIFE

One part entertainment, one part wrong.



MAIL THIS CARD AT YOUR OWN RISK

If you mail the order card next to this page, don't be surprised if it changes a lot of your plans. It might well get you involved in a number of things you have now no intention of fooling with. And some of the time, at least, it could take your mind off whatever you're worried about.

It's happened to thousands of other conscientious citizens. Why not you?

Husbands who are exposed to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** sometimes find themselves playing an extra nine holes on Saturday instead of mowing the lawn. Busy executives find it distracting. And we might as well warn you right now that with this magazine in the house every week, your wife could get even more emphatic on the subject of longer, more frequent vacations, for which she will probably need new clothes.

So don't think it's a simple transaction whereby you trade

the small sum of \$1.97 for some of the best reading (and dreaming) you've ever encountered anywhere. Be prepared to give up some of the time you've allocated for brooding. Get ready for sunburn and windburn and quite possibly Charley horse. Brace yourself for the strain and suspense of watching and appreciating subtle play and by-play. And start saving your money right now (all but the eight cents a week we want) for those wonderful week-end or month-long jaunts that SI insists on dangling in front of your eyes.

P.S. It's not all risk. The one thing you're sure of is having a new interest and a lot more fun.

Sports

Illustrated 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

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UP
THE
COURSE
WITH
ROYAL
SPECIAL
L/P...**



**...first golf ball with new
ACCELERATOR Thread
for faster getaway,
greater go!**

Thanks to Accelerator Thread, the Royal Special L/P takes a new faster leap off your clubhead. Delivers greater go for unexcelled distance. Gives a crisper click and sweeter "feel." Play the L/P—and start to burn up the course at your club. Sold only at golf professional shops.

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United States Rubber
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.
WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF GOLF BALLS

Just Lucky, I Guess

Irma La Douce. "How did a nice girl like you get into a racket like this?" a customer asks. "Well," says Shirley MacLaine, pulling on green silk stockings, "I was studying music at the Paris Conservatory, and on the night of my first recital, the piano lid fell on my hand, and . . ."

For the world's oldest question, Shirley has this and assorted other heart-tugging answers. But there is no need to feel sorry for her; she loves her work, and so does Director Billy Wilder (*The Apartment*). With his favorite writer, I. A. L. Diamond, and his favorite *Apartmentmates*, Jack Lemmon and Shirley, Wilder has turned the Paris-London-Broadway musical show of several years ago into a raffishly sophisticated screen comedy that makes street-walking seem almost as wholesome as the 50-mile hike. The score has been reduced to background music, and Wilder has wisely done away with all of the original verr-ee French accents. But he has added an ingredient that was perhaps mercifully lacking on the stage: where the theater's Irma was the only girl on view, the screen now swings with *poules* on parade—Kiki the Cossack in fur-topped boots, Lolita in heart-shaped sunglasses, the Zebra Twins, and a nameless tart with a cantilevered bust.

All is going well at the Casanova Hotel ("They charge by the hour; nobody could afford to live there") near Paris' Les Halles. The girls are busy and happy, and Irma the Sweet is the busiest and happiest. Then disaster strikes. A new flic comes on the beat—Lemmon playing a flatfoot so square that he even pays for the apples he filches. He is scandalized by the hustlers' bustling and phones headquarters for a raid. Soon the *arrondissement* is ringing with the *sol-do, sol-do, sol-do* klaxon of the police wagon, and the minuscule lobby of the Casanova looks like a coeducational locker room as the guests are herded downstairs in angry dishabille.

But at the station, instead of being decorated for valor, Lemmon is fired: the chief inspector had been caught in the raid. Creeping sheepishly back to Les Halles, Jack gets an I-told-you-so from Moustache (Lou Jacoby), a philosophical bistro keeper: "To be overly honest in a dishonest world is like plucking a chicken against the wind: you'll end up with a mouthful of feathers."

Irma bubbles and struts through every Technicolor foot. Shirley MacLaine is an adorable goliwog in green lingerie and ink wig; her flamboyant self-assurance is the perfect foil for the bumbling Lemmon. With a face that can twinkle like a terrier's or crumple into bloodhoundish gloom at the first unkind word, Jack makes the most (once he's fired as a cop) of being Shirley's *mec*—the only pimp in Paris with the principles of an eagle scout.

Irma La Douce is no animated French postcard; its sexiness is played



LEMMON & MACLAINE
The world's oldest question.

for belly laughs, not snickers. By pruning the script of prurience, Wilder and Diamond have managed to treat the scale of sex with vulgar good humor. *Irma* has no moral, of course; yet as an essay on virtue v. venery, it is as uplifting as a graduation address—and ten times funnier.

Lunar Buffoonery

The Mouse on the Moon. Like so many *Son of* and *So-and-So Meets* sequels, this offspring of 1959's *The Mouse That Roared* just barely squeaks by. Sorely missed is Peter Sellers, who in the triple role of Grand Duchess Gloriana of Grand Fenwick, Prime Minister Mountjoy and Field Marshal B. ascombe managed to make *Roared* an off-beat tour de force. Neither waggish, wattle Margaret Rutherford as the 1963 model Gloriana nor fatuous, foppish Ron Moody as the new Mountjoy manages to do more than add tricks to what is already too tricky.

Some of the comic baggage is incomprehensibly tasteless British bathroom humor, some of it—abetted by denticulate Terry-Thomas, who skulks about as a spy—is overdone drollery. The rocket that the duchy launches in full view of an invited delegation of U.S., British and Russian diplomats has a fringed curtain at a stained-glass window, and carries a hot water bottle, a teapot, a cage of live chickens, a ukulele and a selection of goodwines. When Grand Fenwick's spacemen get to the moon just ahead of the Americans and Russians, they plant their flag, turn to their arrivals, and say: "Oh, good evening there. Grand Fenwick welcomes you to its moon," and invite them all to a chicken dinner. But long before this, the lampoon loses its point, and instead of being a pungent satire on the futility of the space race, *Mouse on the Moon* is just a sparse farce.



TWIN-TURBINE CHINOOK is new Boeing Vertol tactical transport helicopter now in operation with U. S. Army. Capable of carrying 33 fully equipped troops plus troop commander, or 24 litter patients and attendants, Chinooks have cruise speed of 150 mph. Cabin is 30 feet long, has rear-loading ramp which can be

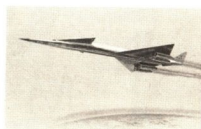
left open in flight for carrying longer loads, or air-dropping troops or supplies. Maximum payload is more than seven tons. The helicopter's sealed fuselage makes water landings possible. Chinooks can also serve as "flying cranes" carrying external loads by means of cargo-hook installed in the bottom of the fuselage.

Capability has many faces at Boeing



HYDROFOIL test craft, designed and built by Boeing for U. S. Navy, is jet-propelled, twin-hull boat designed to test hydrofoil systems at speeds to 115 mph.

PLANETARY LANDING simulator, built by Boeing, permits practice "landings" on planets. Television screen pictures relief map of 16 square feet of moon surface. Pilot's control, connected to computer, maneuvers camera permitting realistic simulated "descent" for landing.



SUPERSONIC jetliner design, under study at Boeing, where continuing substantial investment in supersonic jet transport research is being made. Supersonic jets would fly two to three times speed of sound, make flight from New York to London in under three hours.

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The CBS Radio Network



Man of Four Lives

THE CONTRARY EXPERIENCE by Herbert Read. 356 pages. Horizon Press. \$6.50.

A pacifist who has earned a decoration for gallantry in battle, an anarchist who has been a successful bureaucrat, a farmer's son who is famous as an exponent of esthetic theory, a spokesman for the avant-garde who can nevertheless write in praise of an idyllic past. The typical Englishman who is all these things is Sir Herbert Read, 69, a highly singular man who needs not one but four autobiographies to do justice to his talent for plural living.

Men of the Moors. Sir Herbert, who despises institutional learning, and so, of course, became a professor (of fine arts at Edinburgh), writes with grace and clarity of his multiple lives. There is Herbert the dreaming farmboy on the moors of Yorkshire, Captain Read, M.C., D.S.O., an infantry captain in the Green Howards, and Herbert Read, the philosopher, poet and esthetician. Finally, because of his passionate belief that where a man lives is a vital part of man's true history, he traces his roots in the past of Yorkshire's lonely and beautiful North Riding, and describes the people who lived on its moors—farmers, millers, poets, soldiers, and more than one notable parson like Laurence Sterne. In effect, he says, "I am the sort of man these men were."

In a larger sense, Read speaks as one of the millions of "alienated souls" of the modern world for whom heaven and hell do not exist, and who must look to their own origins for the polarities of the spirit. "The need for roots exists; the need which unappeased drives the human heart to paralysis and self-destruction." Read is an atheist of religious temperament who has achieved the rare feat of transferring his natural reverence from God to God's creation without falling into current humanistic idolatries about man. He hates political man and distrusts all human groups above the size of a British infantry platoon (30 men). Most of all he hates modern man's "industrial civilization—a wilderness so arid and offensive that no organic life is possible within its limits." Sir Herbert indeed seems to have solved what George Orwell viewed as the crucial problem of the age: how to maintain the moral values of Christianity in the face of a widespread collapse of belief in the immortality of the soul.

Innocent Heaven. Because of the grace and clarity of the writing, this rare autobiography can be read with pleasure for its own sake as a story. Read's short, beautiful evocation of his childhood is quite against the current fashion of stories of children in which the authors seem to be seeking in childhood a source for the savageries of the



HERBERT READ
He guards his roots.

age; for Sir Herbert it is quite simply a time of sacred innocence, belonging to "the kingdom of Heaven, where the eye is eternally innocent."

The brutal shock of World War I can be felt as if it were yesterday as Read's story moves from his youthful wonderland on the moors to the shambles of trench warfare. This is told in extracts from the diary of what is by now a remarkable man—a young poet and philosopher busy with things of the mind at the same time as he works at the exacting business of leading an infantry company into combat. When the war ends, "the naked warrior" (*Naked Warriors* is the title of one of his books) became a civil servant. This sets the pattern for Sir Herbert's adult career as an official of the Victoria and Albert Museum and the first British writer on art of much consequence since John Ruskin.



BRYHER
She keeps detached.

His story ends with his retreat to that "miniature monastery"—a country house near his boyhood home. Such a civilized life is possible only for a few, and "it is not for long. The past has vanished and we are the last outposts of a civilization in retreat."

History Seen Small

THE COIN OF CARTHAGE by Bryher. 240 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.50.

Historical novelists who use lowly characters to eyewitness the past customarily keep them close to the great captains—as, say, a cabin boy on the *Santa Maria* or a drummer dragged along in the wake of Napoleon's march to Moscow. But the wispy, aging English heiress who calls herself Bryher and now lives permanently in Switzerland writes historical fiction in her own strange way. Her latest book covers some 40 years of the Punic wars. Characteristically, her two major characters never take part in, or talk about, any of the major battles. They are not attached to either army. For that matter, they are not even Roman or Carthaginian, but a pair of grubby Greek traders.

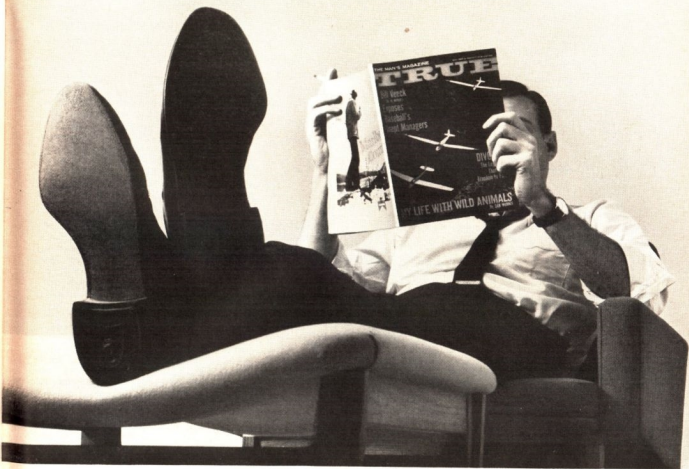
No Subtitles. Bryher's seemingly patchy method is likely to prove a relief to readers tired of overstuffed historical pageantry. But her assumption that anyone reading the book will know in large outline at least who won the Punic Wars and how is often disconcerting. As Trader Zonas leaves from his home in a seaport town and trudges into the hills with the hope of selling leather bridle to the Carthaginians, his small adventures at first seem fragmentary and meaningless—like a provocative foreign film seen without subtitles.

What Bryher eventually brings into view, however, is the enduring landscape along the fringes of a warring war of occupation. Hannibal's army lives off the Italian countryside for decades at a stretch, until the danger from the war is as familiar a part of peasant life as drought or plague. The Italian villagers are loyal to Rome when the legions can defend them, comfortably acquiescent when the Carthaginians ride into town and offer better prices. To the fearful peasantry, Hannibal's few armored elephants loom dreadfully, like the roaming German Tiger Tanks of World War II.

Silver Shekel. Zonas does meet Hannibal, during a Carthaginian parade through a hill town. Rushing out to save his strayed donkey from being trampled by an elephant, he is rewarded with a silver shekel from the African general instead of the swift death he expected. But the coin does not lead him to great adventure. Zonas lives too prudently close to the ground for that.

If Zonas is a man most likely to survive, his friend Dasius is an idealist most unlikely to do so. The restless son of a Roman freedman and a Greek slave, he yearns for the dark freedom of Carthage's Africa, finds it, and loses every-

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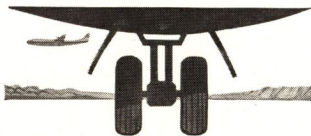
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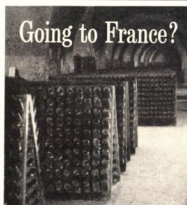
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thing. In time of war, Bryher suggests, it is advisable to make only the smallest demands upon life.

Bryher's small, shapely book, like the handful of minor historical classics in which she has previously sought to trap various troubled and far-off times (*Roman Wall, Beowulf*), is nobody's guidebook to the important events of a historic day or decade. But it offers the details and textures of a particular age so pervasively known and felt by the author that it does not have to be clumsily insisted upon as scholarship. The figures who move in Bryher's historic landscape are neither makers nor victims of history. They are men, seen small, but with a strong sense of the mystery that even the least significant human life enfolds.

The Reds Who Were Not There

A. MITCHELL PALMER: POLITICIAN by Stanley Cohen. 351 pages. Columbia. \$7.50.

At a pageant in Washington, D.C., a sailor emptied a pistol at a spectator who refused to rise for *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and the crowd cheered. In Hammond, Ind., a jury took only two minutes to acquit the assassin of an alien who yelled: "To hell with the U.S." In Waterbury, Conn., a salesman was sentenced to six months in jail for remarking that Lenin was "one of the brainiest" of the world's leaders.

Such was the atmosphere of the U.S. during the great Red Scare of 1919-20 when Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer rounded up 4,000 aliens and deported almost 600. Palmer was long held to be the worst Red-baiter of them all until Joe McCarthy came along, but Palmer's first biographer contends that he did not lead the witch hunt; he merely rode with it.

Hounded by Hysteria, Palmer rose in politics as a progressive Democrat from Pennsylvania. Elected to Congress in 1908, he bravely bucked his state's powerful industrialists to join the fight for lower tariffs. He was friendly to labor and welfare legislation; his bill to abolish child labor was hailed as the "most momentous measure of the 'progressive Era.'" When he was beaten in a try for the Senate, President Wilson consoled him with the wartime post of alien property custodian and in 1919 named him Attorney General.

Prices were soaring in the wake of the war, strikes were frequent, and post-war revolutions in Europe were making everybody jittery. Many people were sure the Reds were planning a revolution in the U.S. any day. There was a spate of ugly bombings; a clumsy plot to assassinate many top American officials was uncovered; and one Senator's maid had her hands blown off when she opened a package containing a bomb.

Since Wilson was ill and inactive, Palmer was forced to deal with the rising hysteria. But even when his own home was bombed, Palmer hesitated to



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AIR FRANCE

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE / ASTA ADVERTISER OF THE YEAR

act against the radicals. He stopped prosecutions under the wartime Espionage Act. He urged Wilson to release Socialist Party Leader Eugene V. Debs, who had been sentenced to ten years in prison for opposing the war. The popular villains were aliens, and there was a widespread demand for their deportation. But as late as October 1919, Palmer said: "We cannot be less willing now than we have always been that the oppressed of every clime shall find here a refuge from disorder and distress."

Palmer was much too lax for most of the populace. Letters denouncing him poured into the Justice Department. The New York Times sharply rapped him for his "ancient and outworn views" and his softness toward anarchists. Said Palmer later: "I was shouted at from every editorial sanctum in America from sea to sea; I was preached up-

GULVER PICTURES



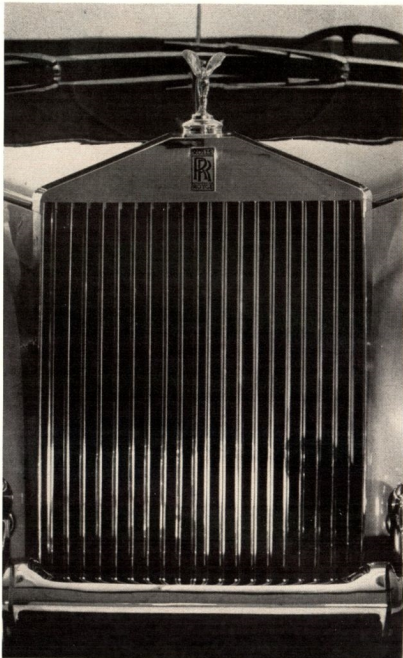
WILSON & PALMER

Launched ark, missed the boat.

on from every pulpit; I was urged—I could feel it dinned into my ears—to do something and do it now."

Unleashing the Sleuths. Palmer, who had ambitions to succeed Wilson as President, finally did something. He ordered a roundup of suspicious aliens, a project partly supervised by the young J. Edgar Hoover. Justice Department agents zealously invaded homes and made many arrests without warrants. They pulled people out of pool halls and other public places and jammed them into overcrowded detention centers. When they raided meeting halls, they sometimes did not bother to find out who was meeting; in one instance, they jailed 39 people who were meeting to form a bakery cooperative. Since the Sedition Act of 1918 allowed alien "anarchists" to be deported, a "Soviet Ark" sailed for Russia in December 1919 with 249 Russian aliens aboard, only a handful of them dangerous criminals. Most of the nation's press ecstatically hailed its departure and called for many more deportations by Palmer.

By this time, no one was more en-



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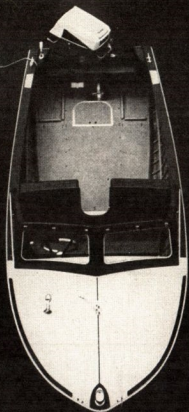
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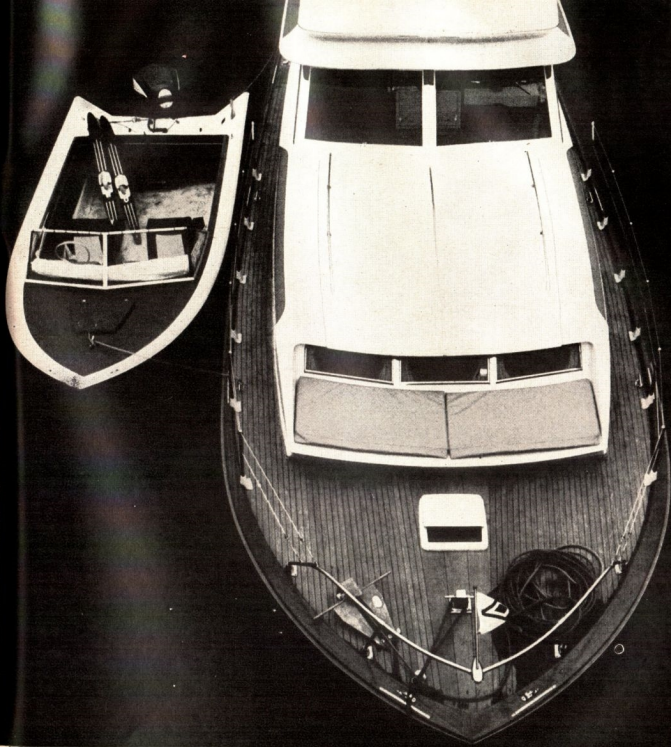
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thusiastic about deporting people than Palmer, who was at last enjoying favorable publicity. But as quickly as it flared, the Red Scare subsided. Though Palmer's sleuths kept predicting more terrorism, it never came. When the Justice Department issued somber warnings that May Day 1920 would be marked by unprecedented violence and not a firecracker went off, Palmer was ridiculed in the press. Businessmen began to worry that immigrant labor might dry up, and the press, which only a few months before had been fanning the hysteria, ran sober stories about the importance of immigrants to the nation.

A bit ashamed of themselves, the U.S. people looked for a scapegoat, and Palmer was it.

Updating the Mongols

THE BOMBING OF GERMANY by Hans Rumpf, 256 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$4.50.

The city of Dresden, teeming with war prisoners and refugees, was of little military importance. It was so unlikely a target that its anti-aircraft had been dismantled. Yet on the night of Feb. 13, 1945, three months before the war was to end, Allied bombers raided the city, demolishing eleven square miles of magnificent buildings and killing some 150,000 people, far more than the total number who died in either atomic raid on Japan and almost three times the number killed in all the German attacks on Britain.

Dresden was only one of 70 German cities that were at least 50% destroyed by the so-called "strategic" bombing raids of the R.A.F. and U.S.A.A.F. These raids were intended to force Germany to surrender by destroying civilian morale. But Hans Rumpf, a brigadier general who headed German civil defense during the war, is the latest of a number of military analysts to conclude that the raids did nothing to shorten the war and unnecessarily took the lives of hundreds of thousands of people, largely women and children. Strategic bombing, British Military Historian Liddell Hart has written, was the "most uncivilized method of warfare the world has known since the Mongol devastations."

Angry Response. At the beginning of the war, writes Rumpf, bombing was carefully limited. Germany, it is true, stunned the world by bombing Warsaw and Rotterdam; but these raids were arguably part of a military attack. Hitler feared all-out air warfare because he lacked an effective long-range bomber. When Germany launched its great offensive through the Low Countries in 1940, Britain was the first to start bombing industrial targets. Not until five months after the first British raid, writes Rumpf, did Germany retaliate with the blitz of Britain.

Eventually, people became the target of the raids. In March 1942, the R.A.F. bombed the Hanseatic town of Lübeck, which had little industry but

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many people crammed into its old medieval quarters. The Luftwaffe replied with "Baedeker" raids on the English cathedral towns of Exeter and Canterbury. But ultimately, Göring's bomber force proved no match for the R.A.F. reinforced by U.S. planes. In 1942, 1,000 bombers devastated a great part of Cologne in 90 minutes (though the cathedral escaped serious damage). In 1943, 400 bombers were able to do comparable damage to other cities in 15 minutes, since radar allowed them to approach a target at the same time from different heights and directions.

Spirit of Solidarity. By destroying factories and workers, the Allies expected to bring German war production to a standstill. But in 1944, after nearly three years of punishing bombing, German production was never higher. The



LÜBECK AFTER R.A.F. BOMBING

The Luftwaffe reached for its Baedeker.

raids, it was discovered, had destroyed the cities but not the industries ringed them. Nor had the raids demoralized the German people—any more than the V-1 and V-2 raids had demoralized the British people. "Under the terrible blows of that terror from the skies," writes Rumpf, who in his job traveled from one blazing city to another, "the bonds grew closer and the spirit of solidarity stronger." The people began to believe Goebbels' propaganda that the Allies meant to annihilate the German nation, and they steelled themselves against the Allied demand for "unconditional surrender."

By the time the war was over, an estimated 1,000,000 civilians had been killed in Allied raids on Germany, while 60,000 British civilians had died in German raids. In telling his story, Rumpf has a habit of minimizing German aggression; the official British report on strategic bombing, published in 1961, is a much more balanced appraisal. But in many ways, it confirms Rumpf's own judgment: strategic bombing was a tragic failure.

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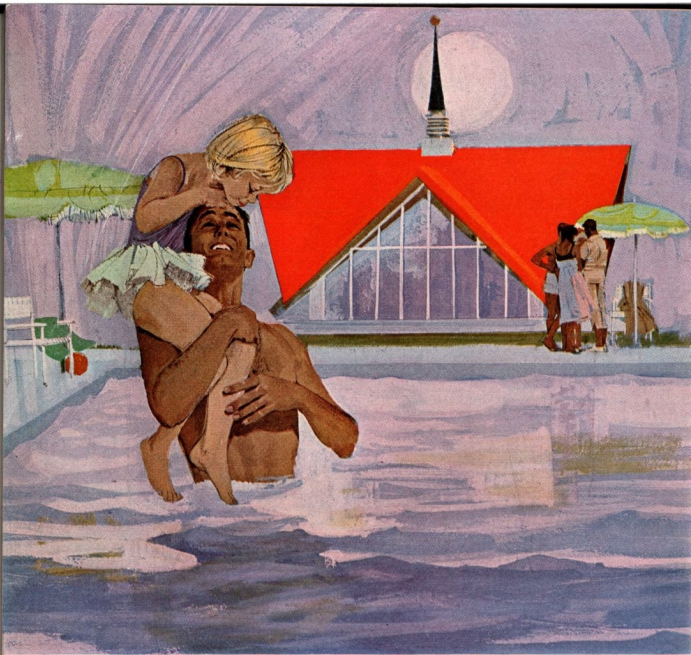
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